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THE

POLYANTHOS.

VOLUME III.

We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth....*Dr. Johnson.*

Me in silvam abstrudo densam atque asperam...*Cicero.*

Boston:

PUBLISHED BY J. T. BUCKINGHAM,

WINTER-STREET.

1806.

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POLYANTHOS.

AUGUST, 1806.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE REV. P. THACHER, D. D.

THE gentleman, whose life is the subject of the following brief sketch, was the son of Oxenbridge Thacher, Esq. of Boston, a lawyer of eminence, who died in the midst of his reputation and usefulness; whose amiable moral character is remembered by the present generation, and his name frequently mentioned in terms of very high esteem.* Dr. Thacher was his eldest son, and was then a student of the south grammar school. He was born at Milton, March 21, 1752, the family having retired on account of the small

* The following lines were inserted in the Newspaper, the week after his funeral.

Once warm with zeal in honest virtue's cause,
That sometimes spoke free, and wielded Britain's laws,
With equal eloquence, unwearied, pleaded
For wealth or poverty as powerful aid,

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pox, which, during this season spread through the town. There were indications of a serious mind when he was young, an uncommon gravity of deportment, and it was then predicted that he would add another to the list of worthies, whose praise is in all the churches.

Mr. Oxenbridge Thacher died in 1765. Before his death he had fixed his mind upon his son's having a liberal education, but, like most professional men, more ambitious of fame than desirous of wealth, he left his family in circumstances by no means affluent. He left however many friends, among them several respectable clergymen, who exerted themselves with the gentlemen in the line of his profession, to preserve the literary honours of the name. Their desires and expectations were answered. Many showed their friendship for the man whom they loved, when his remains were in the dust, and their benevolence received a full reward in the improvement made by the youth who obeyed every stimulus to exercise his talents and industry. The preceptor of the school at that time was the venerable Lovell, whose opinion

Alike to him, worth could its charm impart,
In king or beggar touched his generous heart.
From humble birth to paths of great renown
He dawned, he brightened to the hour of noon.
Learned, yet not vain, in useful science read
Fair freedom's cause with manly strength he plead
A patriot's flame with pious zeal sustained,
His country's rights with jealous care maintained;
With grateful eye beheld the glory past,
Dropped a sad tear, and sighing, breathed his last.

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had its weight in every thing, and who advanced him forward one class, in order that he might enter college the ensuing *Commencement*. He was admitted a student of Harvard College, July, 1765, and received the honours of that seminary in the year 1769. He then delivered the salutary oration with that applause which an excellent voice, a fine presence, and many graces of elocution never fail to excite.

Dr. Thacher always thought that his education was too much hurried, and felt the disadvantage of it in succeeding years. His natural ardour led to press forward to busy and active scenes of life, and to settle in the ministry certainly in too tender an age, if we may not say, before he had arrived at the years of discretion. He would have had a better opportunity to lay up classick stores, and prepare his mind for those scientifick researches, which unite patient industry with the vigour and ardour of the youthful imagination. All allowed him to possess fine talents; not only a quickness of memory and lively apprehension of things, but a certain glow of fancy, which made his conversation animated, and his compositions very interesting. He early composed sermons, and some essays which were ascribed to older men. Divinity was his favourite study. He was more fond of visiting the school of the prophets, than walking in academick groves, and appeared in the pulpit with more than com-

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mon evangelical zeal. After taking his degree of Bachelor of Arts, he went into a school at Chelsea, which he kept but a few months. He was invited to preach at Malden, and was ordained pastor of that church, September 19th, 1770. The sermon delivered by Mr. Robbins of Milton, was published. Dr. Appleton of Cambridge gave the charge and Dr. Eliot of Boston the fellowship of the churches. No young man ever preached to more crowded assemblies. His charming voice, his oratorical powers, his fluency in prayer, the pathos of his expression were applauded by serious, sensible people; and gave him the admiration of the multitude. In principle he was a Calvinist. From being very rigid in the sentiments of our forefathers, he let his moderation be known to all men, and was among the most catholick and liberal divines of the country, the latter years of his life, though he always professed his belief in the doctrines of the gospel, as they had been taught in our New-England churches, and was so much attached to the platform of church discipline, as to write several pamphlets in favour of it.

Among the high whigs in our controversy with Great-Britain, Dr. Thacher was very conspicuous; and was elected, although not an inhabitant of Boston, to pronounce the *Oration*, 5th of March, 1770, before a number of the citizens of Boston, who assembled in the meeting house in Watertown, the

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town being then in possession of British troops. The 5th of March orations have been collected, and another edition printed in a duodecimo volume.

He was also a delegate from the town of Malden to the convention which met at Cambridge, and afterwards in Boston, 1780, to form a constitution for the *State of Massachusetts*. He was warmly attached to this constitution, and to certain parts of it which did not at first meet his approbation.

When the constitution of the *United States* was adopted he was one of its greatest admirers.

The last seventeen years of his life were spent in Boston. He was installed Pastor of the church in Brattle-street, January 12, 1785. Dr. Osgood of Medford preached the sermon, Dr. Lathrop gave the charge, and Dr. Clark the right hand of fellowship.

In this pleasant spot of the Lord's vineyard he was a useful labourer, fond of delivering practical truths, but frequently explaining the doctrines of our religion with clearness. He received his degree of Doctor of Divinity from the famous University of Edinburg. It has been suggested by some, as remarkable for sarcastick humour as for good judgment, that even the very name of many of our New-England Divines were not known to the learned professors of foreign universities till they were written in the diploma; but Dr. Thacher was so well known to the

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gentlemen of *Edinburg*, that some years before they appointed him *one of their corresponding board in Boston, for propagating the gospel among the Indians in North-America.* The history of these European societies is well known. It is also well known that the funds of the *London* society raised for this very purpose, were strangely perverted from their original design. The funds in Scotland were better managed. The trustees have always been very prudent in their affairs, and very careful in preserving all the money put into their hands, and the income is now applied for the *spiritual* concerns of the Indians.

From this society another grew out of it, upon a more extensive plan, the Massachusetts *Society for propagating the gospel among the Indians and others in North-America.* Of both these societies Dr. Thacher was secretary.

We find Dr. Thacher's name among the first promoters of the Historical Society. He was every way active in serving that institution, and especially in contributing manuscripts and books, as may be seen in the first list of *donors*.

It would be wrong to omit certain traits in the character of Dr. Thacher which show his moral worth. He was a man of singular integrity and a stranger to deceit and artifice; he could not disguise his feelings, and often expressed his disapprobation of every thing which could bear the name of dissimulation.

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As a friend, he had the confidence of them that knew him. Those who were most intimate will long preserve the tokens of his affection and kindness.

His talents for conversation were very good. Some of his acquaintance thought he exerted those too often, and in publick speaking took too large a share of the debate; of this errour he was fully sensible, and would frequently make either a serious or facetious apology.

He was fond of anecdotes, especially such as illustrated the manners of New-England. In the history of Massachusetts, civil and ecclesiastical, he was more than commonly versed, having read it from his childhood. And also that part of the history of England which exhibits the folly and tyranny of the Stuarts; the usurpation of Cromwell; and the brief authority of the commonwealth. The essays, sermons, and memoirs of those times he could quote, from the manly testimonies of *Ludlow*, to the crude excrescencies of Godwin and *Hugh Peters*.

The Dr. did not encourage dry, argumentative discussions in social; yet while others debated he would frequently throw in a luminous observation, which kept the subject from being darkened by words of uncertain meaning.

His perceptions were very quick; his mind active; his activity was manifested in many busy scenes, especially when he was an

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officer of publick institutions. He served several in an official capacity; and to all he was a most useful member.

In the state of Massachusetts, especially in the metropolis, there are many institutions for pious and charitable purposes; for the promotion of literature; the encouragement of science and the arts. Gentlemen who interest themselves in the concerns of these institutions, and have a warm attachment to the objects, may enjoy the satisfactions of knowledge, and the pleasures of goodness. Dr. Thacher was a member of the Charitable Fire Society, a trustee of the Humane Society, and was a proprietor of the town library, all which he aided according to his ability. He was a member of the Academy of Arts and Sciences; and one of the council of the Massachusetts Congregational charitable Society for the relief of destitute widows and children of deceased ministers. This society was incorporated March 24, 1786, and the president of the University, who is also the president of this body, preached a sermon for the benefit of the institution. The sermon was delivered in Brattle-street church, and a collection made. In the year 1795, Dr. Thacher preached a sermon which was printed, with some account of the institution.

At the convention of Ministers, May, 1802, Dr. Thacher was moderator, and delivered the *Concio ad Clerum*. It was a solemn and affecting sermon, and by his manner of ad-

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dressing the brethren, he seemed to have some presentation that his departure was at hand. His lungs had been affected some time, but his friends indulged a hope of the return of health, to which journeys in the pleasant season apparently contributed. But during the latter part of the summer his pulmonary complaints increased; he was unable to preach more than half the day.

His people were ready to ease him of his labours every way in their power, and when the physicians recommended the milder air of the southern states, they cheerfully defrayed the expence of the voyage. Their charity flowed from the heart and their conduct did honour to their feelings, and to the cause of religion and humanity. He sailed from Boston in the month of November, for Savannah, and died on the 16th of December, in that city.

Note. The father and grandfather of Dr. T. had been preachers of the gospel before they entered other professions. An old lady of Milton, who lately died, aged 93, recollected hearing sermons from Thachers, in direct succession of five generations. Rev. Peter Thacher of Milton; his son Oxenbridge; his grandson of the same name; the late Dr. Thacher; and his son, now minister of Lynn; besides collateral branches of the family. The elder Oxenbridge preached the first sermon that was delivered to the settlers at Punka-

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pog, now Stoughton. One of the old settlers of the place, in a kind of rapture, addressed the Rev. T. Thacher of Dedham, upon hearing him preach—"Your grandfather Oxenbridge was the first man that brought the bible among us."

Boston, Aug. 1806.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF GENERAL HORATIO GATES.

[From the New-York Commercial Advertiser, of May 1.]

While America, in the possession of freedom, peace, and unshackled industry, enjoys the glorious achievements of her heroes, they are descending successively to the grave. Within these few days another of her ablest commanders and most faithful citizens, Gen. Gates, has followed Montgomery, Greene, and Washington. The inevitable certainty of this doom does not the less awaken our regret; but when exalted worth is thus retiring forever from our view, let publick service and publick happiness be the just measures of our gratitude. General Gates, more fortunate than many of his illustrious colleagues, lived to see the cause of liberty and American independence not only triumphant but consolidated; and with this sweetest recompense of

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his toils and dangers, had the highest prospective satisfaction of a patriotick mind; when dying it was his firm opinion that he could form no better wish for his country than that the political condition and progressive prosperity in which he left it might be perpetual.

America was the country of his choice, England that of his nativity; and there he is said to have imbibed those principles of liberty and resistance to oppression which caused the revolution in 1688. This early and uniform attachment is a characteristick the more commendable, as he entered the British army young, and retained in it the independence of his mind and principles. With the example of their acknowledged skill and bravery, it was natural that an officer whom nature had endowed with a happy disposition, should largely partake of the spirit of his corps and lay the foundation of that military excellence which was to display itself in that best and noblest cause. He so distinguished himself in the British lines, that without purchase he obtained the rank of Major, acted as Aid de Camp to Gen. Monckton at the taking of Martinico, and had the honour of bearing to England the tidings of the important conquest (in which he had assisted) of that island. He was among the first troops that landed at Halifax after the peace of Aix-la Chapelle, under General Cornwallis, was afterwards in the 54th regiment with Gen. Braddock, and was shot through the body with that unfortunate offi-

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cer. After the peace between Great-Britain and France, he purchased an estate in Virginia, where he resided until the commencement of our revolution, when he was appointed by Congress, Adjutant-General of the American forces, with the rank of Major-General, in fact the second officer in command, and afterwards appointed to take the chief command of the Northern army. What followed after two actions against the British is too deeply impressed on every mind to be here related. His name will deservedly live forever in the annals of America, to whose independence perhaps no single event contributed so much as the convention of Saratoga; it decided the contest between America and Great-Britain; it secured the reign of liberty and began the foundation of the best organized and happiest government that time has recorded. May America know its value!

When with the army, General Gates maintained personal dignity without distance, a thing never accomplished but by real merit; he received the soldier and subaltern in private in a friendly and familiar manner; but in public, or in the presence of spectators he kept those who approached him in their proper stations; while he supported subordination as necessary to discipline, he respected men in proportion to their merits.

After the peace he retired to his farm in Virginia, where he remained until he came to reside at New-York in 1790. But previously

to his quitting Virginia he emancipated his negroes; he thought it was incompatible with his principles, and inconsistent with the part he had taken in the revolution, to retain a human creature in bondage; and he made a pecuniary provision for such as were unable to provide for themselves, with a promise to them all of continuing his friendship and assistance. Some of these faithful beings would not part from so kind a master, but followed him, and continued in his family; one of the survivors attended the remains of her benefactor, and honoured with grateful tears the author of her liberty and happiness.

On his arrival at New-York, the Mayor and Corporation came in a body to testify their sense of his services and worth, and presented him with the freedom of the city. He afterwards declined all publick station until 1800, when a sense of duty, and what he deemed the interest of his country induced his consent to be a candidate for a seat in the legislature, in which he remained no longer than he thought useful to that cause which he loved with a rational predilection, and never for a moment abandoned. But his opinions on publick affairs did not interfere with his private friendships, or separate him from many respectable citizens who differed widely from his political sentiments. His memory will be ever cherished by his numerous friends, to whom he was endeared by the warmth of his hospitality, the urbanity of his manners, and the steadiness of his attachments.

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This venerable patriot lived to the advanced age of seventy-eight years, and retained his faculties to the last. He conversed with the cheerfulness of youth, and wrote and thought with the vigour of manhood. He took pleasure in professing his attachments to religion, and his firm belief in the doctrines of Christianity. The will which he caused to be made a few weeks before his death, strongly characterizes the humility of his faith and the unostentatious complexion of his mind. In an article dictated by himself he expressed the sense of his own unworthiness; and his reliance solely on the intercession and sufferings of our Redeemer.

In another paragraph he strictly directed that he should be privately buried, lest the zeal and affection of his friends and fellow soldiers should induce them to accompany him with military honours to his grave. His dissolution was gradual, he sunk under the decay of nature, and died without pain or struggle.

General Stevens, the commander of the artillery of the northern department at Saratoga, and now Commanding Officer of the artillery in this state, on behalf of the Cincinati and the millitary, solicited permission to testify their respect for him as an officer and their esteem for him as a man; but the injunction in his will, and his frequent verbal requests, were too peremptory not to be obeyed; his funeral was therefore private, but

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it was attended by many of the most respectable inhabitants of the city whom he counted among his personal friends; nor was it less marked by the regret and sorrow of those who were prevented from honouring him in a manner proportioned to his merits, and from showing their respect for one of the oldest, most useful, and most distinguished officers of the revolution, as well as one of the enlightened and virtuous citizens of the United States.

ANECDOTES
OF THOMAS WESTON, COMEDIAN.

BY T. HOLCROFT.

To those who delight to observe the efforts of the human mind, in whatever way they may exhibit themselves, it has ever been a painful reflection that a man of genius, who devotes his talents to the histrionick art, when he dies, leaves no memento behind, except in the memory of his contemporaries, of the high excellence to which those talents had arrived. The poet, the painter, the sculptor, the architect, raise lasting monuments, that bear testimony to the combinations of the mind by which they were conceived. The actor, on the contrary, in the grave to which his dust is committed, finds a grave for his talents.

The same fate, indeed, attends all those, whose powers of mind are exhibited in corn-

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bination with their bodily faculties. When Orpheus dies his lyre lies unstrung.

It is true that duration itself is but relative, and that time is the great, the universal destroyer. Phidias, Zeuxis, Raphael, Homer, Milton, nay Shakespeare himself, all must share the fate which that wonderful poet has so sublimely described. Like his cloud-capped towers, genius itself must dissolve and

> Leave not a wreck behind: We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on, and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep.

But there is a contrast, and a feeling, in the fate of the man who, at once, combines and exerts his mental and bodily faculties: especially of the actor. The pleasure he gives is so vivid, nay sometimes so exquisite, that to recollect it must so shortly cease is a pain from which the mind would gladly escape. The applause, too, which he receives, comes in a more open, decided, and powerful manner than there is any opportunity of announcing, to genius that exerts itself wholly in seclusion: and the grandeur of this applause does but make its loss the more severely felt: each touch of the sculptor's chisel, each stroke of the pencil of the painter, is not seen, understood, and admired by assembled multitudes, by whom it may instantly be repaid with the thunder of applause. Even the most successful dramatick author is obliged to share a divided fame with the actor.

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Ah, that the noble touches of his art so soon should perish!

It would still increase this misfortune, should no contemporary be found to pay the poor tribute of praise so highly deserved: or, if that praise be bestowed, if it be given in a vague, insufficient, and even derogatory manner.

This, in a peculiar degree, has been the fate of Thomas Weston. Never, while I live, can I forget the impression which this extraordinary actor nightly made, not only upon me, but upon all who saw him, in every character he undertook, after his fame was established.

The particulars of his life, which I here communicate, are derived from a pamphlet entitled MEMOIRS OF THOMAS WESTON, *printed for Bladon in* 1796. The facts contained in this pamphlet are so far valuable as that they belong to a man so extraordinary, and as they afford some of the means of extending his memory to posterity.

He was the son of Thomas Weston, Esq. who was the chief cook in the royal kitchen. The emoluments of that office empowered the father to give his son a proper education, and have him instructed in the polite accomplishments. About the age of sixteen, the youth showed a great partiality for theatrical exhibitions, at which he was frequently present. He also delighted in the company of actors, and associated with the young spout-

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ers of the day, of whose clubs he became a member.

In these, his first appearance is recorded to have been the tent scene, and the battle with Richmond, in the tragedy of Richard III. It is the custom of youths, called spouters, to select scenes, each in turn, and such as each supposes himself best qualified to appear in with advantage. When the night came, it is recorded that Weston confessed his heart palpitated, his face flushed, and he was under the same trepidation as any performer, of great sensibility, on a publick stage.

It is also the custom of these youths to applaud, and therefore his companions applauded; but they privately affirmed his acting was execrable, and his voice wholly unfit for the stage. He was hoarse almost immediately, but was however highly satisfied with his own performance, as he used afterward jocularly to tell his friends. To theatrical studies therefore his time was devoted.

His father procured him a place in the king's kitchen, called turnbroach: a sinecure of about thirty pounds a year, which he enjoyed till his death. By the same interest he was appointed an under clerk of the kitchen, and accompanied George II. to Holland, when his majesty visited Hanover.

After his return, unmindful of his father's advice, he is said to have too much indulged his passions, and to have spent his nights in

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riot, and his days in idleness. In consequence of this, and after frequent attempts to reclaim him, the navy was thought of as a probable means of reform, and he was appointed a midshipman.

Pleased at first with his trappings, his sword, cockade, and uniform, things that seldom fail to please thoughtless youth, he first showed himself among his acquaintance, and afterward repaired on board his ship, when commanded. Here his station and accommodations were by no means such as agreed with his habits, or gave him pleasure. He truly thought his genius cramped and forced into a wrong direction. Among his friends was a clerk in the war-office, on whom he prevailed to write a letter, having the official seal, and directed to him on board the Warspite, which letter pretended to acquaint him that a commission in the army was preparing for him, and he was desired to return to London. By this artifice, he obtained his purpose and quitted the navy.

That he thus early acquired the habits of dissipation was the misfortune of his life; it is a misfortune to which many men of talents, who have devoted themselves to the stage, have been peculiarly subject; it arises, not out of the nature of the profession, but, of the manners and circumstances under which these actors have lived.

Tragedy continued to be the delight of Weston, nor could his friends convince him

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of his mistake. His stature was small, but Garrick he said [perhaps erroneously] was nearly an inch shorter than himself; and his voice he was convinced had sufficient power. In this persuasion, he first became an actor in a company, well known at that time, which visited every town, village, and hamlet, within twenty miles of the metropolis. The former manager of this company, Oliver Carr, was then dead; but it still bore his name, and Weston enlisted under the widow.

The gains were so small that they did not afford a subsistence; but here he had occasion to perform the part of Scrub, in the Beaux Stratagem, by which he threw every one into raptures, except himself. The dignity of tragedy still pervaded his thoughts. Mrs. Carr told him how entirely he had mistaken his powers, and that tragedy afforded him no hope. Weston gave an arch look, made no reply, but thought the more, and maintained his opinion, though the audience had been so struck with him that the very boys followed him, exclaiming—*There! that's he that played Scrub!*

He quitted this company, and engaged in another, where he insisted on performing tragedy; and this he was allowed to do, in consequence of consenting to play comick parts.

The poverty of this company seemed to exceed the first, and Weston felt distresses which, however comick they might afterward

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appear, were severely felt at the moment. He and a companion were obliged to keep the room, while their linen was washed; the landlady came, as usual, for money to provide breakfast: they had but a sleeve of a shirt between them: the companion hid himself, Weston jumped into bed, slipped on the sleeve, and stretching out the arm thus covered, gave the money required. This anecdote he used afterward to tell of himself; and, trivial as they may at first appear, such anecdotes deserve to be remembered, for they mark the manners of ages and nations.

Strange to say, his first appearance in London was at a booth in Bartholomew Fair, kept by the famous comedians Yates and Shuter, where he played nine times a day for a guinea! He afterward obtained an engagement under Foote; but his talents in London were still unknown, and when the Minor came out, in 1760, the part allotted him in that piece was Dick.

At this period he married, and the abilities of his young wife were so far promising that she performed Lucy in the same comedy.

They were both afterward engaged at Norwich, on a good salary; but Weston returned, with the season, to the Haymarket. His merits had not remained unnoticed by the piercing eye of Foote, and the part of Jerry Sneak was written expressly for Weston.

This performance at once stamped him a favourite, and he engaged with various com-

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panies, and played at Dublin, Chichester, Salisbury, and other places. With Ireland it appears he was not pleased, and promised never to return to that country; and with his wife also he so entirely disagreed, that they separated, by mutual consent.

Having obtained an engagement at Drury-lane, though at a small and unworthy salary, he first performed Abel Drugger while Mr. Garrick was abroad, and was so highly applauded that he at length obtained three pounds a week. His wants, or rather, alas, his habits of dissipation, increased with his salary; and the vicissitudes of this part of his life were such as are unworthy to be recorded of a man of such extraordinary talents, which talents were at that time gradually rising into notice.

Foote and Garrick, but especially the former, well understood the worth of Weston, and frequently relieved him from the distresses into which, by the want of prudence, he was thrown. His temper was generous: when he had money he gave to all who asked, and he was seldom, if ever, without some idle worthless intruder, who encouraged his evil habits, in order to subsist at his expence.

Being in the continual dread of bailiffs, he was frequently obliged to make the theatre his residence. When living in the Hay-market theatre, he was accustomed to shut the half door of the lobby, which had spikes at the top, and to bring a table and chairs, that he might take the air and smoke his pipe.

To this door a bailiff, whose face was unknown to Weston, and who carried clothes under his arm covered with green baize, as if he were a tailor, came and requested to speak with Mr. Foote. Weston unwarily opened the hatch, and the bailiff assumed his true character and exhibited his writ.

Disguising his emotion, Weston desired the bailiff to follow him, that Mr. Foote might either pay the money or give security. The man did as he was desired, and the deceiver was deceived. He had not made a legal capture, by touching Weston, the passage behind the side boxes was very dark, the bailiff was obliged to grope slowly along, Weston knew the way, gained the door, which also had spikes, bolted it, crossed the stage, ran through the adjoining house of Mr. Foote, and escaped. This incident, while it shows his folly, proves his presence of mind.

Remainder next Month.

LITERARY ANECDOTES,

In a Letter to a Friend,

FROM SAMUEL PEGGE, ESQ. F. S. A.

LANGUAGE in general, modes of speech, or the particular application of words, Sir, were never held to be the manufacture of the mob; but to have been decided and established by the usage of the superiour orders of mankind. The consent, therefore, of men of

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every age, who speak and write with propriety, stamps the currency of words; and though such words may thereafter grow out of date, or be vitiated by habit and mis-pronunciation, there yet remains a trace of them to ascertain their intrinsick value. Fashion has long been the arbiter of language, as well as of dress, furniture, &c. all which have varied, nobody knows why, nor how the innovations have crept in, because the aggressors against the old fashions have never been detected.

So vague was the state of the French language, when Mons. Vaugelas wrote, (between the years 1585 and 1650,) that, during his translation of Quintus Curtius, which occupied him for thirty years, it had varied so much, that he was obliged to correct the former part of his work, to bring it to the standard of the latter. This occasioned Mons Voiture to apply to it the epigram of Martial upon a barber, who was so slow in his operation, that the hair began to grow on the first half of the face, before he had trimmed the other.

It is no very easy matter to read and understand Chaucer, and the poets of that age, currently in their old-fashioned spelling (apart from their obsolete words) even when translated, as I may term it, into modern types; and much less so in their ancient garb of the Gothick or black letter; till their language becomes familiarised by habit. I con-

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ceive farther, that the antiquated French tongue would be still more unintelligible to a Frenchman of the present age; to evince which, it may be only necessary to compare the "Grand Contumier de Normandie," or "Les Assizes de Jerusalem," with more modern writers; or even Rabelais with Voltaire.

Orthography, therefore, is as the fashionable literary world, for the time being, shall have been pleased to make it; but with this latitude, that formerly our English spelling was, for a long time, happily governed by the ear, without any solicitude about the position or number of letters in a word, so that there were plenty of them. Since orthography has been attempted to be curbed by rule, deviation from the ancient open practice has been studiously affected; in consequence of which, the mode established as perfectly right at the commencement of a century, may perhaps be discarded as palpably wrong before it is half expired.

We need not recur to the case of Mons. Vaugelas before given; for such of us who can reach thirty or forty years to remembrance, may bear testimony to many variations in our own language, both in phrase and spelling.

It is no part of my plan or intention to trouble you Sir, with a descant on orthography; but give me leave to say (as it were in a parenthesis) that our language has un-

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dergone some considerable alterations very lately. *Honour, favour*, &c. are now cut down to *honor, favor*, &c. Dr. Johnson, however, our latest dictionarian, (if you will allow me to use the term) gives no instance of these words being written with such defalcations; neither does he leave it at all doubtful, by indulging them with an *aliaſ*.

Again, Sir, it is now the ton to write *phyſic, muſic, publ*ic, &c. without the old final letter *k*, which no school-boy dared to have done with impunity forty years ago. But this is not the first time that these, and other such words, have lost a limb; for *phyſick, muſick*, &c. were written in older English, *phyſicke, muſicke*, &c.

What a crime of *leze-antiquite* would it be, were I by a letter to invite you to view a very curious *antic* vase, now in my possession!—and yet I can support my spelling, on the modern principle, thus—*antique—anticke—antick—antic*; and which is perfectly analogous to the words above given.

Mr. Nares softens the matter, by observing that *two* letters can better be spared out of dissyllables, than *one* out of monosyllables; which is so far true, that our monosyllables would make a very paltry appearance, were they to be curtailed of their final letters. We will contrast two sentences, consisting of the same words, the one written with the final *k*, and the other without it; and observe the effect they will have to the eye upon paper:

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though they are identically the same to the ear in point of sound.

"*Dick* gave *Jack* a *kick*;—when *Jack* gave *Dick* a *knock* on the *back* with a *thick stick*."

Per contra, "*Dic* gave *Jac* a *kic*;—when *Jac* gave *Dic* a *knoc* on the *bac* with a *thic stic*."

Dr. Johnson, however, decidedly avers that in English orthography, no word whatsoever, long or short, ends with the letter *c*;—nor are the French, who eat so much of their language in speaking, hardy enough to abridge their spelling, by writing physiq, musiq, or publiq.

This our modern mode of writing is still more singular and excentrick, if we will observe that no other words ending with the consonants—*c k* have been deprived of their final letter *k*. For example, we do not write att*ac*, rans*ac*, &c.—bed*ec*, &c.— nor traffi*c*, frol*ic*, &c.—nor bull*oc*, hemlo*c*, &c.—nor wild-du*c*, good-lu*c*, &c.

Innovations have been sometimes dangerous in supposed orthography, where established errour has long prevailed. Dr. Fuller assures us, that an under-clerk in the culinary department of the royal household (in his own time) was threatened with a summons before the tribunal of the Board of Green-cloth, to answer for the crime of writing (in his official accounts) the term *Sinapi* (i. e. mustard) as it should be spelt, contrary to the established mode of the court, which had

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been, for time immemorial, to write it *Cinapi*. In another case, which I have before me, the most serious consequences once followed a very trifling mistake in orthography, and by which the offending party lost no inconsiderable property. Mons. Varillas, a French author, well known among divines, had a nephew, whom he proposed to make his heir; but who, in a letter to his uncle, was unfortunate enough to close it with —"votre tres *bo*beissant," instead of "obeissant." This little errour so exasperated Mons. Varillas, that he never forgave it,—set his nephew down for an egregious blockhead, unworthy to be the successor to the fortunes of a man of learning,—and left his estate to pious uses. Thus much for orthography.

Remainder next month.

LETTER TO A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.

DEAR MADAM,

As you occupy a very handsome house, and are able to furnish it in a proper manner, will you excuse a friend who is anxious to give you a little advice on the subject?

Your building being formed of the finest materials, it will shew in a moment any flaw or spot that may accidentally tarnish the surface; it is of a proper height, a well-proportioned size, and built on a regular plan.

On the top stands a turret, of a globular form, with two crystal windows in front; these are so constructed, as to command an extensive prospect, and, if always kept clean and bright, will prove of considerable utility, as well as a great ornament to the house: I advise you not to look through them at every object that passes, and above all things, I would have you shut them early at night, as many disagreeable circumstances happen from a neglect in this particular; you may open them as early as you please in the morning.

On each side, I observe a small portal to receive company; pray take care they do not always stand open; as you will be crowded with visitors, and perhaps with some you may not like; let them never be shut against your worthy parents, a sincere friend, or a fellow creature in distress.

I took notice of one gate in the front, at which all your company goes out; in general I recommend it to you to keep it closely barred, lest, should any bad characters be seen forth coming, you draw a scandal on your residence; if at any time, on necessary occasions, it should be opened, I would lay a strict injunction of watchfulness on the two porters, who stand as sentinels, in liveries of scarlet, just without the ivory palisade.

Some ill advised people paint the two pannels, just below the windows; an example which I hope you will shun rather than follow.

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This part of the edifice is supported by a pillar of Corinthian marble, whose base is ornamented with two semi-globes of alabaster, before which most prudent people draw a curtain of needlework; a practice of late years strangely neglected by some, who, by such conduct, prove themselves grossly deficient in policy, propriety, and good taste.

Beneath, is the great hall, in which I understand you have a small closet of exquisite workmanship; this I suppose is the place of your secret retirement, open to none but yourself, or some faithful friend: take care always to keep it clean, and furnished with a small but well-chosen library of the best practical authors: enter it frequently, especially when you return from publick worship, or from visiting your friends.

Avoid two opposite errours, which the owners of many houses fall into: let not the outside hall appear like the shop of an undertaker, fitting out a funeral, and crowded with gloomy objects, and woeful countenances, nor like a lord mayor's coach, bedaubed with gilding and finery; let it be plain, neat, and always clean, to convince the world that you attend more to utility than ornament.

You must not be surprised to find the tenement you inhabit subject to decay and accident; it is the common effect of time to efface beauty, and diminish strength; during the short space you have already lived in it, repairs have been frequently wanted; these, you

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must consider as plain intimations, that the house itself, in a certain number of years, will fall, 'and like the baseless fabrick of a vision, leave not a wreck behind.'

If I recollect right, you are only a tenant at will, and may be turned out, with or without warning, for that was the condition on which it was let to you: be always ready therefore to go, at a moment's notice, and be particularly careful to keep the furniture in the globular turret, and the contents of the little closet, arranged in good order, that you may be able to lay your hand on them without perplexity or confusion.

It will be in vain to attempt to do it, as some have fancied they can, in the bustle and hurry of a sudden removal; a neglect of this important precaution has proved an irreparable injury to thousands.

Excuse this hasty epistle, pardon the liberty I have taken, and impute it to the warm zeal and sincere attachment of

Your humble servant.

(*Monthly Mirror.*)

THE FISHERMAN AND THE TRAVELLER.

BY DR MAYOR.

A FISHERMAN, whose only property was a miserable hovel, lived on the bank of a small river. His gains were so trifling, that he was scarcely able to earn a scanty subsist-

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ence. Notwithstanding he was contented in his poverty, because he wished for nothing more than he possessed.

One day, this fisherman took it into his head to visit the city; and he resolved to go there on the morrow. While he thought of making this journey, he met a traveller, who inquired if he had far to go to reach a village, in which he might find lodging for the night? "It is twelve miles," replied the fisherman, "and it is very late; if you will pass the night in my cottage you are heartily welcome."

The traveller accepted the offer; and the fisherman who wished to entertain his guest as well as he was able, lit a fire to dress some small fish. While they were at supper, the fisherman sang, laughed, and appeared full of merriment.

"How happy you are," said the traveller to his host, "in being able to divert yourself thus! I would give all that I have in the world to be as gay as you."

"And what prevents you?" said the fisherman, "my mirth costs me nothing; and I have never been subject to melancholy. Do you labour under any great affliction that does not permit you to be cheerful?"

"Alas!" replied the traveller, "all the world believes me the happiest of men. I was a merchant, and I gained great wealth; but I had not a moment of rest. I was in daily fear of becoming a bankrupt, of failure

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of sale in my goods, of storms to wreck my vessels: upon this account, I quitted commerce, in the hope of living a more tranquil life; and I thought a place at court: at first I had the good fortune to please my prince; I became his favourite, and I believed that I should soon be happy; but I presently found that I was rather a slave than a favourite. I was obliged to give up perpetually all my own inclinations, to follow those of my master. He loved the chase, I loved quiet; nevertheless, I was obliged to follow him through the woods the whole day long: I returned to the palace, overcome with fatigue and longing to retire to rest. No; some lady gives a ball, a supper; and, because it will please the king, entreats me to come: I go, detesting every thing I see. But the favour of my sovereign afforded me some little consolation. It is now about five days since he spoke with an air of friendship to one of the lords of his court, gave him two commissions, and said that he believed him to be a very honest man. From that moment I plainly saw that I was lost, and my nights were sleepless."

"But," said the fisherman, interrupting his guest, "did the king receive you with cold looks; and did he cease to love you?"

"Excuse me," replied the traveller; "the king showed me more friendship than ordinary; but recollect he did not love me only, every body said that the nobleman was be-

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come a second favourite. To me this was so insupportable, that I was ready to die with chagrin. I retired yesterday, at even, into my chamber, absorbed in melancholy, and when I was alone, I gave myself up to grief. Suddenly, I beheld a man, of more than ordinary stature, but of an extremely agreeable countenance, who said to me, 'Azael, I have compassion upon thy misery: If thou wouldst become tranquil, to love sacrifice riches, and to friendship honours.'—'Alas! Sir,' said I to the man, 'these are the wishes of my heart; but how can they be gratified?'—'Quit the court,' replied he, 'and travel during two days by the road that first offers itself; the folly of man will present you with a spectacle that will cure you forever of ambition. When you have travelled two days, retrace your steps; and be confidently assured, that thenceforward you will live happily and at ease.'—I have already walked one whole day in obedience to this monitor; and to-morrow I shall proceed: but I cannot easily persuade myself to hope the repose he has promised."

The fisherman having heard this story, could not but wonder at the folly of a man, who placed his ambition upon the mere looks and words of a king. "I shall be happy to see you again, and to hear an account of your case," said he to the traveller; "accomplish your journey, and in two days come back to my cottage. I am much ur-

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travel too; I have never seen the city; and I imagine that I shall be much diverted by the sights that I shall behold there."

"You must take care," returned the traveller, "that, when you have seen the palaces of the great, you do not become dissatisfied with your cottage; and that, when you have seen their superb vestments, you remain contented with your own clothing."

"Sir," said the fisherman to his guest, "you talk like a book: do your reasonings serve for your own instruction?"

The traveller forbore to reply, because he did not wish to enter into a controversy with his host in his own house. The next day he continued his journey; while the fisherman set out for the city.

At the end of two days, the traveller, Azael, who had met with nothing extraordinary, returned to the cottage. He found the fisherman sitting before his door, his head resting upon his hand, and his eyes fixed upon the earth. "What are you thinking of?" said Azael.—"I am thinking that I am very miserable," said the fisherman; "what have I done that I should be poor, while so great a number of men are rich and happy?"

At this moment the man of lofty stature, who had commanded Azael to travel, and who was, in reality, an angel, appeared.

"Why have you not followed the counsels of Azael?" said he to the fisherman: "the sight of the magnificence of the city

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hath created in thee avarice and vanity; and these have driven from thee happiness and peace. Moderate thy desires, and thou wilt recover those precious possessions."

"This is very easy for you to prescribe," replied the fisherman, but impossible for me to practise. I am sure that I shall always be unhappy; at least, unless my condition be altered."

"That would be to thy loss," replied the angel, "believe me; and do not wish to be other than thou art."

"You speak well," returned the fisherman, "but you will not hinder me from wishing for another situation?"

"Since thou *wilt* seek thy destruction," said the angel, "I consent: thou mayest wish three things, and they shall be as thou desirest."

Transported with joy, the fisherman wished that his cottage were changed into a magnificent palace; and immediately his wish was accomplished. The fisherman after admiring his palace, wished that the little river that flowed before his door might be swelled to a great sea; and immediately his wish was accomplished. The power of making a third request remained. He hesitated during some time: at length he wished that his little boat might be changed into a superb vessel, freighted with gold and diamonds. As soon as he beheld his vessel, he hastened to feast his eyes with the riches of which he

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was become the master; but he had scarcely gained the deck when a violent storm arose. The fisherman would have returned to the shore, but he was unable to manage the vessel.

Now he regretted his vanity and his ambition: useless regrets! the sea swallowed him and all his riches; and the angel said to Azaël, "Let this example teach thee wisdom! The end of this man is almost always that of those who pursue unworthy objects of ambition. The court, to which thou art returning, is famous for shipwrecks and for tempests; while yet you may, make the shore; otherwise, you will one day wish to do so when the power will be no longer yours."

Azaël, who stood terrified at what he had seen, promised to obey the angel; and he kept his word: he left the court, and retired into the country, where he married a young lady, who was more remarkable for her goodness, than for her beauty or her fortune. Instead of endeavouring to increase his abundant wealth, he sought only to enjoy it with moderation, and to distribute the superflux to the poor. He now became happy and contented; and no day passed in which he did not thank God for having released him from avarice and frivolous ambition; which, while he was subject to them, had empoisoned every hour of his life.

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THE COUNTRY PRIEST.

A DIALOGUE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF VOLTAIRE.

Aristus. So my dear Theotimus, you are going to be a country parson!

Theotimus. Yes, I have had a small parish conferred on me, and I like it better than a larger; it is more suited both to my talents and my activity; having but one soul myself, the superintendence and direction of seventy thousand would certainly be too much for me; and I have ever wondered at the daringness of those who have taken on them the care of those immense districts. I cannot, in any tolerable measure, find myself equal to such a charge; a large flock really frightens me, but with a small one I may perhaps do some good. I have a smattering of the law, enough with my careful endeavours, to prevent my poor parishioners from ruining one another by litigations; I am so much a physician as to prescribe to them in common cases; and I have so far looked into our best treatises on agriculture, that my advice may sometimes be of service to them. The lord of the manor and his lady are very good sort of people, and no devotees; they will second my endeavours to do good, so that I promise myself a very happy time of it, and that those among whom I am to live will not be injured by my company.

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Arist. You have a great share of learning, and are likewise master of a nervous eloquence; how do you intend to preach before a congregation of villagers?

Theot. As I would before kings. I will insist on morality and never meddle with controversy. God forbid that I should go about diving into concomitant grace, effectual grace which may be resisted, sufficient grace which does not suffice; or examining whether the angels who came to Lot had a body, or only feigned to eat. A thousand things there are, which my congregation would not understand, nor I neither: my endeavour shall be to make them good, and to be so myself.

Arist. You will make a good priest, indeed! I think I must purchase a country house in your parish. But be so kind as to tell me how you will manage confession.

Theot. Confession is highly beneficial, a strong curb to vice, and a very early institution. It was anciently practised at the celebration of all the mysteries of the church: and we have imitated and sanctified so devout an observance: it avails greatly, turning resentment and hatred into forgiveness and friendship: by it the petty rogues are induced to restore what they had stolen. I own it has also its inconveniencies. There are too many indiscreet confessors, chiefly among the monks, who sometimes teach girls more fooleries than they learn among the young men. In confession there should be no particulars

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it is no juridical interrogatory, but only a sinner's acknowledgment of his fault to the Supreme Being, before another sinner, who is soon to make the like acknowledgment. This salutary avowal is not made to gratify a frivolous curiosity.

Arist. And excommunications; will you ever proceed to such extremities?

Theot. No; some rituals excommunicate grasshoppers, sorcerers, and stage-players. Grasshoppers I shall never exclude from my church, for they never come there; as little shall I excommunicate sorcerers, seeing there are none; and stage-players being authorized by the magistrates, and pensioned by his Majesty, it would ill become me to brand them with infamy; and, to be ingenuous, I can with pleasure read a play, when kept within the limits of morality; such for instance, as Athaliah and the Misanthrope, which contain much good instruction. The lord of our manor has some such pieces acted at his seat by young people of a theatrical turn; these exhibitions lead to virtue through the attraction of pleasure, form the taste, and greatly contribute to a just elocution. Now, for my part, in all this I see nothing but what is very innocent, and even very useful; so that I intend, purely for my instruction, to be sometimes a spectator.

Arist. The more you let me into your way of thinking, the more desirous am I of becoming your parishioner; but one point remains,

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which I think of very great importance. How will you do to hinder the peasants from fuddling on the holidays, which, you know, is their chief way of keeping festivals? some, overcome by a liquid poison, are seen with their heads drooping almost to their knees, their hands dangling, their sight and hearing lost, in a condition very much beneath beasts; led home reeling by their lamenting wives, incapable of going to work the next day, often sick, and sometimes irrecoverably besotted. Others, inflamed by wine, raise quarrels which soon come to furious blows; and these brutal scenes, a disgrace to human nature, have not seldom been known to end in a murder. Now how will you, if not eradicate this execrable custom out of your parish, at least bring it under some regulation?

Theot. I have a remedy at hand; I shall not only give them leave, but exhort them to follow some innocent employment after divine service; and that I will take care to begin very early, for it is their being unemployed on such days which sends them to publick houses; on the working days we hear of no riot or bloodshed. Useful employment is good both for soul and body.

Arist. This will be reconciling devotion and industry, and both are of God's appointment; thus you serve God and do good to your neighbour. But amidst our ecclesiastical feuds, which party will you favour?

Theot. None. Virtue never occasions any

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disputes, because it comes from God; all these heart-burnings are about opinions which are the inventions of men.

Arist. Excellent! I wish all priests were like you.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

PETER PEUTEMAN was a good painter of still life; but the most memorable circumstance relative to this artist was the incident that occasioned his death.

He was employed to paint an emblematical picture of mortality, expressive of the vanity of the pleasures of this world, and of the shortness and misery of human life; and, that he might imitate some parts of his subject with greater exactness, he painted them in an anatomical room, where several skeletons were suspended from the ceiling, and skulls and bones lay scattered about the floor. Here he prepared to take his designs, and either from some previous fatigue, or the intenseness of his study, insensibly fell asleep. This was on Sept. 18, 1692, when an earthquake, that happened while he was dozing, roused him: and the instant he awoke he perceived all the skeletons in motion, and the loose skulls rolling about the room! Being totally ignorant of the cause, he was struck with such horrour that he threw himself down stairs, and tumbled out into the street half

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dead. His friends took all imaginable pains to efface the impression made on his mind by this unlucky event; explaining the true cause of the agitation of the skeletons; nevertheless his spirits were affected in so violent a manner, that he never recovered his health, but died soon after, at 42 years of age.

DUELLING.

A CAPTAIN in the English army, in answer to a person from whom he had received a challenge, wrote as follows:

"I have two objections to this duel matter. The one is lest I should hurt you; and the other is, lest you should hurt me: I do not see any good it would do me to put a bullet through any part of your body. I could make no use of you when dead, for any culinary purpose, as I would a rabbit or a turkey. I am no cannibal to feed on the flesh of men. Why then shoot down a human creature, of which I could make no use. A buffalo would be better meat. For though your flesh might be delicate and tender, yet it wants that firmness and consistency which takes and retains salt. At any rate it would not be fit for long sea voyages. You might make a good barbecue, it is true, being of the nature of a raccoon or an opossum; but people are not in the habit of barbecuing any

thing that is human now.—As to your hide, it is not worth taking off, being little better than that of a year old colt. As to myself, I do not like much to stand in the way of any thing that is harmful. I am under apprehensions you might hit me. That being the case, I think it most adviseable to stay at a distance. If you want to try your pistols, take some object, a tree, or a barn door, about my dimensions. If you hit that, send me word, and I shall acknowledge, that if I had been in the same place, you might also have hit me."

ON EPITAPHS.

CAMDEN'S chapter of epitaphs afforded me some amusement, and an extract or two, I fancy, may not be displeasing to many of your readers.

The following lines, which were written on the removal of Queen Elizabeth's body from Richmond to Whitehall by water, contain an allusion or figure, or what you please to call it (for I think there is no name in rhetorick for it) which one cannot be but pleased with:

The Queen was brought by water to Whitehall,
At every stroke the oars tears let fall:
More clung about the barge, fish under water,
Wept out their eyes of pearl, and swam blind after.

I think the bargemen might, with easier thighs,
Have rowed her thither in her people's eyes.
For howsoe'er thus much my thoughts have scann'd,
Sh'ad come by water, had she come by land.

Now, Mess. Printers, I fairly challenge all the modern poets, from Hayley to Sir Cecil Wray and Lord Nugent, to produce any thing so well connected as the above. Mr. Camden calls them passionate, doleful lines. The idea of rowing the Queen's body from Richmond to Whitehall in her people's eyes, is loyal, at least, if not poetical; and if it be not very practicable, must at least be allowed to be very marvellous.

The poets of these days, however, have been more successful when employing their pens on objects of less rank, more nearly approaching their own than that of royalty. In this epitaph upon a maker of bellows, there is better poetry, and more wit and truth.

Here lieth John Cruker, a maker of bellows,
His crafts master, and king of good fellows;
Yet when he came to the hour of his death,
He that made bellows could not make breath!

I quote the following upon account of the rhymes, which are very peculiar, and have been of late very successfully imitated by some political poets, and Hudibrastick serio comick Eclogue writers.

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Under this stone
Lies John Knapton,
Who died just
The 28 of August,
M. D. XC. and one,
Of this Church Peti canon.

But if truth, perspicuity, wit, gravity, and every property pertaining to the ancient or modern epitaph, may be expected in one single epitaph, it is in one made for a Mr. Burbidge, a tragedian, in the days of Shakespeare, but whether it comes from the pen of that great poet, I cannot determine. Its brevity particularly recommends it, the following being the whole:

Exit Burbidge.

There is a superiority of merit in the following, which would not disgrace a poet of eminence, on the untimely death of a child.

As careful nurses to their bed do lay
Their children, which too long would wantons play,
So to prevent all my ensuing crimes,
Nature, my nurse, laid me to bed betimes.

The thought is quaint, and has beauty, although the versification cannot be commended.

Many of the old epitaphs speak very familiarly of death, as if he was a door neighbour,

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on whom they might at any time crack their jokes—thus, upon a collier.

Here lies the collier John of Nashes,
By whom death nothing gain'd he swore;
For living he was dust and ashes,
And being dead he is no more.

[Boston Mag. 1784.]

WALKER'S CRITICISM.

[*"There is no letter in all the alphabet," says the Editor of the New-York Herald, in a late Review of* Webster's Dictionary, *"whose sound so distinctly marks the polite or the vulgar speaker, as the* u *preceded by* d *or* t. *On this subject Mr. Walker has laid down the only sound canon of criticism." We perfectly agree with Mr. Coleman; and eager to quicken the prevalence of correct orthoepy in the metropolis of New-England, we think no apology necessary for introducing Mr. Walker's remarks on this subject into the Polyanthos. Mr. C. is entitled to much credit for exposing Mr. Webster's attempts "to banish an elegant pronunciation from the country, and to substitute in its room that of the vulgar and illiterate."*]

T is the sharp sound of *D*; but though the latter is often changed into the former, the former never goes into the latter. The sound to which this letter is extremely prone

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is that of *s*. This sound of the *t* has greatly multiplied the hissing in our own language, and has not a little promoted it in most modern tongues. That *p* and *b*, *t* and *d*, *k* and *g* hard, *s* and *z*, should slide into each other, is not surprizing, as they are distinguished only by a nice shade of sound; but that *t* should alter to *s* seems a most violent transition, till we consider the organick formation of these letters, and of those vowels which always occasion it. If we attend to the formation of *t*, we shall find that it is a stoppage of the breath by the application of the upper part of the tongue near the end, to the correspondent part of the palate; and that if we just detach the tongue from the palate, sufficiently to let the breath pass, a hiss is produced which forms the letter *s*. Now the vowel that occasions this transition of *t* to *s* is the squeezed sound of *e*, as heard in *y* consonant: which squeezed sound is a species of hiss; and this hiss, from the absence of accent, easily slides into the *s*, and *s* as easily into *sh*; thus *mechanically* is generated that hissing termination *tion*, which forms but one syllable, as if written *shun*.

But it must be carefully remarked, that this hissing sound, contracted by the *t* before certain diphthongs, is never heard but after the accent: when the accent falls on the vowel immediately after the *t*, this letter, like *s* or *c* in the same situation, preserves its simple sound: thus the *c* in *social* goes into *sh*, be-

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cause the accent is on the preceding vowel; but it preserves the simple sound of *s* in *society*, because the accent is the succeeding vowel. The same analogy is obvious in *satiate* and *satiety*; and is perfectly agreeable to that difference made by accent in the sound of other letters.

As the diphthongs *ia*, *ie*, *io*, or *iu*, when coming after the accent, have the power of drawing the *t* into *sh*, so the diphthongal vowel *u*, in the same situation, has a similar power. If we analyse the *u*, we shall find it commence with the squeezed sound of *e*, equivalent to the consonant *y*. This letter produces the small hiss before taken notice of, and which may be observed in the pronunciation of *nature*, and borders so closely on *natshur*, that it is no wonder Mr. Sheridan adopted this latter mode of spelling the word to express its sound. The only fault in Mr. Sheridan in depicting the sound of this word, seems to be that of making the *u* short, as in *bur*, *cur*, &c. as every correct ear must perceive an elegance in lengthening the sound of the *u*, and a vulgarity in shortening it. The true pronunciation seems to lie between both.

But Mr. Sheridan's greatest fault seems to lie in not attending to the nature and influences of the accent; and because *nature*, *creature*, *feature*, *fortune misfortune*, &c. have the *t* pronounced like *ch*, or *tsh*, as if written *creachure*, *feashure*, &c. he has extended this change of *t* into *tch* or *tsh*, to the word *tune*, and its

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compounds, *tutor*, *tutoress*, *tutorage*, *tutelage*, *tutelar*, *tutelary*, &c. *tumult*, *tumour*, &c. which he spells *tshoon*, *tshoon-eble*, &c. *tshoo-tur*, *tshoo-triss*, *tshoo-tur-idzh*, *tshoo-tel-idzh*, *tshoo-tel-er*, *tshoo-tel-er-y*, &c. *tshoo-mult*, *tshoo-mur*, &c. Though it is evident, from the foregoing observations, that as the *u* is under the accent, the preceding *t* is preserved pure, and that the words ought to be pronounced as if written *tewter*, *tewmult*, *tewmour*, &c. and neither *tshootur*, *tshoomult*, *tshoomour*, as Mr: Sheridan writes them, nor *tootor*, *toomult*, *toomour*, as they are often pronounced by vulgar speakers.

Here, then, the line is drawn by analogy. Whenever *t* comes before these vowels, and the accent immediately follows it, the *t* preserves its simple sound, as in *Miltiades*, *elephantiasis*, *satiety*, &c. but when the accent precedes the *t*, it then goes into *sh*, *tch*, or *tsh*, as *natshure* or *natchure*, *na-shion*, *vir-tshue*, or *vir-tchue*, *patient*, &c. or *nashion*, *pashent*, &c. In similar circumstances, the same may be observed of *d*, as *arduous*, *hideous*, &c. Nor is this tendency of *t* before long *u* found only when the accent immediately precedes; for we hear the same aspiration of this letter in *spiritual*, *spirituous*, *signature*, *ligature*, *forfeiture*, as if written *spiritshual*, *spiritshuous*, *signatshure*, *ligatshure*, *forfeitshure*, &c. where the accent is two syllables before these letters; and the only termination which seems to refuse this tendency of the *t* to aspiration is that in *tude*, as *latitude*, *longitude*, *multitude*, &c.

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This pronunciation of *t* extends to every word where the diphthong or diphthongal sound commences with *i* or *e*, except in the terminations of verbs and adjectives, which preserve the simple in the augment, without suffering the *t* to go into the hissing sound, as *I pity, thou pitiest, he pities, or pitied, mightier, worthier, twentieth, thirtieth*, &c. This is agreeable to the general rule, which forbids the adjectives or verbal terminations to alter the sound of the primitive verb or noun. But in the words *bestial, celestial, frontier, admixtion*, &c. where the *s*, *x* or *n* precedes the *t*, this letter is pronounced like *tch* or *tsh*, instead of *sh*, as *bes-tshial, eles-tshial, fron-tcheer, admix-tchion*, &c.; as also when the *t* is followed by *eou*, whatever letter precede, as *righteous, piteous, plenteous*, &c. pronounced *righ-tcheous, pit-cheous, plen-tcheous*, &c. The same may be observed of *t* when succeeded by *uou*, as *unctuous, presumptuous*, &c. pronounced *unc-tchuous, presump-tchuous*, &c.

SELECT SENTENCES.

IF *those* who have a very high opinion of *themselves*, and treat others with a supercilious air, were sensible *how ridiculous they appear* in the eyes of the persons whom they affect to hold in contempt, they would soon lower their sails, and behave with more politeness, humanity and decorum.

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MARRIAGE secrets should never be revealed, for wives and husbands, by divulging them, only proclaim their folly and imprudence. The wise, among the wedded, keep their pleasures and their pains within their own bosoms.

STRAWS swim upon the surface, but pearls lie at the bottom. Shewy parts strike every common eye, but solid ones are only to be discerned by the most accurate observers of the human head and human heart.

As often as we are oppressed by evils, resulting either from our own mismanagement, unexpected accidents, or the inscrutable views of Providence, our *business* is to suffer with decency—and our *duty* to improve by suffering.

No *flashes* of good humour, no *sudden starts* of liberality, can make *amends* for the *pain* we endure, from the *freaks* of *imperiousness* and the *insults* of *oppression*.

THE most necessary virtue, that gives woman the greatest degree of power, is modesty. This amiable quality influences the features, the air, the mind, in such a manner, that every thing shocks us where this is wanting.

WE must allow that there are some virtues, which, though one would be glad to have *within call*, one wishes never may be called for. *Patience* is one of them. She is an excellent physician to a *diseased mind*, but would any body desire to be sick for the sake of having a doctor, even though it were the infallible Esculapius himself?

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THE MINSTREL.

ODE

TO THE MEMORY OF SHAKESPEARE.

[This sublime piece of poetry was written by Jones, the author of the Earl of Essex, and sent to Mr. Garrick just before the jubilee at Stratford was celebrated. It is painful to relate that Mr. Garrick never acknowledged the receipt of the Ode. How much he was enamoured with it, may be easily seen by comparing it with Garrick's Ode to the jubilee....Thes. Or.]

O, for thy own immortal muse of fire,
By God and nature kindled high!
Let thy celestial flame my soul inspire,
And lift my genius to the sky:
Above all mortal flight sublime to soar,
Where Greece and Rome are seen no more;
Where nature's utmost bounds are past,
Beyond creation's out-stretch'd line;
That world of wonders all is thine,
Thy laurel there shall last!
Where Homer's fancy never flew,
Beyond the reach of Virgil's view;
Which, even mighty Milton faintly knew;
Though, next to thee unmatch'd he rose
On revelation's wing:
The gates of fate thy hand wide open throws,
And marshals up the phantoms there,
From Tartarus these shades to bring:
These forms condens'd of painted air;
With sentiment and language fraught,
No mortal else but thou e'er taught!

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O Shakespeare, son of fame !
Belov'd by earth and heaven !
Britannia glories in thy envied name :
To thee the richest palm was given,
Which nature's bosom ever bore,
Such happy growths she'll yield no more !

On Avon's banks it grew,
There sprung aloft to Europe's wondering eye,
Refresh'd by heaven's indulgent dew,
Without the tardy aid of art,
Its fragrance fills th' expanded sky,
Elates the soul,—and melts the feeling heart.
Hail Avon ! happy scene !
Forever rich, forever green,
Where Shakespeare first beheld the light :
The Attick bird that moment took its flight,
And left Ulysses' song resounding shore ;
To Avon's banks the warbler sprung,
There, from a laurel joyful sung,
Th' immortal bard was born !
On that auspicious happy morn,
That over Sophocles should soar,
And leave all Greece and Rome behind,
As far, as Philomela's song,
Excels the vulgar feathered throng ;
The first of human kind !
The muses there their pinions spread,
Castalian dews around him shed,
The graces crown'd his infant head,
And genius wav'd his wings ;
The swans of Avon tower on high,
They carrol to the vaulted sky,
And stretch their raptur'd throats ;
The fairies from the neighbouring hills,
From deep wrought mines, and rifted rills,
Came dancing all around :
Black sorcery up tore the ground,

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The witches waited there,
With all the demons of the air,
Pale ghosts came trooping from the tom
Astonish'd nature gave them room:
She saw herself outdone,
By her too potent son.
Her cabinet to him she soon disclos'd
To him her secret wealth expos'd
Which he alone could see,
Now England's Roscius keeps the key,
Unlocks the treasures of great Shakespeare's soul,
And wafts their mutual praise from pole to pole.

THE QUESTION.

ADDRESSED TO AN AMERICAN LADY.

By a Gentleman of the Boston Theatre.

CAN the willow, ah say dost thou think,
Harm the stream by a kiss as it bends,
Or that zephyr saluting the pink:
By its fondness annoys or offends.

The poor pilgrim, as passing a rose,
On his staff leans the sense to regale,
If a kiss should his gratitude close,
Would a tint of its brightness grow pale?

The bee from the bean flower flies,
And bears the rich load to his cell,
No eye can perceive the lost prize:
'Tis impair'd not in beauty or smell.

Then should Strephon e'er purloin a kiss,
Would it rob those dear lips of a charm,
Or could Lucy repine at a bliss?
That can neither impoverish or harm.

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THE COCK AND THE STALLION.

A FABLE.

By the Same.

As Chanticleer once took his rounds,
He pass'd a stable door;
Where stallion fierce who spurn'd his bounds,
The pavement rudely tore.

He neigh'd and paw'd, while ginger breed
Swift in at window flew;
And strutting round the mettled steed,
Cried cock a doodle do.

The high bred horse with foaming mien
And plunge might shake the world,
Litter and cock with proud disdain
Against the wall he hurl'd.

Buried in dung, cries Chanticleer,
I say, my noble brother,
Thus cribb'd in space, let us take care,
We kick not one another.

SONG.

NEW SOMEBODY.

By the Same.

To beg one boon, or breathe one vow,
I'd mountains pass, or oceans plough,
Extremest dangers brave with glee,
To catch one glimpse of SOMEBODY.

OF SOMEBODY, &c.

Arabia's burning sands I'd tread,
Nor foe should fright nor clime give dread,
The footstep print alone to see,
Of nature's boast, dear SOMEBODY.

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Should she embark with placid gale,
Each cliff I'd climb, e'en Alps I'd scale,
And pant with pleasing toil to see,
The bark that bore dear SOMEBODY,

But if denied the bliss to share,
Of anxious hope, love, joy or care,
Time, break the glass set up for me,
Life's only life *with* SOMEBODY.

EPITAPH ON MRS. POPE,

LATE OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

By the Same.

CLOSE clos'd are the lids which by magick seem'd fring'd,
Clos'd and pallid the lips which with coral were ting'd,
Clay cold is the heart where sat virtue enthron'd,
And lifeless the hand that dear elegance own'd;
Mute is melody's tongue that attention thought dear,
And the arch brow of beauty now nerveless lies here:
When the mandate came down to demand her on high,
The fates bore her off with a tear and a sigh.

THE THORN.

How sweetly blooms the fragrant rose,
What blushing tints its leaves disclose,
Alone for Pleasure born!
But as the chilling blast flies by,
Its withered sweets all scattered lie,
And leaves the naked thorn:

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So Beauty with enchanting smiles,
Ensnares the heart with love's soft wiles,
As in life's early morn:
But when the hours of love are o'er,
And beauty can enchant no more,
'Tis then you feel the thorn.

The following beautiful lines are from the pen of a lady whose effusions have more than once adorned our publick prints. The unaffected tenderness of the sentiment, the simplicity of the imagery, and the easy flow of the measure, entitle it to a place beside the sweet dirge of Collins's—"To fair Fidele's grassy Tomb." [N. Y. Herald.]

LINES,

To the memory of Lieut. JOSEPH MAXWELL, *who died at Syracuse in the month of February last.*

LAMENTED youth! to fancy's eye
Thy lonely foreign tomb appears;
Sicilian breezes o'er it sigh,
And evening sheds her lucid tears.

Nurs'd by those tears, ere now, the grass
Its rank luxuriance waves so wild,
And scarcely marks to those who pass
The spot where rests bright honour's child.

There shall no tender mother weep,
When eve's dim veil o'erspreads the skies;
When night has hush'd the world in sleep,
No maiden there shall breathe her sighs.

Perhaps not e'en a humble stone
May point the traveller's vacant eye;
But journeying on he leaves unknown
The grave where worth and valour lie.

Oft too, perhaps, in careless mood
The peasant rude may wander near,

Press, with unhallowed feet, thy sod,
And frame his rustick revels there.

Yet sure some fairy hand shall guard
Thy ashes from this cold neglect,
And bending o'er the flowery sward,
Light forms, from insult, thee protect.

Their airy harps shall they attune,
And wildly strike the dirge like lay;
While high the melancholy moon
Pours down her sweetest, saddest ray.

Yes, there, beloved queen of night,
Thy beams shall dwell, with fond delay,
For gentle, as thy placid light,
Was he who owns that bed of clay.

Yet, when by wrong or insult fir'd,
His country call'd him to the field,
By honour's dictates firm inspir'd,
He sooner would have died than yield.

Oh! had he fall'n in glory's arms,
Less bitter then were friendship's tear,
With laurels crown'd mid victory's charms
He might have prest a prouder bier.

Ye who preferr'd to slavery, death,
Worthy was he, to share your doom;
Had such occasion claim'd his breath—
With transport, had he sought the tomb.

Where now, the promis'd hour of fame,
That hour, foretold by hope and youth,
The grave receives his wasted frame,
And fancy mourns, o'er saddening truth.

Lamented youth! sweet be thy rest!
Oft brought by memory's sacred power,
And by her truest pencil drest,
Thy form shall soothe the pensive hour.

CLARA.

SONG,

Sung by ZARINDA, *a Christian captive in the Seraglio, in a new Comick Opera entitled* THE FIVE LOVERS, *lately produced at Dublin Theatre.*

EMBOSOM'D in a shadowing bower,
A lowly primrose grew:
Mild Eve around the virgin flower
Her modest mantle threw;

But ah! too soon the lord of day
Diffus'd his splendours wide;
And, wither'd by th' oppressive ray,
The drooping trembler died.

ANOTHER,

Sung in the same piece, also by ZARINDA.

DEAR Erin, how sweetly thy green bosom rises,
An emerald set in the ring of the sea;—
Each blade of thy meadows my faithful heart prizes,
Thou Queen of the West, the world's *Cuishla ma chree!*

Thy gates open wide to the poor and the stranger,
There smiles Hospitality, hearty and free;
Thy friendship is seen in the moment of danger,
And the wand'rer is welcomed with *Cuishla ma chree!*

Thy sons they are brave; but the battle once over,
In brotherly peace with their foes they agree!
And the roseate cheeks of thy daughters discover
The soul-speaking blush that says *Cuishla ma chree!*

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Then flourish forever, my dear native Erin,
While sadly I wander, an exile from thee!
And firm as thy mountains, no injury fearing,
May Heaven defend its own *Cuishla ma chree!*

EPIGRAM.

A GENTLEMAN late sent a rhyme-wrote story,
With notes descriptive and explanatory,
Unto a poet, who, alas! was poor;
And to explain still more his friendly meaning,
He added two *short notes* of his own gleaning,
Each for *five pounds*—to work a certain cure.

Soon after, when he met his rhyming hero,
He ask'd him—not how long ago liv'd Nero—
But how the book he sent had stood the test?
"The author shows in every line his learning,
"The notes appear to me to be discerning,
"But your two *little notes* were much the *best!*"

MADRIGAL.

FROM THE SPANISH.

"TAKE, dearest maid, this chain of gold,
And with it grace thy peerless neck;
These pearls, on silken threads enrolled,
Those auburn tresses let them deck."

"Fond youth," the blushing nymph replied,
"To me these toys no bliss impart;
To see thee happy is my pride,
The pearl I value is thy heart."

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THE DRAMA.

FOREIGN THEATRICAL.

An Operatical Romance entitled *The Forty Thieves*, was performed for the first time at Drury-Lane Theatre, on the 9th of April. The following is the fable of the piece, taken from that delightful source of juvenile study, *The Arabian Night's Entertainments*:

Ali Baba, a woodcutter, whilst pursuing his avocation in the forest, discovers a cavern belonging to a banditti, and overhears the magical incantation of "Open Sesame," by which he obtains admission, and returns to his humble habitation laden with wealth. His wife Cogia, having borrowed of her sister a measure to ascertain her treasures, several guineas adhere to the bottom and divulge their concealed wealth. Ali Baba is therefore compelled to disclose the secret to his brother Cassim, who visits the cavern, but when he has entered, forgetting the words "Open Sesame," he is unable to escape, and being found by the Robbers, is beheaded, and his body thrown into the forest, where it is found by his brother Ali, who succeeds to his house and possessions.—To conceal the catastrophe, a cobler is led blindfold to sew the head to the body; and having mentioned the circumstance to the Captain of the Banditti, who comes to Bagdad in search of the first spoiler of the cave, he is shewn by the cobler to the house inhabited by Ali Baba, pretending that he is a Merchant trading in Oil; he obtains admission into the garden for thirty-nine jars, in each of which a Robber is concealed,

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Morgiana, the faithful slave of Ali, wanting some oil, goes to the jars, and discovering the scheme, destroys the whole gang with some deadly liquid which had been given her master by a beneficent Fairy. To effect the destruction of the Captain, Morgiana enters the banquet room as a dancing slave, and whilst he is attempting to stab her master, wrests the dagger from his hand, and plunges it into his breast: for which she is rewarded by a marriage with Ganem the son of Ali Baba. An Episode is introduced, consisting of a benevolent Fairy and a wicked Genius, who is at length subdued by the power of virtue.

An Opera in three acts from the pen of T. Dibdin, called *The White Plume*; or *The Border Chieftains*, was brought out at Covent-Garden Theatre, on the 10th of April.

FABLE.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when it was the fashion for young men of rank to fit out vessels for foreign enterprizes, Edward and Laird Ronald, the sons of Sir Alfred and Earl Glenfillan (the two wardens of the Scotch and English Borders), are supposed to have gone with a united corps of North and South Britons on a military expedition, in which they are also accompanied by Sir Guthred, a Danish knight, but related by marriage to the family of Glenfillan.—At the opening of the Piece the young adventurers are anxiously expected home by their parents, and as eagerly wished for by Ellen and Flora; the former (daughter of Sir Alfred) is intended to espouse Laird Ronald, and the latter (daughter of Glenfillan) is the promised bride of Edward. Sir Guthred, who, under the mask of friendship to both the youths, hides a cruel and avaricious

disposition, and who covets the estates of Glenfillan and the hand of his daughter Flora, determines (being next heir) to make his way to fortune by the death of Laird Ronald, and to get rid of his rival Edward by accusing him of the murder. In consequence of this resolution, he takes a treacherous advantage of Laird Ronald during the heat of a sea fight, and by cutting away part of the cordage which sustains the gallant youth in his attempt to board the enemy, Sir Guthred consigns the son of Glenfillan to the unpitying waves. Prior to the departure of the two young men, Ellen had desired her lover, if he returned unhurt from the campaign, to elevate a beautiful White Plume she had given him to serve as a signal of his safety, and that the fortunate intelligence might be the earlier known to those who from the signal towers and surrounding hills would frequently look out with the eye oftender solicitude for their absent friends. Laird Ronald, unsuspicious of the fate that awaited him, had (while on shipboard) placed his victorious White Plume over the arms and ensigns he had won in battle, to be ready on his landing, to precede the march of his gallant band, and to give Ellen the desired assurance of his hoped approach—but this intended arrangement being unknown to his fellow-soldiers, they carry home the White Plumed Trophy as consecrated to the memory of their lost leader, whose expecting father, relatives and lover, descry it at a distance, hail it as the omen of happiness, hasten to meet it with songs of merriment, and are plunged in the most poignant distress when the solemn coromach, or lament of the Scotch soldiers, informs them that the long expected signal is the herald of death, and that the gallant Ronald had been destined to a watery

grave. Sir Guthred now proceeds with his design—accuses Edward of the crime he had himself committed, and being promised the hand of Flora if he proves the accusation, he challenges Edward to single combat—a grand Convention of the chiefs and people, from either side the Border, is summoned—and when the parties are on the point of meeting, the sudden appearance of the supposed dead Ronald, who has been preserved by the intrepidity of Allan, a Scottish soldier, expose the villainy of Sir Guthred, vindicates the innocence of Edward, and ends the Border meeting with heartfelt pleasure. The other characters are, Christopher Kilspindie, a piper, poet, and historian; Arthur, the steward of Sir Alfred; Nicolas, a simple serving man; Martha, the attendant of Ellen, and daughter to Randal; a Danish Minstrel, who having, in his own country been deeply injured by Sir Guthred, follows him to England, and becomes instrumental towards the punishment of his intended villainy.

The following song, which is said to have been much applauded and encored, is a specimen of the poetry.

SONG—*Kilspindie.*

The Grecians came running to Troy,
The Trojans went running to meet 'em,
Its known to each little school-boy,
How the Greeks they *horse*-jockied and beat 'em.

No house could that day be endur'd,
They made 'em too hot for the holders,
And ÆNEAS not being insur'd,
Set off with his dad on his shoulders.

His fortune he tried on the ocean,
And then such palavering stories,

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To DIDO he told with emotion—
"Jubes renovate dolores."

When he gain'd all his ends, "dear ÆNEAS,"
Says she, "If you love your poor DIDO,
"When you're coming this way, call and see us."
Thinks he—"I'll be hanged if I do."

"Sister ANN," then says she, "All is done,
"And he's off—only think what a way 'tis;
"He's gone with his saucy young son,
"And that rascal, his *fidus Achates*."

A cord round her neck she extended,
The one end a bed-post was tied to;
I am sorry the story's so ended,
But there was an end of poor DIDO.

NEW READING.

Among the various new readings of the text of Shakespeare, lately introduced on the stage, we find in the Monthly Mirror, the following, by Master Betty.

——"She should have died hereafter,
"There would have been a time for such a word.
"Tomorrow—tomorrow," &c.
"Creeps," &c.

Master Betty reads—

"There would have been a time for such a word,
"Tomorrow.—Tomorrow," &c.

That is,—To day we are absorbed in more important matters,—tomorrow we might give to grief. The word tomorrow recals his situation to his recollection; hence his soliloquy. It has at least the merit or demerit of novelty.

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THE death of a Dog, who was a celebrated performer in Reynolds's opera of *The Caravan*, is thus announced in a late London paper:

THE DOG CARLO.

This celebrated canine Performer and favourite of the Publick, made his final *exit* on Wednesday last. In consequence of various acts of ferocity, JOHNSON, his master, doomed him to "*furnish matter for the tragick muse.*" On the above day he was led to the place of execution, a Butcher's slaughter-house, in Clare-market, where his vital thread was cut "*with edge of penny cord.*" The crime for which he suffered was rather of an ungrateful nature, namely, attacking his master's son; but his offences admitted palliation when his former acts of generosity were considered. In December 1803, Carlo obtained his laurels at Drury-lane Theatre. His appearance in the *Caravan* and his aquatick *feat* to preserve the Marquis of Calatrava's child, rendered him a favourite actor, and no dog ever received so great a share of publick approbation. He resolutely plunged into the water every evening at command, but he could never be brought to bear the blaze of an illuminated Theatre, whereupon it has been remarked, that though he was partial to *liver* he had an antipathy to *lights*. Those who have witnessed his good qualities and ability will perhaps regret his loss, and exclaim—*Alas, poor Carlo!*

THE English editors frequently indulge themselves in satirizing the *Roscia-Mania*, which prevailed in England last winter. We take the lib-

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erty of introducing the following pleasant paragraphs, from London Papers.

"A provincial paper says—We are confidently informed, on good authority, that the little *phenomenon*, aged seven years, and her six younger sisters, have entered into articles with the manager of Drury lane theatre, for the ensuing season. The dry nurse of the youngest, we hear, is also engaged at a liberal salary. Miss —— is to make her first appearance in *Isabella*."

Every nursery is now converted into a green-room, and instead of *See saw, Margery Daw*, or *Lullaby, lullaby, on the tree top*, nothing now is heard but *To be, or not to be?* or, *Angels and ministers of grace defend us!* or, *My name is Norval*, &c.

A young lady of *rising* talents, and the most astonishing acquirements, (just entering her sixth year) was lately grossly insulted by the ignorant manager of a country theatre desiring her to take the part of one of the babes in *The Children in the Wood*; "No," cried the young phenomenon, with great spirit, "me won't—me shall be a queen, me shall." The poor manager, finding he had mistaken his *cue*, thought it prudent to put her name in the hand-bills, in the part of *Roxana*, in *Alexander the Great*, which character she represented the night following with the greatest *eclat*.

A young gentleman, (who was just put into words of eight syllables) lately made his *entrée* on the boards of the Belfast theatre (that prolifick nursery of theatrical genius) in the arduous character of *Richard the Third*: no doubt was entertained of his success, as he was thoroughly *read* in the part, and had every necessary requisite,

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very unluckily, however, he had not been apprised of the mode in which an audience testify their approbation; and on being saluted with a violent clapping on his first appearance, he suddenly took fright, and hiding his head in the prompter's lap, sobbed out, that "the gentlemen and ladies were going to *whip* him;" a new rocking-horse, and a pound of caraways and comfits were offered by the manager to induce him to tread back his steps, but in vain.

It is with great concern that we announce to the publick that Miss Little (the young *Melpomene*) was prevented appearing at the Edinburgh theatre in the character of *Lady Macbeth*, by sudden indisposition. We understand her complaint is the *chin-cough*, which threatens to deprive the stage of one of its brightest ornaments."

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

Mr. Cooper, says the *New-York Herald*, "having finished his engagement at Petersburg, where he played six nights, and as the papers inform us to crowded houses, and with his usual success, heat and drought notwithstanding, was to have left that place, so as to begin last evening (the 18th) the same round at Richmond. After that he returns here, and if no sinister accident intervenes, opens the theatre the middle of September."

Mr. and Mrs. Barret have likewise been performing at Petersburg. Mr. B. made his *entrèe* on the Virginia boards in *Abaellino*, the Great Bandit.

The Providence and Newport company have returned to Providence.

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EDITOR'S NOTES.

THE editor respectfully returns thanks to several gentlemen, for their late successful exertions to enlarge his list of subscribers.

In making selections we have endeavoured to provide such a variety that every one of our patrons might find something to his taste.—We have not attempted to *instruct* our superiours in knowledge and virtue; but our principal object has been to *amuse* those, who are not too wise to be amused. The man of sober reflection may find a share of the work devoted to morality; the ladies may feast on novels and allegories; and there are cookies and kickshaws for the loungers of Cornhill and Court-Street. We therefore hear with regret, that one is displeased with a short sermon, another with an epigram, and a third with a catalogue of summer amusements. To these and similar complaints, we can only reply in the words of Pope—

> ——What would you have me do,
> When out of twenty I can please not two?
> Some like the pheasant's wing, and some the leg:
> 'The vulgar boil, the learned roast the egg:
> Hard task, to hit the palate of such guests."——

In what estimation we hold the productions of 'S.' 'COLLINA,' and 'PSYCHE,' our attention to them in former numbers will best prove...*Are their harps hung upon the willows?*

Lines to a Snow-Drop are not perfectly in *season*. The *Dog-Star* would have been a more appropriate theme for the Poet.

No. 10 will be embellished with a portrait of the late S. Adams, Esq.

The portrait of Mrs Darley is now in the hands of the engraver, and will be published in a short time.

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S. Harris sc.

SAMUEL ADAMS ESQ.

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THE

POLYANTHOS.

SEPTEMBER, 1806.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF *THE HON. SAMUEL ADAMS, ESQ.*

Late Governour of Massachusetts.

TO delineate the character of the patriot, the virtuous and useful citizen, and hand it down to posterity, is but a just tribute of respect due to his memory: and, as a great man has remarked, "The exhibiting such characters are also instructive to those who wish to form themselves on whatever of excellence has gone before them." Impressed with the propriety of these sentiments, we introduce to our readers the following account of a late distinguished character.

SAMUEL ADAMS, the eldest son of a respectable gentleman of the same name, was born in Boston, in the year 1722. He was endowed by nature with superiour powers of

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mind, which were first cultivated at the grammar-school in that place. He received the publick honours of Harvard University in 1740.

After this he was placed for a short time in the compting-house of Thomas Cushing, Esq. the first of that name who was speaker of the house of representatives. It was soon discovered that wealth was not the favourite object of his pursuit. He considered a mediocrity of circumstances as the most eligible situation. The natural inclination of his mind was to politicks: and having consulted the best authors on government and the natural rights of men, he embraced their sentiments, and became qualified for publick services.

Previous to the American revolution he was known and esteemed as a political writer; and the eyes of his fellow-citizens were fixed on him, as a suitable person to represent them in the General Assembly. He was elected for that purpose in 1765. In this situation he fulfilled the expectations of his constituents. Being strongly attached to the charter-privileges of his native province, he carefully watched the machinations of the mother country, and opposed with firmness every encroachment.

Mr. Adams was one among the early and eminent band of patriots, who wrote in defence of the rights of their country. His writings were not vehement and overbearing,

but were an image of his mind---calm and dispassionate, and at the same time pointed and convincing.

While Mr. Adams was a member of the legislature, he was chosen clerk of the house of representatives: and in 1774 he informed them, that he had in his possession some confidential letters, written by Governour Hutchinson, Lieut. Gov. Oliver, and some other officers, which, by leave of the Court, he would communicate. The letters were accordingly introduced and read. The opinion of the majority of the house was, "That the tendency and design of these letters was to overthrow the constitution of this government, and to introduce arbitrary power into the province." It produced a vote of the house, to petition the king to remove the governour and lieutenant governour from their offices in the province.

In 1774 Mr. Adams was chosen one of the delegates from Massachusetts, to meet delegates appointed by the other colonies at Philadelphia; to take into consideration their grievances, and jointly to apply for redress. He assisted in bringing forward, and signed that memorable act, which forever separated the American States from the jurisdiction of Great-Britain.

In the year 1775, and a few days previous to the battle of Bunker-hill, General Gage issued a proclamation, offering pardon to all "rebels, except *Samuel Adams* and *John Han-*

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cock, whose offences," says the proclamation, "are of too flagitious a nature to admit of any other consideration than *condign punishment*." This proscription was regarded *only* with contempt; and did not deter either of the gentlemen from persevering in the cause they had espoused.

When the new constitution of Massachusetts was adopted, Mr. Adams was chosen a member of the senate, and for some time presided at that honourable board.

After being several years a member of the executive council, he, in 1789, succeeded General Lincoln, as lieutenant-governour.—In this office he continued till 1794; when, at that election, being the next preceding the death of Gov. Hancock, he was chosen governour. In this honourable station the repeated suffrages of his country confirmed him, till the year 1797; when being oppressed with age and infirmity, he voluntarily retired from every publick employment.

He departed this life on the morning of Sunday, Oct. 2, 1802, in the 82d year of his age. This event was announced by the tolling of all the bells in the town.

* We cannot close our remarks on his political character, without affirming, that his integrity was proof, not only against all

* For the remainder of this article, and also for a few preceding lines, the editor is indebted to a Sermon, delivered a short time after the death of Mr. Adams, by the Rev. Thomas Thacher, of Dedham.

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fear and terrour, but against every species of corruption and blandishment offered him as a temptation. But we shall only speak of such facts, as were either believed from credible report, or are properly authenticated by documents of that period.

Some years previous to the revolution, it was reported, "that Mr. Adams was offered a lucrative place under the British government, if he would change his political conduct, and abandon that cause and interest, in which he was engaged ——That this offer was made after the dissolution of the General Court of that year, which happened soon after its first session; that in consequence of this last circumstance, he was deprived of a stipend allowed him by the Representatives as their Clerk; which though small, still was a great part of his support. But yet in this critical condition he reprobated the offer, choosing rather to subsist by individual or common beneficence, or even perish, than to sacrifice the cause of truth, and betray the liberty of his country." How far this particular anecdote is founded on fact we do not determine. But it is plain from indubitable testimony, that some efforts of this kind had been made. For in the private correspondence of Gov. Hutchinson with the English Ministry, he replies to a question put to him by some one of them, or of their friends —*Why hath not* Mr. Adams *been taken off from his opposition by an office?* "That such was

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the obstinacy and inflexible disposition of the man, that he never would be conciliated by any office or gift whatever ; that was he even to accept of any emolument or favour from the crown, he would be still more confirmed in his opposition ; and therefore such an attempt would answer no manner of purpose." What an honourable testimony this from a gentleman who was his avowed political enemy and antagonist ! " What the eastern sage in vain wished for, our departed Friend obtained. *His adversary had written a book.* He had, without intending it, engraven his fame in characters never to be erased, and given such a memorial of his conflicting triumphant virtue, as is worthy the applause and admiratinn of every future age."

Had there been no other proof of his incorruptible integrity, except that we have just recited, it would have entitled him to an honourable remembrance in the annals of his country : But the fact is, that his virtue was repeatedly tried in the crucible of poverty and necessity ; that his sensibility was equally wounded by the neglect of his *friends*, and by the malignity of his *enemies ;* that under each he was triumphant ;---and that every new trial exhibited some new proof, that no external evil or depression, could tempt him to any conduct unworthy of his reputation. For while he was occupied abroad in the most important and responsible publick duties, the

amiable partner of his cares supported the family at home, by manual industry; and notwithstanding his whole resources were so small, yet such was the union of dignity with economy, that to the foreigner or the native, casually visiting the family, nothing of degradation or abasement appeared; but every circumstance of propriety, necessary to the honourable grade which his country had assigned him.

In this honourable and voluntary poverty he continued to a very late period of his life; and had it not been prevented by the painful, melancholy event of the death of an only, valuable son, by which he obtained a decent competency, he must have recurred, either to individual, or to common charity, for the continuation of his existence.

The dignity of his manners was well expressed by the majesty of his countenance; an index of a mind never debased by grovelling ideas, nor occupied in contemplating low pursuits: Yet this appearance was accompanied with a suavity of temper, qualifying him for those charities and graces so highly ornamental to the most sublime and dignified character. Few are there who better discharged the social relations of life; neither would it be easy to find a more tender husband, more affectionate parent, or more faithful friend. He would easily relax from severer care and study, to enjoy the delight of private conversation.

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While we are employed in reviewing other laudable and distinguished traits in the character of this great man, it would be highly blameable to omit his reverence for the Supreme Being, his belief in divine revelation, and his attention to every religious duty. His mind was early imbued with piety, as well as cultivated by science. But his religion was rational, it was free from bigotry as from ostentation. It was known by its best effect, i. e. a life free from vice, and productive both of benevolent affections, and undeviating morality. As he supposed the institutions of religion and its practicable precepts produced this effect; so no one was more uniformly steady than he in cultivating the practice of them. Accordingly, his family can attest the constancy of his morning and evening devotion---the temple of the most high God, his reverence for the christain sabbath---and the altar of Jesus Christ, his compliance with every ritual derived from the authority of Heaven. If he preferred the mode of divine worship in which he was born and educated to other religious institutions of antiquity, or to other forms in in which Christianity has appeared, it was not from the prejudices of education, or mere mechanical habit; but because he conceived our churches, when confined to their original design, were excellent schools of morality; that they were adapted to promote the future happiness of mankind, and because by

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experience he had known them a powerful auxilary in defending the *civil* as well as *religious* privileges of America.

The celebrated Plutarch assigned this, as his first and highest motive for recording the lives of great and good men; "that by meditating on their sublime virtues he might both enlarge his understanding and correct his heart." Much may be collected from the religious and moral character of this great man, whom we have attempted to describe; which will assist us in the same laudable design. Such an example of piety and purity is better than a system of ethicks, to instruct us in our duty, and in the practice of those moral and social virtues which embellish and dignify human life. We have had presented before us a man struggling with adverse fortune; yet elevated by his mind above every external evil; never discouraged by the numerous obstacles opposing his progress; performing with fortitude every dangerous duty; equally uniform, open and consistent in his opinion and conduct, under the cruel coldness and negligence of his friend, as under the malignant obloquy and rancour of his enemy; and finally, under the darkest scenes of his existence, refreshing the native energy of his soul by sublime contemplation on the wisdom and goodness of the eternal providence. Doth not the portrait thus exhibited warrant us in borrowing the

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eulogium of the son of Sirah on king Josiah? —"His remembrance is like the composition of a perfume, made by the art of the apothecary. It is sweet as honey in all mouths, and as musick at a banquet of wine."

LITERARY ANECDOTES.

In a Letter to a Friend,

FROM SAMUEL PEGGE, ESQ.

Concluded from page 30.

IDIOM is the dress and fashion of expression, in which, I suppose, every language has its peculiarities. Let not, then, the inhabitants of a metropolis, who are conceived to be an order of men superiour to the vassalage of the remoter parts of the kingdom, and whose manners have been expressly handed down to us in the words "politeness" and "urbanity," be denied a *few* singularities, new or old, while every other part of the island abounds with so *many*. All courts (and our own among the rest) have ever affected a *ton*, or refined dialect of their own, wishing, no doubt, to differ as much as possible from the *bourgeoisie*: but it does not follow that the language of the city is without a basis; though, like the foundation of the city itself, it may lie deep.

As to *ton*, Sir, be pleased to accept the following anecdote. In the reign of Louis XIV.

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a very alarming little revolution took place in the application of an epithet in the French language; for it had become a ruling fashion to give, to every thing *great*, the term *gros*, as—"un *gros* plaisir,"—"une *grosse* qualitié,"—"une *grosse* beautié," &c. The king took an occasion to intimate a dislike to these expressions, because, in fact, he was frightened out of his wits, lest he, who had been for some time styled Louis *le grand*, should exchange his title for that of a second Louis *le gros*. Mons. Boileau, however, upon perceiving the king's alarm, had the address to observe how impossible it was for the world even to think of Louis *le gros* in the reign of Louis *le grand*;—when the royal mind was quieted, the *ton* had its course, and soon vanished.

The French court, ever fond of novelty, once carried its innovations in language even to the subversion of grammar, in one notable instance, so far as to alter the gender of a substantive, in compliment to an infantine mistake of their grand monarque. This circumstance I have elucidated in a little memoir published in the Antiquarian Repertory, which is in substance briefly this: the word *carosse* (a coach) was originally *feminine*, as its termination implies, and is so found in Cotgrave's dictionary; but, when Mons. Menage published his Dictionaire Etymologique, he gives it as avowedly *masculine*, but not without remarking that it had been formerly *fem-*

inine—"du quel genre ce mot étoit autrefois." The revolution, as to the gender of this word, arose from the following trivial grammatical errour. Louis XIV. came to the crown, A. D. 1643, at the age of about five years, and soon afterwards, on enquiring for his coach, happened to confound the sex of it, by calling out—"Ou est *mon* carosse?" This was sufficient to stamp the word *(carosse)* masculine, of which gender it has continued to the present moment. Such a trifling, puerile errour is not to be wondered at; but that a whole nation should adopt a change of gender, in compliment to it, is a palpable absurdity, of no common magnitude.

Regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis

used to be held as most courtly doctrine; but seldom more ridiculously than the foregoing instance, except in that which follows. The former was a bagatelle; the latter gave so different a cast to the features of a whole nation, that, one may suppose it might be difficult for a moment to discriminate a man from his former self. When Louis XIII. succeeded Henry IV. at the age of *nine* years, the courtiers, because the new king *could* have no beard, resolved that they *would* have none themselves, and every wrinkled face appeared as beardless as possible, reserving only whiskers, and a small tuft of hair beneath the under lip. The honest Duke de Sully was the only courtier who was hardy enough to appear in

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the royal presence with his beard in the form of the late reign.*

Louis XIV. (as has been observed) acceded to the throne of France at five years of age; and his education was neglected, to give way to the intrigues of state, under the regency of his mother, Anne of Austria, and of the administration of cardinal Mazarin, during a long minority;—and I have been well assured that the illiterature of this grand monarque went so far, that, to the last, he could hardly write his name. He formed it out of six straight strokes, and a line of beauty, which first stood thus, | | | | | | S; these he afterwards perfected, as well as he was able, and the result was LOUIS.

Thus much for the endowments of that king in the art of writing;—how far they went in the art of reading I cannot ascertain! but to his honour be it said, that he was so sensible of a general defect in his own education, as to take all possible care to preclude every default in that of his son; circumstances which French writers themselves do not affect to conceal.

* Pogonologia. London, 1786. 12mo p. 29. This is confirmed by existing portraits, which are in his majesty's collection, and now in the presence chamber at St. James's, where Henry IV. appears with a portly beard, in the style of his ancestors, and Louis XIII. (an adult) with only a tuft on the lower lip and whiskers: this persecution, we are told, was carried by the courtiers even to the curtailing of horses' tails: which two circumstances occasioned the Mareschal Bassompiere, who having been imprisoned in the Bastile by Henry IV. where he continued twelve years, till the accession of Louis XIII. to observe on coming to the court again—that he saw no change in the world, since he had been secluded from it, but that *men* had lost their *beards*, and *horses* their *tails*.

It is matter of no great surprise that the constable du Guesclin, in the fourteenth century, though both a warriour and a statesman, should not be able either to *write* or *read* :—but that the constable Montmorency, in the reign of Henry IV. of France which terminated 1610, should be equally ignorant of both writing and reading, shews that scholastick accomplishments, even at that period, were not thought necessary to form any part of the character of those who were accounted great men.

But what is most extraordinary, and in cases where we should have expected rather more than the usual literary qualifications, we are told that, even among the bishops in the seventh century, there was so great a general want of even the meanest learning, that it was scarcely deemed opprobrious to acknowledge their ignorance: and that in the article of writing, several of them have been found who actually could not sign their names.

I rest my authority upon the Rev. Dr. Joseph White, Laudian Professor of Arabick in the university of Oxford, who gives two instances (from among many others which he could have produced) selected from the acts of the councils of Ephesus and Chalcedon, where subscriptions of some bishops are to be found in the following terms :—"I, A. B. (bishop of——) have subscribed by the hand of C. D. *because I cannot write.*" And again ; —"Such a bishop having said that *he could*

not write; I, whose name is under-written, have subscribed for him."

Allow me another word concerning Louis XIV.; for, to do him still more justice, though both he and his minister Colbert were illiterate, yet were they patrons of men of learning; and it is owing to the sense which Louis entertained and felt of the meanness of his own literary accomplishments, that the world received the Delphin edition of the Lat. in classicks, which, by that king's order was prepared for the more easy information of the Dauphin.

ANECDOTES OF WESTON.

Concluded from page 25.

At the period that his fame was increasing he went to Edinburgh; where he was considered by the people as the best comedian they had ever seen, and the greatness of his benefit proved the respect in which his abilities were held.

After this, we find that his salary at Drury-lane was increased to five pounds a week; a sum, even in those times, totally inadequate to the merit of this unique performer. It was the consequence of the distress which his dissipation produced. The managers, who pretended so liberally to pay his debts, never discharged their own. As far as my docu-

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ments extend, his talents never received any adequate remuneration.

"It happened, on a day when his name was in the play-bills, that he was arrested for a small sum, for which he requested these generous managers would provide, and which request they very cautiously refused. Being known to the bailiff, Weston prevailed on him and his follower to go with him to the play, and he there placed himself and them in the front of the two shilling gallery.

Before the curtain drew up, an apology was made, stating that Mr. Weston, being ill, could not possibly attend; and it was therefore hoped that another performer might supply his place. Weston rose, as he intended, and declared, aloud, the apology was entirely false: he was there, well, and ready to do his business, but that he was in custody for a small debt, for which, though entreated, the managers had refused to give security. Weston had well foreseen the consequences; the managers were obliged to set him free.

A performer of less abilities would immediately have been expelled the theatre; but for Weston no substitute could be found. After this, his residence was again confined to the theatre. Can it be thought wonderful that, under such circumstances, habits already wrong should become worse; and health that had never been attended to, should thus be absolutely ruined! Alas! How does genius suffer itself to be seduced and vanquished!

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His palate was sickly, his digestion bad, his appetite demanded to be pampered, and habitual indulgence must be daintily fed: to satisfy this, though he could not eat a bird so large as a lark, he would send for a turkey. The first fruits of the season, asparagus, peas, peaches, green geese, whatever he fancied, must be procured.

The scurvy, a disorder that he had long nurtured, now encrusted his face, where it appeared with virulence, while it also fell with excess into his legs. For a time, he consented to abstain from liquor, and use medicine; his face began to be smooth, his appearance to be more healthy, and his legs to heal. But, rendered impatient by confinement, he gave a loose to his inclinations, and by a debauch had nearly died.

His fame being now at its height, his benefits were good, a part of his debts were paid, and he obtained the power to hire a house and garden, in the street at Chelsea opposite to Battersea-bridge, where it was his intention to regulate his affairs, and live a life of sobriety; but for this undertaking he had not sufficient resolution.

So strong was the habit of drinking spirits, in him, that he could not forbear even in the time of performance. The servants of the theatre were forbidden to provide him with liquor, he therefore generally brought it himself.

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Coming to the house too late one evening, Mr. Foote met him at the stage door; and, after expressing chagrin, that the audience should be kept waiting, Foote asked him what he had under his coat? Ashamed of the vice in which he indulged, Weston replied, a bottle of Seltzer water, which he was ordered to drink. Suspecting the truth, Foote insisted that he would taste; and finding it to be spirits, broke the bottle. Weston's feelings however were so roused, and offended, that neither friendly advice nor entreaty could induce him to dress for his part, till the bottle was replaced.

Driven from Chelsea by his creditors, and again confined to the precincts of the theatre, his health was visibly fast on the decline. Of this he was often reminded, and as often replied either with a joke or an utter contempt of death. During the last season, he played but seldom, nor ever appeared in high spirits, though his mind was not disturbed.

It is the present morality of the world to offer relief when it is too late: the faculty crowded round him, but the functions of life were destroyed. He glimmered awhile, like an expiring vapour, till the 18th of January 1776, when he died, universally lamented as an actor, and, by his acquaintance regretted as a man. Generous and kind, he would share the last shilling with a friend. Too sensible of his worth to exhibit himself, except before the publick, he was not entertaining

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in a large company, though gay and social with a chosen few. His habits induced him to seek associates beneath himself, for so rooted were these habits that they must be indulged. He was in debt, not from the want of principle, but of economy: his little revenues were squandered, not properly expended. My authority says he was buried in the vault of his kindred, but does not mention where that vault may be found. It is a matter of small moment.

As an actor, I remember him well: to think of a few unrivalled actors and to forget him is impossible. The range of characters that he personated was confined, but not his talents. I have not the smallest doubt that, when he studied tragedy, he, better than his competitors, felt and understood how it ought to be performed: but his corporeal faculties were not fitted to convey the emotions of the soul; they wanted that drilling which he had not the patience to endure, he had else succeeded. The body must be ill paired, indeed, if it do not finally submit to the mind.

Be that as it may, the parts in which Weston excited such uncommon emotions were those of low humour. He was the most irresistible in those of perfect simplicity: his peculiar talent was the pure personification of nature. I do not think it possible for an actor to be less conscious, than Weston appeared to be, that he was acting. While the audience was convulsed with laughter, he

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was perfectly unmoved: no look, no motion of the body, no absence of mind, ever gave the least intimation that he knew himself to be Thomas Weston. Never for a moment was Thomas Weston present: it was always either Jerry Sneak, Doctor Last, Abel Drugger, Scrub, Sharp, Torrington, or distinctly and individually the character he stood there to perform; and it was performed with such a consistent and peculiar humour, it was so entirely distinct from any thing we call acting, and so perfect a resemblance of the man whom the pencil of the poet had painted, that not only was the laughter excessive, nay sometimes almost painful, but the most critical mind was entirely satisfied. I doubt if Garrick, or any other actor, had so perfect a power of disguising himself, and assuming a character with so little deviation from the conception he had previously formed. It was not only a perfect whole but it was also unique

Presence of mind is a quality peculiar to genius: it constitutes the great wit, the great warrior, the great statesman, and the great poet. He that has it proves that he has the power of being what he pleases; and nothing but this quality could give Weston his extraordinary talent of self-recollection. On ordinary occasions his presence of mind seldom forsook him; as the few anecdotes I have related prove. The bon-mots which, during his life, were in circulation concerning

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him were additional proofs: I recollect but two of them.

Shuter had long been the favorite of the galleries; and Weston, before his comick fame was established, appeared, as a substitute to Shuter in the part of Sharp. Shuter's name was in the play bills, and when Weston appeared, the galleries vociferated "Shuter! Shuter!" Mrs. Clive played the part of Kitty Pry, and was no less a favourite than the other. The uproar continued, and nothing could be heard but "Shuter! Shuter!" As soon as it was possible to be heard, Weston, in his own inimitable and humourous manner, asked aloud in a seemingly stupid amazement, and pointing to Mrs. Clive—"Shoot her! Shoot her! Why should I shoot her? I am sure she plays her part very well!" The apparent earnestness and simplicity with which he appeared to ask this question were so inimitable, and it so truly applied to the excellent acting of Mrs. Clive, that the burst of laughter was universal, and the applause which Weston deserved attended him through the part.

On another ocassion, when, by frequent want of punctuality, the audience were at last indignant, and among other marks of dissatisfaction, an orange was thrown at him, he picked it up, pretended closely to examine it, walked forward, and with that dry humour which there was no resisting, said—"Humph! This is not a *civil* orange."

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These were puns, but the wit of them was in the ready application of them and the strong effect they produced. It was presence of mind.

One afternoon, a few weeks before his death, Weston said to a friend if you will write for me I will make my will. The friend complied and Weston dictated, not puns, but strong sense, and keen satire.

I, THOMAS WESTON, Comedian, hating all form and ceremony, shall use none in my Will, but proceed immediately to the explaining my intentions.

Imprimis. As from Mr. Foote I derived all my consequence in life, and as it is the best thing I am in possession of, I would, in gratitude at my decease, leave it to the said Mr. Foote; but I know he neither stands in need of it as an author, actor, nor as a man: the publick have fully proved it in the two first, and his good nature and humanity have secured it to him in the last.

Item. I owe some obligations to Mr. Garrick; I therefore bequeath him all the money I die possessed of, as there is nothing on earth he is so very fond of.

Item. Though I owe no obligations to Mr. Harris, yet his having shown a sincere regard for the performers of his theatre (by assisting them in their necessities, and yet taking no advantage thereof by driving a Jew bargain at their signing fresh articles) demands from me, as an actor, some acknowledg-

ment; I therefore leave him the entire possession of that satisfaction which must naturally result on reflecting that, during his management, he has never done any thing base or mean to sully his character as an honest man, or a gentleman.

Item. I having played under the management of Mr. Jefferson, at Richmond, and received from him every politeness, I therefore leave him all my stock of prudence, it being the only good quality I think he stands in need of.

Item. I give to Mr. Reddish a grain of honesty: 'tis indeed a small legacy, but being a *rarity* to him, I think he will not refuse to accept it.

Item. I leave Mr. Yates all my spirit.

Item. I leave Mrs. Yates my humility.

Item. Upon reflection, I think it wrong to give separate legacies to a man and his wife; therefore I revoke the above bequests and leave, to be enjoyed by them jointly, *peace, harmony,* and *good nature.*

Item. Notwithstanding my illness, I think I shall outlive Ned Shuten; if I should not I had thoughts of leaving him my example how to *live:* but that I am afraid would be of little use to him; I therefore leave my example how to *die.*

Item. I leave Mr. Brereton a small portion of *modesty.* Too much of one thing is good for nothing.

Item. As Mr. Jacobs has been a long while eagerly *waiting for dead men's shoes,* I

leave him two or three pair (the worst I have) they being good enough in all conscience for him.

Item. Though the want of vanity be a proof of understanding, yet I would recommend to my old friend, Baddely, to make use of a little of the first, though it cost him more than he would willingly pay for it. It will increase not only his consequence with the publick, but his salary with the managers; but, however, should his stomach turn against it as naseous, he may use for a succedaneum a small quantity of *opium*, and it will answer the purpose as well.

Item. Mr. Quick has long laboured to obtain the applause of the publick: the method he has taken is a vague one; the surest method to obtain his end is to copy *Nature.*—*Experientia docet.*

Item. As I would not forget my friends, particularly old ones, I leave Charles Bannister my portrait, to be taken when I am dead, and to be worn about his neck, as a memento to him, that regularity is among the most certain methods to procure health and long life.

Item. Dibble Davis claims something at my hands from the length of our acquaintance; I therefore leave him my constitution: but I am afraid when I die it will be scarcely better than his own.

Item. I leave to the ladies, in general, on the stage, (if not the reality, yet) the ap-

pearance of modesty: 'twill serve them on more occasions than they are aware of.

Item. To the gentlemen of the stage, some show of prudence.

Item. To the authors of the present times, a smattering of humour.

Item. To the publick, a grateful heart.

The copy that I have given of this Will, is taken literally from the pamphlet beforementioned; and cannot be a fabrication, since the pamphlet itself is written in a style and taste, that are equally incorrect, vulgar, and imbecile: while the style, humour, and satire of Weston are admirable. Yet he was unaccustomed to composition, though he dictated with a degree of correctness and facility that surprise. Considering him as a dying man, making an unusual but sportive effort, it remains a singular and indisputable proof of his genius.

FALSE INDIFFERENCE,

A DRAMATICK PROVERB.

Translated from the French of M. Carmontel by T. Holcroft.

"*Le feu est caché sous le cendre.*"
There is fire under the embers.

Countess. HENRIETTA!

Hen. Madam!

Coun. Give me——

Hen. What, Madam?

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Coun. The inkstand—no, a chair.

Hen. You seem very uneasy, Madam!

Coun. Ah, Henrietta! My situation is inconceivable!

Hen. Have you to complain of the Chevalier?

Coun. Quite the contrary. He is too faithful.

Hen. That reproach surprises me.

Coun. Well it may. I am very wrong.

Hen. He loves you too tenderly?

Coun. Yes.

Hen. Marry, and he'll soon be cured.

Coun. Marry a man I cannot love!

Hen. You do not love him?

Coun. No, 'tis this that torments me.

Hen. An uncommon torment.

Coun. I see you do not understand. What reproaches can I make him? None. Love cannot be more ardent, more delicate. To be ungrateful, contrary to one's wish, and without the least cause of complaint, is dreadful.

Hen. I cannot see which way. You are still the same.

Coun. Cannot you imagine what his sufferings will be, when he shall know my indifference.

Hen. The loss of a heart like yours, I own, Madam, will be great; but while you do not bestow it on another, how are you to blame? One cannot command one's inclina-

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tions, and that he should love you is surely no harm.

Coun. Shall I practise deceit?

Hen. Such deceit will make him happy.

Coun. 'Tis what I am incapable of. Yet to let him see I love no longer is to distract him. I know not what to do! I am so embarrassed when he is present; while that is his only happiness.

Hen. In that case, madam, write to him.

Coun. But his grief! His despair!

Hen. I hear him! Determine how to act.

Coun. Heavens! Desire him to wait: I must consider again. [*Exit.*

Enter the CHEVALIER.

Che. So, Henrietta! Can I see the Countess?

Hen. She is very busy: I will ask, if you please.

Che. I wish to speak with her, but I am in no hurry.

Hen. I will tell her you are here, Sir.

Che. Oh, do not disturb her.

Hen. I will bring you her answer.

[*Exit.*

Che. (thoughtful) Why did I stay? How can I tell her?—Could I once have thought I should cease to love her?—Yet, so it is.—Her beauty, her tenderness are the same; 'tis that distracts me.—Break with her on the eve of marriage, and without cause?—So it

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must be! I could endure her hatred, but her contempt will be intolerable.—What shall I say? That I do not love her? I, who have so often sworn to live only for her? To adore her with my dying breath? To—Barbarian! What, plunge a poniard in the bosom of her who loves me so tenderly, from whom she hopes the happiness of her life! I were a monster!—What if I write?—Ay, I may blush at the indifference that is come over me, but not at an action which proves the integrity of my heart. *(reads as he writes.)* "My heart, madam, has deceived me." Heavens! It will kill her!—*(continues)* "But if such be your pleasure, my promise shall be kept. I do not abandon you for another. I am incapable of such perfidy. My loss is much the greatest, since no blessing can equal that love which was once to me so precious." I'll give this letter to Henrietta and fly. *(folds and seals it.)*

Enter HENRIETTA.

Hen. My lady, Sir, cannot see you to-day, but has sent you this note.

Che. As she pleases. I too have written: give her that.

Hen. Immediately, Sir. [*Exit.*

Che. Oh, how far is she from suspecting what she is about to read! Let me see what her note contains.——Is it possible? Can I believe my senses? *(reads)* "Sir, it is with

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the deepest affliction that I write at present. We must meet no more: I am unworthy of you. I will not deceive you: my happiness is gone: you, and you alone, taught me to hope, but my ungrateful heart has forgot to feel. Your sufferings will not equal mine. You are revenged on me; I deserve to suffer: suffering is a debt that I owe you. Do not afflict yourself too much. Let not your despair make me bitterly repent of having been sincere. Adieu." *(he falls into an arm chair: pause)* She loves me no longer! how unfeelingly does she tell me so! She was the first! Yet how did I fear to inflict a wound! Ungrateful woman! How have I lost her heart? Oh, she never loved me! Dreadful thought! Is she capable of such deceit? Horrible situation!

Enter the COUNTESS, *seeing him seated at a table leaning and covering his face with his hands.*

Coun. How, Chevalier! Is it possible you can have written this letter?

Che. Could I have supposed I should ever have had a like reproach to make with a certainty of its truth? O Countess, your heart could never have dictated these words!

Coun. Can you complain at the very moment your guilt is still greater? When I dreaded the effects of your despair?

Che. And can you think, madam, the fear was vain? No! I shall die! Continue to

live happy, since happiness no longer depends on me.

Coun. Ungrateful man! You little know my heart! Or the loss of it would not have thus been felt. I now see my errour.

Che. What do I hear? Heavens!—The joyful hope——Oh, Madam, if I have rendered myself unworthy a heart so affectionate, time, repentance, every action, will prove it was a strange wandering of the mind, which I myself can never pardon. Happy shall I be if one day you should be less severe.

Coun. What shall I say?

Che. Can you forgive? Shall I again hope? Do you still love me?

Coun. Did I ever cease to love? What did I suffer while I wrote? You have truly said it was a strange wandering of the mind, which I cannot comprehend.

Che. Ah! our hearts were formed for each other. Love has been irritated at us both, for having so long deferred our union.

Coun. It will be the more durable, the more sincere. Yes, Chevalier, indifference has failed in her aim, and will never attack us again.

Che. I feel, I feel I shall love you with my latest breath. [*Exeunt Omnes.*

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FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

MENTORIAN ESSAYS....No. 2.

O let us still the secret joy partake.
To follow virtue, e'en for virtue's sake.

FONDNESS for fame is certainly common to all mankind; but our sex are more peculiarly accused of a vain love of admiration. Permit me, then, my fair readers, to suggest the means, which, in my opinion, will procure you *the greatest number of valuable admirers.*

If what is said of *first sight impressions* be just,---and I believe it is not far from the truth---it is no doubt natural, and even laudable, to endeavour that these impressions should be agreeable. But how is it possible to please the infinitely various tastes and judgments one meets with? How shall we twist and coil ourselves into such motley shapes? One person will be pleased with the *simpering miss*, who laughs eternally at her own, and the supposed wit of her companions: he will look on such a young lady as infinitely good-humoured and entertaining. Another will be fascinated with the *real mother-wit*, which flashes from the boisterous, noisy, mirth-loving fair, who freely analyzes her acquaintance in every company, and makes herself and companions merry at their expense. Thus it again occurs, how is

a poor girl to manage, to please these various fancies? If we wish for loud and clamorous admiration, I believe we must sit down in despair; but if we are content with being an object of universal complacency and regard, we may acquire it by the *simple* means of unambitious and unaffected modesty; by a mild attention to those around us, which exhibits less a wish *to shine*, than *to oblige*, by contributing our share towards the subject of conversation. A young lady, thrown by chance into the company of a number of strangers of the other sex, behaving in this manner, will interest them all for her safety and accommodation; and if, at the same time, she be *habited* more like the daughter of wisdom than the votary of folly, (for all men judge of a lady's mind by her dress) she will be in no danger of rudeness, even from the most licentious; and although no individual may pour forth a profusion of compliments, and endeavour to impress her with the idea of his being deeply smitten; although neither of the gentlemen, when by themselves, should mention her name, or swear she was "a devilish fine girl;" yet their hearts, one and all, would bend so far at the shrine of native modesty, as to insure her every respectful and pleasing attention. Let me then advise my fair friends to forego all violent ambition to shine, and content themselves with that humble and modest deportment, which will secure respect, though

it may not excite admiration; and if they wish to dazzle by the brilliancy of their wit, or the vivacity of their character, to display these dangerous talents only in the circles of fraternal affection, or under the sanction of the parental roof.

Briar-Hill, Sept. 1806.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION.

FATAL CURIOSITY.

In reading a late English review, we were struck with the title "Fatal Curiosity; or, the Visions of Sylvester." "The poem is written," say the reviewers, to show the wisdom of the Creator, in denying to man a knowledge of futurity, and to prove the impossibility of supporting life under the dreadful anticipations arising from this knowledge, by the example of one to whom, in a dream, it is supposed to be granted. On the subject of *reading the Book of Fate*, Shakespeare has made our fourth Henry beautifully observe

"O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth,—viewing his progress thorough,—
What perils past, what crosses to ensue,
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die."

To exemplify this position is the object of Mr. Bounden's "Vision of Silvester," which,

notwithstanding the acknowledged youth and inexperience of the writer, is highly interesting, and frequently distinguished by much poetical excellence.

Silvester, enjoying all the blessings of fortune and family, sighs, in an unlucky hour, to penetrate "the mist of dark futurity." He sleeps, and his guardian spirit appearing to him, would dissuade him from his wish, but in vain. His wish is therefore granted, and the spirit proceeds to "*show his eyes, and grieve his heart.*" The second Book then opens with the "Vision," and never was poor man doomed to see so black a prospect of future change. His loving wife, his four noble boys, his beauteous daughter, and his troop of faithful friends, all turn out base libertines, traitors, fratricides, suicides, and adultresses. After seeing some of this, he exclaims, with Macbeth, "I will behold no more!" but he is compelled to witness the sum of his misery. He wakes, and notwithstanding all that he has seen is merely "*such stuff as dreams are made of,*" he pretends to believe firmly in the whole of it, and consequently, in the third book, though broad awake, looks with horrour and detestation on all his family, and in the end drowns himself.

As a specimen of our poet's powers, we cannot select a more favourable and commendatory passage than the speech of the Spirit in the first Book.

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I am the Guardian Spirit, sent from Heaven
To watch thy actions here: thy thoughts I see;
The inmost wishes of thy heart I know:
I draw thee oft from danger, though unseen:
If sanguinary robbers in the path
Lurk, I to disappointment turn their plots,
And lead thee by another to thy home:
I flutter in the rays that round thee shine
At noon; sport in the air thy lips inhale;
Behold thee when involv'd in midnight shade;
Sit on the lightning's flash that o'er thee gleams;
Or sieze it in my hand and change its course,
And make it pass thee harmless as the breeze
That blows not Autumn's faded leaves to earth.
Sometimes I hover o'er thee; by thy side
Sometimes I walk, and gaze upon thy face,
And touch the tear that slowly trickles down.
Be where thou wilt, be doing what thou mayst,
Thou never art alone, nor unobserv'd.
I on thy pillow sit, and hear thee sigh,
And tell thy wishes to the darkness; then
In pity for the sufferings of thy soul,
Them and thy powers in slumber I suspend:
There oft I give thee various dreams, whate'er
Thou see'st in nightly vision I pourtray——
On fairy scenes, untrodden wilds obscure;
Of prospects lovelier far than Nature owns,
Or sights of horrour, dark and terrible;
Of spirits in airy dance, or murderers' tread;
Of solemn deeds, or mirthful revelry:
Of wondrous circumstance, perform'd on top

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Of hill cloud meeting, on the level shore,
In cavern vast where end the wand'ring foot
Finds not; or under high o'ercharging rocks,
That dart down horrour on th' uplifted eye;
In valley wall'd, or on the edge extreme
Of hideous precipice, in palace, cot,
Or temple: or of mystick act unheard,
Half understood."

THE PROSTITUTE.

A POEM has lately made its appearance in London, entitled "London Cries: or, Pictures of Tumult and Distress." The reviewers, speak favourably of the pleasing philanthropy, poetical spirit, good sense and polite learning, exhibited in the conduct of the subject. They strongly recommend it to publick notice; and give the following melancholy portrait of those hapless females in the streets, who "buy this day's meal with last night's sin," as a specimen of the author's talents:

"Daughters of Wretchedness! miscall'd Vice,
For you no lures of tingling lust entice.
Rather ye loath, ye dread, poor outcast race!
The loveless, joyless, unendear'd embrace.
Cold hopeless want, and hunger's dire demand,
With venal Houri fill the swarming Strand.

Flaunting with mimick pomp, and rolling eye,
A sparkling, titt'ring wretch comes tripping by.
A ribbon'd, painted, paper'd, gilt outside;

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All paleness, leanness, want, and woe beside.
Each saunt'ring fool she courts, in accent bland
With bosom half reveal'd, and forward hand.
Loud is her joyless laugh, and jest obscene;
Vain jest, and laugh a breaking heart to screen.
Of late how woo'd, how courted, how implor'd,
Her smile how worshipp'd, e'en her scorn ador'd!
Now doom'd to woo, press, supplicate! forlorn!
To flatter insult, fawn on angry scorn!
Behold that form, whose fault'ring step, and slow,
And heaving bosom marks unutter'd woe,
With clasp'd unlifted hands, and downcast head,
And flaxen locks in wild disorder spread;
Ill fenc'd from biting winds by vesture light,
Of beauteous texture, once all virgin white,
Once worn in happy days—for ever past!
Now soil'd and rent, the sport of every blast!
That face, how deadly pale with wasting care!
Like spring's anemone—how meek! how fair!
Blue lustre beams from either mournful eye,
As heaven's own azure breaks a watery sky.
Thou lovely form, that seem'st a child of light,
Slipp'd from heaven's concave, in the headlong
flight
Of outcast spirits, unbranded yet with stain,
Now roaming wide in search of heaven again;
Wast once Lavinia!"

MASTER BETTY.

In the "Memoirs of Richard Cumberland, written by himself," we find the following

amusing observations respecting the *Young Roscius* of England.

"A little straw will serve to light a great fire, and after the acting of The West Indian, I would say, if the comparison was not too presumptuous, I was almost the *Master Betty* of the time; but as I dare say that young gentleman is even now too old and too wise to be spoilt by popularity, so was I then not quite boy enough to be tickled by it, and not quite fool enough to confide in it. In short, I took the same course then which he is taking now; as he keeps on acting part after part, so did I persist in writing play after play; and this, if I am not mistaken, is the surest course we either of us could take of running through our period of popularity, and of finding our true level at the conclusion of it.

"I recollect the fate of a young artist in Northamptonsire, who was famous for his adroitness in pointing and repairing the spires of church-steeples; he formed his scaffolds with consummate ingenuity, and mounted his ladders with incredible success. The spire of the church of Raunds was of prodigious height; it overpeered all its neighbours, as Shakespeare does all his rivals; the young adventurer was employed to fix the weathercock; he mounted to the topmost stone, in which the spindle was bedded; universal plaudits hailed him in his ascent; he found himself at the very achme of his fame, but

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glorious ambition tempted him to quit his ladder, and occupy the place of the weather-cock, standing upon one leg, while he sung a song to amaze the rustick multitude below: what the song was, and how many stanzas he lived to get through I do not know; he sung it in too large a theatre, and was somewhat out of hearing; but it is in my memory to know that he came to his cadence before his song did, and falling from his height left the world to draw its moral from his melancholy fate.

"About the time, at which my story points, my tragedy of *The Carmelite* was acted at Drury Lane, and most ably supported by Mrs. Siddons, who took the part of the Lady of Saint Valori, and also spoke the Epilogue. She played inimitably, and in those days, when only men and women trod the stage, the publick were contented with what was perfect in nature, and of course admired and applauded Mrs. Siddons: they could also see merit in Mr. Kemble, who was in the commencement of his career, and appeared in the character of the youthful Montgomeri: the audiences of that time did not think the worse of him because he had reached the age of manhood and appeared before them in the full stature and complete maturity of one of the finest forms that probably was ever exhibited upon a publick stage. A revolution since then has taken place, a caprice, as ridiculous as it is extraordinary, and a general

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act of superannuation has gone forth against every male performer, that has a beard. How I am to style this young child of fortune, this adopted favourite of the publick, I don't rightly know; the bills of Covent-Garden announce him as Master Betty, those of Drury-Lane as the Young Roscius. Roscius, as I believe on the authority of Shakespeare, *was an actor in Rome*, and Cicero, who admired him, made a speech in his praise: all this of course is very right on both sides, and exactly as it should be. Mr. Harris announces him to the old women in the galleries in a phrase, that is familiar to them; whilst Mr. Sheridan, presenting him to the senators in the boxes by the style and title of Roscius, fails perhaps in his little representative of the great Roman actor, but perfectly succeeds in his own similitude to the eloquent Roman orator. In the mean time my friend Smith of Bury, with all that zeal for merit, which is natural to him, marries him to Melpomene with the ring of Garrick, and strewing roses of Parnassus on the nuptial couch, crowns happy master Betty, alias young Roscius, with a never fading chaplet of immortal verse—

And now when death dissolves his mortal frame
His soul shall mount to heaven from whence it came,
Earth keep his ashes, verse preserve his fame.

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"How delicious to be praised and panegyrised in such a style; to be caressed by dukes and (which is better) by the daughters of dukes, flattered by wits, feasted by aldermen, stuck up in the windows of the print shops, and set astride (as these eyes have seen him) upon the cut-water of a privateer, like the tutelary genius of the British flag.

"What encouragement doth this great enlightened nation hold forth to merit? What a consolatory reflection must it be to the superannuated yellow admirals of the stage, that when they shall arrive at second *childhood*, they may still have a chance to arrive at honours second only to these! I declare I saw with surprise a man, who led about a bear to dance for the edification of the publick, lose all his popularity in the street, where this young gentleman has his lodging; the people ran to see him at the window, and left the bear and the bear-leader in solitude. I saw this exquisite young gentleman, while I paced the streets on foot, wafted to his morning's rehearsal in a vehicle, that to my vulgar opticks seemed to wear upon its polished doors the ensign of a ducal crown; I looked to see if haply John Kemble were on the braces, or Cooke perchance behind the coach; I saw the lacquies at their posts, but Glenalvon was not there: I found John Kemble sick at home——I said within myself——

Oh! what a time have you chose out, brave Caius.
To wear a kerchief? Would you were not sick!

"We shall have a second influx of the pigmies; they will pour upon us in multitudes innumerable as a shoal of sprats, and when at last we have nothing else but such small fry to feed on, an epidemick nausea will take place.

"There are intervals in fevers; there are lucid moments in madness; even folly cannot keep possession of the mind for ever. It is very natural to encourage rising genius, it is highly commendable to foster its first shoots; we admire and caress a clever school boy, but we should do very ill to turn his master out of his office and put him into it."

CHARACTER OF THE PRESENT EMPEROUR OF RUSSIA.

The present Emperour Alexander is about twenty-nine years of age, his face is full, very fair, and his complexion pale; his eyes blue, and expressive of that beneficent mildness which is one of the prominent features of his character. His person is tall, lusty and well proportioned; but, being a little deaf, to facilitate his hearing, he stoops: his deportment is condescending, yet dignified. In the discharge of his august duties he displays great activity and acuteness, but without shew and bustle: the leading features of his mind are sound discretion and humanity, qualities which cannot fail to render an empire flourishing and a people happy! He is

so much an enemy to parade, that he is frequently seen wrapped up in his regimental cloak riding about the capital alone, upon a little common droshka: in this manner he has been known to administer to the wants of the poor. It is his wish, if he should be recognized in this state of privacy, that no one will take off their hats; but the graciousness of his desire only puts the heart in the hand as it uncovers the head. The emperour is very much attached to the English, numbers of whom have settled in the empire, and have formed, under the auspices of government, a sort of colony. The emperour has often been heard to say that "the man within whose reach heaven has placed the greatest materials for making life happy, was, in his opinion, an *English country gentleman.*"

[*Carr's Northern Summer.*]

SONNET,

Occasioned by the romantick scenery, that surrounded a neat little peasant's cottage in Sweden.

Here far from all the pomp ambition seeks,
Much sought but only whilst untasted prais'd;
Content and innocence, with rosy cheeks,
Enjoy the simple shed their hands have rais'd.

On a grey rock it stands, whose fretted base
The distant cat'ract's murm'ring waters lave;
Whilst o'er its grassy roof, with varying grace,
The slender branches of the white birch wave.

Behind the forest fir is heard to sigh,
On which the pensive year delights to dwell;
And, as the gazing stranger passes by,
The grazing goat looks up, and rings his bell.
Oh! in my native land, ere life's decline,
May such a spot, so wild, so sweet, be mine.

[*Ibid.*]

PARISIAN MANNERS.

From "A Sketch of the Present State of France;" by an English Gentleman.

It is certain that much of the frivolity of the French metropolis arises out of the laxity of publick attention to the proceedings of its rulers. How this frivolity shews itself is very various, but general examples will suffice; and those examples indicate the state of manners. For instance: one may see in the innumerable coffee-houses of Paris, groupes of old politicians surrounding the stove, which generally stands in the middle of the room; the orators ardently engaged in discussing the wars of Turenne, of the ministry of Colbert, but not a single word escaping them on the measures of the day; the younger men talking of the merits of the actresses and actors, the plays, dress, and new books, and equally silent on the present affairs which ought to interest them. A habit of taking tea at a very late hour gains ground very much. Cards occupy the whole atten-

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tion of their private parties, from which all rational and useful conversation, and all publick spirit and energy, are banished; and this is their general mode of spending the day. The people in business know no settled interval of remission; they labour most irregularly, at all hours, at the tedious confusion of their affairs. The Parisians deal with each other in the ordinary concerns of life and business as if they were a nation of swindlers and each man thought his neighbour intended to cheat him. All their transactions are rendered tiresome by a number of cautious formalities which impede their progress; and the universal remark is, "The revolution has done this." Every class of men and women frequent the publick gaming tables in Paris.

CHARACTER OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

SALLIES of wit, and brilliancy of imagination, are seldom the concomitants of a profound understanding; but in the character of Sir Thomas More, solidity and effervescence are happily united.

To face death with calmness, and to meet it with composure, is a convincing testimony of a good life; but to encounter the horrours of tyranny and execution with a playfulness of wit and a liveliness of fancy, requires that self-command over the passions and the feelings, which none but a mind self-applauded

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and resigned could at that moment be able to obtain.

That innocent mirth and propensity to cheerfulness, which so strongly marked all the actions of Sir Thomas More's life, forsook him not at the moment of resigning it; for, observes his historian, as he was ascending the scaffold, he found the steps so weak and crazy, that it was with difficulty he avoided falling down them, when, turning to the lieutennant of the Tower, "Pray, master lieutenant," said he "see me safe up; for, when I come down, I shall be able to shift for myself." Upon finishing his last address to heaven, and observing the executioner look sad and dejected, "Pluck up thy spirits, man," said he, "and be not afraid to do thy office: my neck is very short, and therefore for your credit's sake take care you do not strike awry." Then laying his head upon the block, "he desired the executioner to wait until he had put his beard aside; for *that*," continued he, "has never committed *treason*."

EMPIRE OF LOVE.

THE universal dominion and influence of Love are thus beautifully described in Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

In peace, Love tunes the shepherd's reed;
In war, he mounts the warriour's steed;
In halls, in gay attire is seen;

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In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below, and saints above;
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

THE sentiment contained in the following lines, from the same work, is happily expressed.

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

MAGICK.

THE last extract we shall at present make from this amusing production is a note upon

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the 5th stanza of Canto VI. to acquit the "ladye Margaret" of the charge of necromancy.

I trust right well,
She wrought not by forbidden spell.

POPULAR belief, though contrary to the doctrines of the church, made a favourable distinction betwixt magicians, and necromancers, or wizards; the former were supposed to command the evil spirits, and the latter to serve, or at least to be in league and compact with, those enemies of mankind. The arts of subjecting the dæmons were manifold; sometimes the fiends were actually swindled by the magicians, as in the case of the bargain betwixt one of their number and the poet Virgil. The classick reader will doubtless be curious to peruse this anecdote.

"Virgilius was at scole at Tolenton, where he stodyed dyligently, for he was of great understandynge. Upon a tyme the scholers had lycense to go to play and sporte them in the fyldes, after the usaunce of the holde tyme. And there was also Virgilius therbye, also walkynge amonge the hylles alle about. It fortuned he spyed a great hole in the syde of a great hyll, wherein he went so depe, that he culdenot see no more lyght; and then he went a lytell farther therin, and than he saw some lyght agayne, and than he went fourth streyghte and within a lytyll while after he harde a voyce that called 'Virgilius! Virgilius!'

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and loked aboute, and he colde nat see nobody. Than sayd he *(i. e. the voice,)* 'Virgilius, see ye not the lyttyll bourde lyinge by-side you there marked with that word?' Than answered Virgilius, 'I see that borde well anough.' The voyce sayd, 'doo awaye that borde, and lette me out there atte. Than answered Virgilius to the voyce that was under the lytell borde, and sayd, 'Who art thou that calles me so!' Than answered the Devyll, 'I am a devyll conjured out of the body of a certeyne man, and banysshed here tyll the day of judgemend, without that I be delyvered by the hands of men. Thus, Virgilius, I pray the, delyvere me out of this payne, and I shall shewe unto the many bokes of nygromancye, and how thou shalt come by it lyghtly, and know the practise therein, that no man in the scyence of nygromancye shall passe the. And moreover I shall shewe and informe the so, that thou shalt have alle thy desyre, wherby mythynke it is a great gyfte for so lytyll a doynge. For ye may also thus all your power frendys helpe and make ryche your ennemies.'—Thorough that great promyse was Virgilius tempted; he bade the fynd show the bokes to hym, that he might have and occupy them at his wyll, and so the fynde shewed hym. And than Virgilius pulled open a bourde, and there was a lytell hole, and therat wrang the devyll out lyke a yeel, and cam and stode byfore Virgilius lyke a bygge man; wherof

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Virgilius was astonied and marveyled greatly therof, that so great a man might come out at so lytell a hole. Than sayd Virgilius, 'Shulde ye well passe into the hole that ye cam out of?' 'Yea, I shall well,' sayd the devyll. 'I hold the best plegge that I have that ye shall not do it.' 'Well,' sayd the devyll, 'therto I consent.' And than the devyll wrang himself into the lytell hole ageyne; and as he was therein, Virgilius kyvered the hole ageyn with the bourde close, and so was the devyll gyled, and myght nat there come out agen, but abydeth shytte stylle therin. Than called the devyll dredefully to Virgilius, and sayd, 'What have ye done, Virgilius?' Virgilius answered, 'Abyde there styll to your day apoynted;' and fro thens forth abydeth he there. And so Virgilius became very cunnynge in the practyse of the blacke scyence."

This story may remind the reader of the Arabian tale of the fisherman and the imprisoned Genie; and it is more than probable that many of the marvels narrated in the life of Virgil are of oriental extraction. Among such I am disposed to reckon the following whimsical account of the foundation of Naples, containing a curious theory concerning the origin of the earthquakes with which it is afflicted. Virgil, who was a person of gallantry, had, it seems, carried off the daughter of a certain Soldan, and was anxious to secure his prize.

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"Than he thought in his mynde how he myghte mareye hyr and thought in his mynde to founde in the middes of the see a fayer towne, with great landes belongynge to it; and so he dyd by his cunnynge, and called it Napells. And the fandacyon of it was of egges, and in that towne of Napells he made a tower with iiii corners, and in the toppe he set an appell upon an yron yarde, and no man culde pull awaye that apell without he brake it; and thoroughe that yren set he a bolte, and in that bolte set he a egge. And he henge the apell by the stauke upon a cheyne, and so hangeth it styll. And when the egge styrreth, so shulde the towne of Napells quake; and when the egge brake, then shulde the towne sinke. When he had made an ende, he lette call it Napels."

ORTHOGRAPHY AND SYNTAX.

THE municipality of a corporation town in the neighbourhood of Weymouth, immediately previous to the departure of the Royal Family from that favourite watering place, published the following proclamation:—

Whereas *his* Majesty the king and queen *is* expected to honour this ancient corporation with their presence in the course of their *tower*; in order to prevent *them* from meeting no impediment in *his* journey, the worshipful the *Mare* and Baliffs have thought proper, that the following regulations shall be

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prohibited, as follows: Nobody must not leave no dust, nor nothing in that shape, before their doors nor shops; and all wheel-barrows, cabbadge stalks, marble stones, and other vegetables, must be swept out of the streets. Any one who shall fail giving offence in any of these articles shall be dealt with according to law, without bail or mainprize.

God save his majesty the King and Queen and his Worship the Mare.

[*Monthly Mirror.*]

SELF-CONSEQUENCE ABASHED BY SIMPLICITY.

A SIMPLE rustick boy trudging along with a loaf of bread under each arm, met the squire of the parish, who, being offended at the want of an obeisance, sternly said, "Sirrah! I think you might move your hat." —"So I wull," replied the boy, "if you will hold one of my loaves the while."

A Horse for after Dinner.

AN EPIGRAM.

SAYS Sir Toby, "My friend, can you get me a nag,
That will ride very quiet—and serve as a fag?"
"Yes: I've one that will suit you; he's steady and mild,
And so safe in his paces, he'd carry a child."

"A child!" says Sir Toby, "that is not the sort;
Do you think he can carry *two bottles of port?*"

EPITAPH.

THROWN by birth into the vortex of a giddy vapour, which the vulgar call glory and grandeur, but the nullity of which is too well known to the sage; a prey to all human infirmities; tormented by the passions of others, disturbed by his own, and borne down by the loss of beloved relations, true and faithful friends, yet often, too, consoled by friendship; happy in collecting his thoughts, happier still where his services could prove useful to his country, or suffering humanity. This, a brief sketch of the life of Henry Frederick Louis, son of Frederick William I. King of Prussia, and of Sophia Dorothea, daughter of George I. King of England. Traveller! remember that perfection is not to be found on earth. If I was not the best of men, I did not belong to the number of the bad. Praise and blame cannot reach him that sleeps in eternity; but sweet hope embellishes the last hours of the man who has done his duty; nor does it forsake me at this moment! [*Mirror.*]

ANOTHER.

Mr. Editor,

THE following Epitaph, I believe has never appeared in any publication of our age

or country. Perhaps some reader of the Polyanthos may amuse himself by giving a translation.

O quid tua te
be ! bis ? bia abit ;
ra ra ra
es, et in
ram ram ram
i i,
et eris, ut ego nunc.

ON HUMILITY.

[*From the Beauties of Owen Felltham.*]

He that would build to last, should lay his foundation low ; even the conversation of a man is tottering, if it be not founded on humility. The proud man, like the early shoots of a new-felled coppice, thrusts out full of sap, green in leaves and fresh in colour ; but bruises and breaks with every wind, and being top-heavy, is wholly unfit for use : whereas the humble man retains it in the root, can abide the winter's chilling blasts, the ruffling concussions of the wind, and can endure far more than that which appears so flourishing. Like the pyramid he hath a large foundation, whereby his height may be more eminent ; and still the higher he is the lesser doth he draw at the top, as if the nearer heaven the smaller he must appear ; and in-

deed the nigher man approacheth to celestials, the more he doth consider God, and sees the more to make himself vile in his own esteem.

Humility ever dwells with men of noble minds; it is a flower that prospers not in lean and barren soils, but in a ground that is rich it flourishes and is beautiful.

Moses was a divine lawgiver, a statesman, historian, and philosopher; as a valiant general he led Israel out of Egypt; he was endowed with the power of miracles; he was, as Ecclesiasticus tells us, beloved of God and men; yet was he meek above all that were upon the face of the earth. We are commanded by our Saviour to learn humility of him, that we may find its benefit in rest to our souls. We are sent to the ant for industry, to the lion for valour, to the dove for innocence, to the serpent for wisdom; but for humility unto God himself.

What is that man the worse who lets his inferiour go before him? the folly is in him who takes what is not his due; but the prudence rests with him who, in the sereneness of his own worth, does not value it. The sun chides not the morning star, though it presume to usher in the day before him.

Humility prevents disturbance, it rocks debate asleep, and keeps men in continued peace. I had rather be accounted too humble than a little proud: even in gold the stiffest is the basest; but the purest is the most ductile.

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SELECTED FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

MY DOG AND MY SHADOW.

In a solitary excursion through a wood, Major Halden fell in with a man, whose singular appearance attracted his attention. He was sitting on the ground at the foot of a beech tree, eating a crust of bread, which he shared bit by bit with his dog. His dress betrayed the utmost poverty: but his countenance exhibited every symptom of cheerfulness. The Major saluted him as he rode past, and the man pulled off his hat. Do you see? said he to his dog, laughing.—What should the dog see? asked the Major, whose curiosity was much excited by the man's happy looks. The stranger laughed. Ay, said the man in a humorous tone, I wish to make the dog take notice of your civility. It is so uncommon for a well-dressed person on horseback, and an officer besides, to lift his cap or hat to a tattered foot passenger like me.

Who are you then? said the major to the man, looking at him attentively.

A child of fortune,

A child of fortune? you mistake, without doubt, for your coat seems to speak otherwise.

My coat is in the right, sir. But as I can joke in this coat, the only one I have, it is of as much value to me as a new one, even if it had a star upon it.

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If what you say do not proceed from a disordered mind, you are in the right, countryman.

A disordered mind, or a light mind, is sometimes the gift of God, at least for children of fortune of my cast. My fate once hung heavy on my mind like lead; but care now passes through it, as the wind does through my coat, and if that be a fault, it makes up for a great deal of misfortune.

But, says the Major, whence did you come and whither are you going?

That question is not difficult to be answered, sir. I came from my cradle, and I am now going straight forward to my grave. With these two stages of my life I am well acquainted. In a word, I am endeavouring to soften my fate; but I must have something very engaging, for my dog and destiny remain faithful to me; and my shadow also —but like a false friend only when the sun shines. You shake your head, sir, as if you meant to say, I have made choice of bad company. I thought so at first; but there is nothing so bad, as not to be useful sometimes. My destiny has made me humble, and taught me what I did not before know, that one cannot unhinge the world. My dog has taught me, that there is still love and fidelity in it, and---You cannot imagine what fine things one can talk with, and respecting one's shadow!

Respecting one's shadow? that I do not understand.

You shall hear, sir—At sun-rise, when I am walking behind my long towering shadow, what conversation I hold with it on philosophical subjects. Look, say I, dear shadow, art thou not like a youth, when the sun of life is rising, the earth seems too small? just when I lift a leg, thou liftest another, as if thou wouldst step over ten acres at once; and yet when thou puttest down thy leg, thy step is scarcely a span long. So fares it with youth. He seems, as if he would destroy, or create a world, and yet, in the end, he does none of those things, which might have been expected from his discourse. Let the sun now rise higher and thou wilt become smaller, as the youth boasts less, the older he grows. Thus I compare, you see, the morning, noon and evening shadow with a hundred things; and the longer we walk together, the better we get acquainted. At present I can forego many things, which I formerly considered indispensable necessaries. The shadow is my watch and my pedometer—and sometimes my servant and sometimes my footman. It is only a pity, that a man cannot exist in his shadow, as his shadow does in him.

Well, and what do you say in the evening to your shadow?

In the evening? a man's shadow then is a very serious thing—the best moralist—a real hour glass—a true *memento mori*. When the shadow runs forward before one, still be-

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coming longer and less visible, as if already hiding its head in the darkness of eternity, while behind one is the setting sun, and before one a rising star—the shadow then seems to say, thou art on the brink of eternity, thy sun is going down; but lose not courage; like me, thou wilt become always greater; and before thee is already suspended a better star, the first ray of eternity beyond the grave.

With these words the man became serious, and the Major also. Both looked at each other in silence. Hem, said the Major, you must go with me, countryman. He took the stranger by the hand and conducted him to his house.

SELECT SENTENCES.

THERE is but one test of friendship: a test by which no one would try the genuineness of it:—and this is, *necessity*: and yet, without that, it is not easy to know whether the professions of our friends flow from the *heart*, or only stream from the *lips*.

TO admonish a man in the height of his passion, is to call a soldier to council in the heat of a battle.

HE was a true philosopher, who being asked how he could endure to be without the pleas-

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ure of books, answered, the works of creation were his library, wherein, when he pleased, he could muse upon God's deep oracles.

IF I can keep vice under, and win upon that which is good, though it be but a little at once, I may come to be better in time.

VIRTUE and vice are both prophets, the one of certain good, the other of pain or penitence.

NEGLIGENCE is the rust of the soul, which corrodes through all her best resolutions; we need only to sit still, and diseases will arise for want of exercise.

WHAT are formalities of religion, if a man's life bring scandal on what he professes?

THE philosopher Anaxagoras, hearing a man deplore that he must die in a strange country, "what matters it?" said he to him, "there is no place where there is not a road to be found to the other world."

THE same philosopher, when being told that the Athenians had condemned him to death, replied without the least emotion, "It is long since nature has pronounced a like sentence against themselves."

FINE speeches are like cypress trees, which are lofty and beautiful, but yield no fruit.

On eagles' wings immortal scandals fly,
Whilst virtuous actions are but born to die.

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THE MINSTREL.

For the Polyanthos.

Poets have long celebrated the "Birth of May:" a thousand bards have lavished their praises on that enchanting season. Last spring I resolved to add one more garland to those which already encircled the brows of May; but as my love of truth is quite as strong as my admiration of poetry, my thoughts involuntarily wandered from the language of eulogium. The following lines will be found a more just description of our spring *of* 1806, *than we shall find in the "songs of other times."*

ADDRESS TO MAY.

Whither, O Spring! are fled thy blooming charms,
Thy lovely flowers, thy ever-fragrant gales?
No more the dreary groves thy influence warms,
No more the enraptured soul thy breath inhales.

In vain I wander o'er the joyless plains,
Or trace with eager step the woodland shade;
No bird salutes my ear in warbled strains;
No perfum'd blossoms deck the cheerless glade.

Fled are the rosy charms of early dawn,
Which once inspired the poet's raptured lay;
Now chilling east winds cloud each rising morn,
And wintry blasts deform the evening ray.

Hence shall no bard, O May, thy praises sing;
No muse again shall celebrate thy morn;
Summer henceforth shall wear the wreath of *Spring*,
And love and beauty shall her reign adorn.
PSYCHE.

Briar-Hill, Aug. 1806.

For the Polyanthos.

SONNET TO SLEEP.

By a Gentleman of the Boston Theatre.

Soft Sleep! thou child of silence and of night,
Yet parent wild of sweet illusive forms;
Yielding such joys, as shun the morning's light,
When fierce desire my glowing bosom warms:
And pleas'd I snatch th' imaginary kiss,
Anticipating oft still greater bliss.

Since every heart but mine now takes repose,
While Fancy's wanton sprites their revels keep,
Grant my request, my wearied eye-lids close,
And shade me with thy wings, O gentle Sleep.
And should my heated brain then fondly dream,
Let kind complying beauty be the theme.

Let that bright form appear on which I doat,
Bring it, O Sleep! but kindly to my view;
Breathing those sighs that constant love denote,
And can with ease my thrilling soul subdue:
And while such pleasing dreams my nights employ,
I'll patient wait for more substantial joy.

EPITAPH ON AN OLD SAILOR.

By the Same.

Beneath the roaring western wave,
Are sunk the limbs of Jack the brave!

A jollier Tar was never mov'd,
His skill in fight he often prov'd,
In hottest work he lov'd to join,
In feats of death, he'd all outshine ;
Yet though so great a friend to death,
He clapp'd a stopper on Jack's breath—
Stove in his lights, his soul unhing'd,
Because he thought his power infring'd ;
Then threw his carcase to that flood,
Jack's arm so oft had stain'd with blood.

ODE TO CONTENT.

BY ROBERT FARREN CHEETHAM.

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
multa ? *Horace.*

Why do we aim with eager strife,
At things beyond the mark of life ?
Creatures, alas ! whose boasted power
Is but the blessing of an hour. *Francis.*

FAR from mortal ken retir'd,
Estrang'd from worldly cares and fears,
With love of learned lore inspir'd,
May I pass my transient years !
And may content, angelick maid !
In sweet simplicity array'd,
In hat of straw and russet vest,
With dimpled cheek and peaceful breast,
Fair Virtue's eldest born !
That makes a palace of a cell,
Nor scorns in humble cot to dwell,
Nor grasps at honour's gilded prize,
Nor pines for light fantastick joys,
My straw built shed adorn !
Still hover with her smiling train,
Around my peaceful board, and purest pleasures deign !

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Why, foolish man !
Dost thou with vain anxiety, extend
Thy busy cares beyond life's little span,
Which must, with dart-like swiftness, end ?
Why can thy restless mind
No peaceful haven find ?
What means this sordid lust of gain,
Which drives thee o'er the swelling main ?
Each various clime that bids thee know,
Or scorch'd with heat, or chill'd with snow ?
Commands to rove from shore to shore,
Intent some hidden track t' explore ?
Which makes thee turn the pond'rous soil,
And urge the plow with ceaseless toil ?
Is it, pray tell me, to procure
Stores of luxurious food that ever may endure ?

Behold the feather'd choirs, that wing the sky,
How unconcern'd they fly,
And cleave with joyful wing, the ambient air ;
" Content and careless of to-morrow's fare."
They toil not at the irksome plow,
Nor with unceasing labour sow ;
They do not reap the fruitful plain,
Nor hoard with care the gather'd grain.
Is gorgeous raiment then thy care ?
Behold what beauteous vests they wear ;
Not all the pomp of regal state
Their painted plumes can emulate ;
Yet toil they not nor ply the loom,
Nor with extended cares their future days engloom.

See, mortal, see the blooming rose
Unfolding to the morn,
Behold how short a time it blows,
Then droops its head forlorn !
See yonder flying shaft proceed
Through æther's course with winged speed ;
Or see the shade appear and fly,

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Apt emblems of mortality !
Then cease to stretch thy busy cares
To future days to future years,
Enjoy the present hour of life,
And banish sorrow, banish strife ;
Be sweet Content thy humble friend,
For she can every pleasure lend,
And seek not out for future pain,
Be virtuous, be content, all other cares disdain.

SONG.

Sung by Mr. Twaits in the musical entertainment of LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

O WHEN my farm is taken,
How delightful 'twill be o'er my acres to stump !
Then I'll marry a dairy maid, jolly and plump,
But she sha'nt be as fat as my bacon.
I'll hire a lout to wield the flail,
Small beer shall serve the bumpkin ;
While I, by guzzling home-brew'd ale,
Grow rounder than a pumpkin.
I'll have hogs, dogs, cows, sows,
Turkies, ducks, and barley-mows,
Harrows, ganders, bulls, ploughs,
And I'll dazzle the country gabies ;
I'll get a bull, I'll get a cart,
I'll get the Farmer's Guide by heart,
And I'll get a dozen babies.
Then I'll pet my dogs,
I'll fat my hogs,
I'll milk my cows,
I'll salt my sows,
I'll run my rigs,
I'll stick my pigs,
I'll roast my lambs,
I'll mend my dams,
I'll whet my knife,
I'll kill my sheep,

Google

I'll kiss my wife,
And go to sleep,
All when my farm is taken.

I'll drink just double on Saturday night,
Sitting up with my spouse till candle light,
For I need not rise early on Sunday:
Then I'll prate to my love of clover and barns,
While the dear little children's stockings she darns,
That must go to the wash on Monday.
On Sunday to church, beef and pudding at one,
And the evening to spend,
I'll get drunk with a friend,
Reel to bed, and on Monday be up with the sun.
But on Monday my bed forsaking,
O how my poor nob will be aching!
With my eyes stiff and red,
Sunk deep in my head,
I shall look as old as Methusalem;
While the curst noises round me
Will so confound me,
I shall wish the farm yard at Jerusalem.
For there the pigs will be squeaking,
The waggon wheels be creaking,
Ducks quacking,
Cart-whips cracking,
Turkies gobbling,
Carters squabbling,
Rooks cawing,
Plough-boys jawing,
Horses neighing,
Donkies braying,
Cocks crowing,
Oxen lowing,
Dogs bark,
Noah's ark,
All when my farm is taken.

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THE DRAMA.

The moral fable told by Genius' tongue,
The song of other days by poets sung,
The tale of times that are, where Fashion's fool
Is made the butt of sportive Ridicule,
Where Folly's likeness, as she flies, is hit,
And Wisdom charms with gaiety and wit;
These are the themes support the scenick art,
Improve the manners, and amend the heart;
These would we now in Virtue's cause engage,
And rear that glorious thing, a *Moral Stage.*

DUNLAP.

* * * * * *

Extracts from an Essay on Dramatick Composition...By T. Holcroft.

INTRODUCTION.

It may be asked, why is this subject, on which so much already has been written, again intruded on the publick? Have not *Aristotle*, *Quintilian*, *Horace*, and other ancient authors—have not *Boileau*, *Racine*, *Dacier*, and a multitude of French writers—have not a crowd of English criticks, not forgetting the prefaces of the immortal *Dryden*, all treated this subject? Can laws and rules create a poet? or what is there now to be said that can be esteemed as new information?

It may be difficult to answer these questions satisfactorily; but it may truly be alleged, that rules are much more easily given than remembered; that, being the offspring of man, rules themselves are liable to be defective; that it is scarcely possible to say when inquiries into any subject ought to cease; that it is not novelty for which we ought to seek, but truth so clearly stated and

arranged, if possible, as not to be mistaken; and that therefore every new effort, to accomplish this desirable end, may rather deserve praise than blame.

There is still a farther reason for treating the subject anew: which is that there appear to be well-founded doubts, among men of liberal inquiry, whether the rules that have been so dogmatically given, and so long received as the standard by which perfection may be attained, be not in many respects so faulty as to be almost incapable of being observed, in the noblest efforts of the dramatick art. Attempts, therefore, to decide this point, will scarcely be considered as superfluous; and if any true criterion could be made publick, by which good may clearly be distinguished from bad, a most desirable end would certainly be attained.

Of the Purposes for which Tragedies and Comedies are or ought to be composed.

In all the works of man, his present pleasure and his future happiness are consulted; and, in our best dramatick works, these purposes are combined: but too many of our inferiour compositions seldom have any thing but present pleasure in view, and are so far defective in their construction. The pleasure, given by a dramatick work, scarcely can be exquisite, unless the future happiness of man be kept in view: that is to say, unless some essential moral truth, or truths, are inculcated. To the unprejudiced, it needs no

effort of the understanding to demonstrate that this high purpose, in most if not all of our best dramatick writings, has been nobly effected. To the dreadful consequences of *envy, deceit, concupiscence, revenge, jealousy, ambition*, and all the frantick passions of the mind, no man can be insensible, or remain unwarned, who shall read *Venice Preserved, The Orphan, The Fair Penitent, Zanga, Measure for Measure, Macbeth, Lear, Othello*, and a multitude of those masterly works that exist, as well among the neighbouring nations as in the happy and highly cultivated English language. The first rule, therefore, that a dramatick poet has to observe is, that it is his duty to effect this double purpose, of giving present pleasure and promoting future happiness. *(To be continued.)*

THE BOSTON THEATRE,

It is expected, will open in a short time. In addition to the company of last season, Mr. and Mrs. Poe, Mr. and Mrs. Dykes, and a Mr. Turnbull, are engaged. Mrs. Poe is the daughter of Mrs. Arnold, formerly of the Boston theatre. We understand she is to fill the parts made vacant by the departure of Mrs. Darley. Report speaks favourably of her talents.—Mr. Bernard, who went to London in the spring, is daily expected with a reinforcement.

THE PROVIDENCE THEATRE

Closed on the 17th, with Schiller's celebra-

ted tragedy of *The Robbers*. The character of *Charles De Moor* was performed by a Mr. Randolph, brother of the celebrated John Randolph, Esq. of Virginia. The company have gone to Newport, to perform six nights.

THE NEW-YORK THEATRE

Was to have opened on the 22d. The papers of that day, however, contain no bill for the evening: it is therefore most probably postponed. The strength of the company consists of Mr. Cooper, manager, Messrs. Tyler, Harwood, Twaits, Darley, Hogg, and Martin; Mrs. Darley, Mrs. Oldmixon, and Mrs. Jones. The manager is said to be negociating with Mr. Usher.

OF PHILADELPHIA THEATRICALS

Little is yet known here. We have heard of no alterations in their company of last season; except an exchange of Mrs. Wignell for Mrs. Warren!

THE CHARLESTON THEATRE,

Under the direction of Mr. Placide, generally opens the beginning of November.—Messrs. Bates, Harper, Sully, Clark, and Claude, Mrs. Placide, Mrs. Harper, and Mrs. Claude, we believe are to be the principal performers.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The first volume of "The Dramatick Works of William Dunlap" is now ready for delivery. The volume is handsomely

printed, and embellished with a portrait of Mrs. Wignell, (now Mrs. Warren) engraved by Edwin. It contains four pieces—"The Father of an only Child," a comedy—"Leicester," a tragedy—"Fontainville Abbey," a tragedy—and "Darby's Return," an interlude. The first of these pieces was published, and met with a flattering reception, in 1788, under the title of "American Shandyism." It was the first American play that issued from the press.—*Leicester* and *Fontainville Abbey* have been performed at the New-York theatre, and met with success. They are written in blank verse, and contain many noble and moral sentiments, frequently embellished with language highly poetical.

We venture to say that Mr. D. *deserves*, and we hope he will *receive*, the patronage of all who think

That Genius may be born this side the ocean;

and can read with pleasure the modest productions of an indigenous moralist.

We are happy to learn that Mr. Dunlap contemplates publishing a History of the American Stage, from the first performances of the Old American Company under Mr. Hallam, to be interspersed with memoirs of the principal performers, the materials for which he is now collecting.

A New Translation of the Third Satire of Juvenal, to which are added Miscellaneous Poems, original and translated, has been lately publish-

ed by E. Sargeant, New-York. As a specimen of the poetry, we copy from the Miscellaneous Poems, without any great preference, the 5th and 6th Sonnets.

V.

COWPER, assertor of the moral song,
Thou England's glory, in degenerate days,
And just inheritor of ancient praise,
How shall I speak thy worth, nor do thee wrong?
Unforced by art, in native vigour strong,
Thy pure, and simple, and pathetick lays,
Replete with thought, and bright with fancy's rays,
Proclaim thee first amid the tuneful throng;
Yes! in thy verse a secret charm we find,
A charm not taught, and ne'er attained by art,
At once it gratifies, and fills the mind,
And softens, wakes, and meliorates the heart,
'Tis that we trace thy mind, and virtues here,
And that we know, and feel thee still sincere.

VI.

O BURNS, when I peruse thy nervous page,
Where, scenes adorned by genius' brightest hues,
And pathos' softest tints, the spirit views,
Feelings, at once of mingled scorn and rage,
Will rise against the proud and selfish age,
That wondered at thy wild unlettered muse,
And while it praised, yet, niggard, could refuse
The proper meed; nor raised thee to the stage,
Where God and nature destined thee to stand;
Whence had we seen thy genius all displayed,
And streaming splendour o'er thy native land,
All thy bright soul in warm effulgence rayed;
But left thee on bleak poverty's dark strand,
Where sweeps the surge, and chilling blasts invade.

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Mrs. Darley.

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THE

POLYANTHOS.

OCTOBER, 1806.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. DARLEY.

Embellished with a Portrait.

Lo! a transcendant nymph usurps the sight,
Replete with grace, and pregnant with delight.
Thus smiled *Astarte* issuing from the sea,
Rapture's sweet queen—the intimate of Glee!—
Thus looked *Briseis* when *Achilles* sighed—
Thus beamed ineffably the Spartan bride!
Embattled nations might demand the prize,
And seek a triumph subject to her eyes!
E'en hoary Winter so supremely glows,
His ardour liquefies his snows;
And *Rhodope* and *Caucasus* assume
Arcadian vigour and a vernal bloom...*Anthony Pasquin.*

THE lady whose memoirs and portrait we now present to the publick, is descended from a respectable family in England. Her father, Anthony Westray, was born at Whitehaven in the county of Cumberland. He served an apprenticeship to a

merchant of that place; at the expiration of which he settled in London, and soon after married. Not many years after this, he died of a consumption, leaving his wife with three daughters.

Of these three daughters our heroine was the second: She was born in London on the 15th of January, 1780. After her father's decease and the settlement of his affairs, the remaining patrimony was found to be too small to support and educate a family without other resources. Her mother therefore turned her thoughts to the stage, as in her opinion it afforded an advantageous prospect, and in spite of the remonstrances of her friends she adopted the theatrical profession.

At an early age Miss Westray discovered a partiality for musick, and was put under the care of the celebrated Mr. Miles of Bath, to be instructed in that science. About four years after the death of her father, her mother married Mr. Simpson of the Theatre Royal, Dublin. She left Bath and accompanied her mother to Ireland, but returned the next year.

In 1796, when the Hay-Market Theatre was building in Boston, Mr. Charles Powell the manager made propositions to Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, which were accepted. They arrived in Boston with their children toward the close of the year 1796.

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Our heroine (as well as her elder sister, now Mrs. Wood of the Philadelphia theatre) was likewise engaged by Mr. Powell. Her first attempt on the stage was made in the character of Narcissa, in Colman's opera of Inkle and Yarico. She succeeded in this and other similar characters, and her improving talents rendered her a fair candidate for popular favour. In the Adopted Child she also appeared with uncommon eclat.

After the failure of Mr. Powell and the close of the theatre she went to New-York, where she performed three seasons. With what success, or in what particular characters she appeared the writer is not acquainted.

From New-York she went to Philadelphia, where she soon became the favourite of the publick. Her marriage with Mr. John Darley, then a first lieutenant of marines in the service of the United States, took place in this city on the 4th of Dec. 1800. The season after this Mr. and Mrs. Darley performed at Charleston.

In October, 1802, they were engaged by Mr. S. Powell, for the Federal-Street Theatre. Mrs. D. first met the view of a Boston audience after an absence of six years in the character of Amelia in Lovers' Vows, and was received with rapturous applause. She continued in Boston, with the exception of one season spent in New-York, till May, 1806. The recesses of the regular theatri-

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cal campaigns she has usually spent in Providence.

On the stage Mrs. D. generally appears in the characters of sentimental young ladies: and to these her voice, countenance and person are happily adapted. It would perhaps be doing injustice to her professional character, not to say, that in this line of acting she is without a rival. If where all are excellent a selection of the *best* were made, she would be said to appear the most fascinating in characters of pure and simple nature, artless and unaffected, unsophisticated by false refinement. Numerous and crowded audiences have gazed with delight on the beauteous Rosamunda and the sportive Rosalind—have listened with admiration to the moral sentiments which flowed from the lips of Virginia and Emily Worthington—and have melted into tears at the distresses of Athanasia and Ophelia. Dorinda in the Tempest might also be mentioned as one of her happiest efforts; and, "though last not least," Hester—

"Chaste as the icicle,
"That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
"And hangs on Dian's temple."

Such is Mrs. Darley's professional reputation. In private life she is no less respected for her amiable and engaging deportment. She enjoys the company of many respectable people in the various places where

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she has resided, who are anxious to cultivate her acquaintance and obtain her friendship. In possession of a husband, "who is every thing to her, to whom she is every thing," and three sons, she enjoys as much happiness as generally falls to the lot of humanity.

Soon after Mrs. Darley's return to Boston in 1802, she received the following compliment through the channel of one of the publick papers :—

'As on Olympus' lofty brow
The HEAVENLY FAIR assembled sat,
Looked down on mortals here below,
And talked of this and talked of that;

Says JUNO, "Who, of heavenly birth,
Obedient to our high command,
Will freely wing her way to earth,
Awhile to grace the Thespian Band?"

NATURE, soft, simple, modest, mild,
In sweetest accents begged to go;
Fair VENUS kissed the prattling child,
And lent the magick cestus too.

Columbia owns her power to move,
The cold to warm, the savage tame,
With pity melt, or wound with love—
And DARLEY calls her favourite's name.'

Boston, Oct. 1806.

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For the Polyanthos.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. BENDISH,

Grand-daughter to Oliver Cromwell. Collected from the various accounts which have been published of this extraordinary woman.

Mrs. Bendish was the daughter of Commissary-General Ireton, by the Lady Bridget, who after Ireton's death was married to Gen. Fleetwood.

She was as extraordinary for a woman, as her grandfather was for the great qualities he discovered, when he usurped the government. She had as much courage, oddity of humour, enthusiasm and cant; and, like him, became greater according to the difficulties she met with.

"Of great and most fervent devotion towards God, (says Mr. Say, a dissenting minister of London, who was well acquainted with her) and love to her fellow-creatures and fellow-christians, and yet there is scarcely an instance of impiety or cruelty of which she is not capable.

Fawning, suspicious, and mistrustful, jealous without end of all her servants, and even of her friends, at the same time that she is ready to do them all the service in her power; affecting all mankind equally, and not according to the services they are able to do her, but according to the services their necessities and miseries demand from

her; to the relieving of which neither the wickedness of their characters, nor the injuries they have done herself in particular, are the least exceptions, but rather a peculiar recommendation.

Such are the extravagancies which have long appeared to me in the character of this lady, whose friendship and resentment I have felt by turns, through the course of many years acquaintance with her; and yet, after all these blemishes and vices, which I must freely own in her, he would do her the greatest injury, in my opinion, who should say she was a great wicked woman. For all that is great and good in her seems to be owing to a true magnanimity of spirit, and a sincere desire to serve the interest of God and all mankind; and all that is otherwise, to wrong principles, early and strongly imbibed by a temperament of body, (shall I so call it?) or a turn of mind, to the last degree enthusiastick and visionary.

It is owing to this, that she never hears of any action of any person, but she immediately mingles with it her own sentiments, and judgment of the person and action, in so lively a manner, that it is almost impossible for her to separate them afterwards; which sentiments and judgment she will relate thenceforward, with the same assurance that she relates the action itself.

If she questions the expediency or lawfulness of any great, hazardous or doubtful un-

dertaking, she pursues the method which, as she says, her grandfather always employed with success: that is, she shuts herself up in her closet, till by fasting and praying the vapours are raised, and the animal spirits wrought up to an unusual ferment, by an over-intenseness and strain of thinking; and whatever portion of scripture comes into her head at such a season, which she apprehends to be suitable to the present occasion, (and whatever comes in such a time is sure to come with a power and evidence, which to such a heated imagination appear to be divine and supernatural) thenceforward no entreaties nor persuasions, no force of reason, nor plainest evidence of the same scriptures alleged against it, no conviction of the impropriety, injustice, impiety, or almost impossibility of the thing, can turn her from it; which creates in her a confidence and industry that generally attain their end, and hardens her in the same practice forever. "She will trust a friend that never deceived her." This was the very answer she made me, when upon her receiving a considerable legacy at the death of a noble relation I urged her to suspend her usual acts of piety, generosity, and charity upon such occasions, till she had been just to the demands of a poor woman, and had heard the cries of a family too long kept out of their money; for how, said I, "should you die and leave such a debt undischarged, will

it be paid, as no one will think himself obliged to pay, after the decease of a person from whom he has no expectations." She assured me she would never die in any one's debt. But how is it possible you should be assured of that, who are forever in debt to so many persons, and have so many occasions of spending your money besides paying your debts, and are resolved to have so many?" Her answer was as before mentioned.

Yet with all this presumption, she died without doing the justice she promised. The event justified her conduct, says the writer above mentioned, if any thing can justify a conduct which reason and revelation must condemn.

Such was this grand-daughter of Oliver Cromwell, who inherited more of his constitution and body of mind, than any of his descendants. This will appear as we read the anecdotes of her life and manners, which may be collected from the writers of those times, and more so from obscure authors, who only relate facts, than from the celebrated historians. Many of them are collected by Noble, who was strangely interested in giving a particular account of every branch of the Cromwell family. Not so much however from the love he bore *them*, or their principles, as from a wish that every thing relating to such an extraordinary family should be furnished to the world.

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It is said that Mrs. Bendish had more of the countenance of her grandfather than any of his children. There are pictures of them to compare. The spirit is frequently displayed in the features, and perhaps contributes to the formation of them. Be this as it may, it is evident that no countenance was ever more dissimilar to a parent than Richard Cromwell to his father. And was there ever a temper more different?

Mr. Say says that Mrs. Bendish had something so majestick in her appearance, that she commanded respect as soon as she came into company.

That she was accustomed to turn her hands also to the meanest drudgeries. She would be with her workmen at the Salt-Works from the earliest time in the morning to the decline of the sun; insensible to all the calls and necessities of nature, and in habit and appearance beneath the meanest of them, and neither suiting her character nor her sex. And then immediately after having eaten and drank to excess of whatever was before her, without choice or distinction, to throw herself down upon the next couch or bed that offered, in the profoundest sleep; to rise from it in new life and vigour; to dress herself in all the riches and grandeur of appearance, that her present circumstances or the remains of better times would allow her; and about the closet of the evening to ride in her chaise or on

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her pad to a neighbouring port, and there shine in conversation, and receive the place and precedence in all companies, as a lady who once expected at that time to have been one of the first persons in Europe; to make innumerable visits of ceremony, business and charity; and dispatch the greatest affairs with the utmost ease and address, appearing every where as the common friend, advocate and patroness of all the poor and the miserable in any kind; in whose cause she will take no denial from the great or rich; rather demanding than requesting them to perform their duty; and who is generally received and regarded by them that know her best, as a person of great sincerity, piety, generosity, and even profusion of charity. And yet, possessed of all these virtues, and possessed of them in a degree above the ordinary rate, a person of no truth, justice, or common honesty; who never broke her promise in her life, and yet, on whose word no one could depend, nor safely report the least circumstance after her.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE OF D'ALEMBERT.

D'Alembert was the son of a celebrated lady of high rank, who, to conceal her indiscretion, caused him to be exposed on the

steps of the church of St. Roch. Here he was found by a poor woman who earned a livelihood by her needle; she adopted him, maintained him by the produce of her labour, and placed him in the college of Montaigu. The young man profited by the instruction he received, so that like Pascal, he made discoveries in Geometry in his fifteenth year. His name soon became known over all Europe, and the learned courted the society of the young student of Montaigu. Such was the fame he acquired by his early talents, that the lady at last began to be proud of having given birth to such a son. His foster-mother had been watched, and consequently the real mother had obtained information concerning the fate of the child, but without contributing towards his subsistence. Vanity brought about what the voice of nature was incapable of effecting. She one day repaired to the college and requested to see the youth. He came. She began a long harangue on the tyranny of prejudice, on the pain she felt at being obliged to forsake him, &c. "I am your mother," said she. "You my mother, madam? You are mistaken; I have no mother but her who took care of me in my infancy." He then turned his back upon her and never saw her more, but continued the affectionate and dutiful son of the sempstress, and repaid her with interest in her old age the cares she bestowed on his childhood.

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[*In a former number we presented our readers with some extracts from the Memoirs of Richard Cumberland. In making a few more selections to gratify those who have not perused the whole of that work, we trust no offence will be given to those who have. It is a luxurious dessert, where the appetite may be feasted without danger of satiety*...Polyanthos.]

CHARACTER OF GEORGE FAULKNER.

'I HAD more than once the amusement of dining at the house of that most singular being, George Faulkner, where I found myself in a company so miscellaneously and whimsically classed, that it looked more like a fortuitous concourse of oddities, jumbled together from all ranks, orders, and descriptions, than the effect of invitation and design. Description must fall short in the attempt to convey any sketch of that eccentrick being to those, who have not read him in the notes of Jephson, or seen him in the mimickry of Foote, who in his portraits of Faulkner found the only sitter, whom his extravagant pencil could not caricature; for he had a solemn intrepidity of egotism, and a daring contempt of absurdity, that fairly outfaced imitation, and like Garrick's Ode on Shakespeare, which Johnson said "defied criticism," so did George in the original spirit of his own perfect buffoonery defy caricature. He never deigned to join in the

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laugh he had raised, nor seemed to have a feeling of the ridicule he had provoked: at the same time that he was pre-eminently and by preference the butt and buffoon of the company, he could find openings and opportunities for hits of retaliation, which were such left-handed thrusts as few could parry: nobody could foresee where they would fall, nobody of course was fore-armed, and as there was in his calculation but one super-eminent character in the kingdom of Ireland, and he the printer of the Dublin Journal, rank was no shield against George's arrows, which flew where he listed, and fixed or missed as chance directed, he cared not about consequences. He gave good meat and excellent claret in abundance. I sate at his table once from dinner till two in the morning, whilst George swallowed immense potations with one solitary sodden strawberry at the bottom of the glass, which he said was recommended to him by his doctor for its cooling properties. He never lost his recollection or equilibrium the whole time, and was in excellent foolery; it was a singular coincidence, that there was a person in the company, who had received his reprieve at the gallows, and the very judge who had passed sentence of death upon him. This did not in the least disturb the harmony of the society, nor embarrass any human creature present. All went off perfectly smooth, and George, adverting to an original por-

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trait of Dean Swift, which hung in his room, told us abundant of excellent and interesting anecdotes of the Dean and himself with minute precision and an importance irresistibly ludicrous. There was also a portrait of his late lady Mrs. Faulkner, which either made the painter or George a liar, for it was frightfully ugly, whilst he swore she was the most beautiful object in creation. In the mean time he took credit to himself for a few deviations in point of gallantry, and asserted that he broke his leg in flying from the fury of an enraged husband, whilst Foote constantly maintained that he fell down an area with a tray of meat upon his shoulder, when he was journeyman to a butcher: I believe neither of them spoke the truth. George prosecuted Foote for lampooning him on the stage of Dublin; his counsel the prime serjeant compared him to Socrates and his libeller to Aristophanes; this I believe was all that George got by his course of law; but he was told he had the best of the bargain in the comparison, and sate down contented under the shadow of his laurels. In process of time he became an alderman; I paid my court to him in that character, but I thought he was rather marred than mended by his new dignity. George grew grave and sentimental, and sentiment and gravity sate as ill upon George, as a gown and square cap would upon a monkey.'

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COMEDY OF THE WEST-INDIAN.

'THE production of a new play was in those days an event of much greater attraction than from its frequency it is now become, so that the house was taken to the back rows of the front boxes for several nights in succession previous to that of its representation; yet in this interval I offered to give its produce to Garrick for a picture, that hung over his chimney-piece in Southampton-Street, and was only a copy from a Holy Family of Andrea del Sarto: he would have closed with me upon the bargain, but that the picture had been a present to him from Lord Baltimore. My expectations did not run very high when I made this offer.

'A rumour had gone about, that the character, which gave its title to the comedy, was satirical; of course the gentlemen, who came under that description, went down to the theatre in great strength, very naturally disposed to chastise the author for his malignity, and their phalanx was not a little formidable. Mrs. Cumberland and I sate with Mr. and Mrs. Garrick in their private box. When the prologue-speaker had gone the length of the four first lines, the tumult was excessive, and the interruption held so long, that it seemed doubtful if the prologue would be suffered to proceed. Garrick was

much agitated; he observed to me that the appearance of the house, particularly in the pit, was more hostile than he had ever seen it. It so happened that I did not at that moment feel the danger which he seemed to apprehend, and remarked to him that the very first word, which discovered Belcour's character to be friendly, would turn the clamour from us, and so far I regarded the impetuosity of the audience as a symptom in our favour. Whilst this was passing between us, order was loudly issued for the prologue to begin again, and in the delivery of a few lines more than they had already heard they seemed willing to wait the developement of a character, from which they were told to expect—

"Some emanations of a noble mind."

Their acquiescence however was not set off with much applause; it was a suspicious truce, a sullen kind of civility, that did not promise more favour than we could earn; but when the prologue came to touch upon the Major, and told his countrymen in the galleries, that

—"His heart can never trip—"

they, honest souls, who had hitherto been treated with little else but stage kicks and cuffs for their entertainment, sent up such a hearty crack, as plainly told us, we had not indeed *little cherubs*, but lusty champions, *who take up aloft.*

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Of the subsequent success of this lucky comedy there is no occasion for me to speak; eight and twenty successive nights it went without the buttress of an afterpiece, which was not then the practice of attaching to a new play. Such was the good fortune of an author, who happened to strike upon a popular and taking plan, for certainly the moral of The West-Indian is not quite unexceptionable, neither is the dialogue above the level of others of the same author, which have been much less favoured. The snarlers snapped at it, but they never set their teeth into the right place; I don't think I am very vain when I say that I could have taught them better. Garrick was extremely kind, and threw his shield before me more than once, as the St. James's evening paper could have witnessed. My property in the piece was reserved for me with the greatest exactness; the charge of the house upon the author's nights was then only sixty pounds, and when Mr. Evans the treasurer came to my house in Queen-Ann-Street in a hackney-coach with a huge bag of money, he spread it all in gold upon my table, and seemed to contemplate it with a kind of ecstacy, that was extremely droll; and when I tendered him his customary fee, he peremptorily refused it, saying he had never paid an author so much before, I had fairly earnt it, and he would not lessen it a single shilling, not even his coach hire, and in that humour he departed.'

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

'IT is a truth not sufficiently enforced, and when enforced, not always admitted, though one of the most useful and important for the government of our conduct, and this it is—that every man, however great in station or in fortune, is mutually dependent upon those who are dependent upon him. In a social state no man can be truly said to be safe who is not under the protection of his fellow creatures: no man can be called happy, who is not possessed of their good will and good opinion; for God never yet endowed a human creature with sensibility to feel an insult but that he gave him also powers to express his feelings, and propensity to revenge it.

The meanest and most feeble insect, that is provided with a sting, may pierce the eye of the elephant, on whose ordure it subsists and feeds.

Every human being has a sting: why then does an overgrown piece of mortal clay arrogantly attempt to *bestride the narrow world*, and launch his artificial thunder from a bridge of brass upon us poor underlings in creation? And when we venture to lift up our heads in the croud, and cry out to the folks about us—"This is mere mock thunder; this is no true Jupiter; we'll not truckle to his tyranny,"—why will some good-natured friend be ever ready to pluck us by

the sleeve, and whisper in our ear—"What are you about? Recollect yourself! he is a giant, a man mountain; you are a grub, a worm, a beetle; he'll crush you under his foot; he'll tread you into atoms—" not considering or rather not caring—

"That the poor beetle, which he trode upon,
In mental sufferance felt a pang as great,
As what a monarch feels——"

Let no man, who belongs to a community presume to say that he is independent. There is no such condition in society. Thank God, our virtues are our best defence. Conciliation, mildness, charity, benevolence—*Hæ tibi erunt artes.*

Are there not spirits continually starting out from the mass of mankind, like red hot flakes from the hammer of the blacksmith? And are not these to be feared, who are capable of setting a whole city—aye, even a whole kingdom—in flames, let them only fall upon the train that is prepared for them? who then will underwrite a strutting fellow in a lofty station, puffed up with *brief authority*, who won't answer a gentleman's letter or allow his visits, when he asks admission? If he had the integrity of Aristides, the wisdom of Solon and the eloquence of Demosthenes, there would be the congregation of an incalculable multitude to sing *Te Deum* at his downfall. He will find himself in the plight of the poor Arab, who made his cream tarts

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without pepper ; for want of a little wholesome seasoning, he will have marred his whole batch of pastry, and is condemned for a bad baker, to the pillory.

A man shall sin against the whole decalogue, and in this world escape with more impunity than the proud fellow, who offends against no commandment, yet provokes you to detest him. I know not how to liken him to any thing alive, except it be to the melancholy mute recluse of the convent of La Trappe, who has no employment in life but to dig his own grave, no other society but to keep company with his own coffin. If I look for his resemblance among irrationals, I should compare him to a poor disconsolate ass, whom nobody owns and nobody befriends. The man who has a cudgel bestows it on his back, and when he brays out his piteous lamentations, the dissonance of his tones provokes no compassion : they jar the ear, but never move the heart.

A certain duke of Alva about a century ago was the most popular man in Spain : the people perfectly adored him. He had a revolution in his power every day that he stept without his doors. The prime minister truckled to him ; the king trembled at him. How he acquired this extraordinary degree of influence was a mystery that puzzled all conjecture—not by his eloquence or those powers of declamation which captivate a mob ; the illustrious personage could not

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string three sentences together in common or uncommon nonsense: wit he had none, and virtue he by no means abounded in; few men in Spain were supposed to be more unprincipled; if you conceived it was by his munificence and generosity, he could have told you no man bought his popularity so cheap, for when the secret came out, he confessed, that the whole mystery consisted in his wearing out a few more hats in the year than others sacrificed, who did not take off theirs so often.

I knew a gentleman, who was the very immediate contrast to this Spanish duke; he was a man of strict morality, who fulfilled the duties and observed the decorum of his profession in the most exemplary manner; in his meditative walk one summer morning he was greeted by a country fellow with the customary salutation—"Good morning to you, Sir!—a fine day—a pleasant walk to you!"—"I don't know you," he replied, "why do you interrupt me with your familiarity? I did not speak to you; put your hat upon your head, and pass on;" "So I will, cried the fellow, "and never take it off again to such a proud puppy, whilst I have a head upon my shoulders"—There never was a hat stirred to that man from that day, and had he fallen into a ditch, I question if there would have been a hand stirred to have helped him out of it.

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ACCOUNT OF ANACHARSIS.

[*From Fenelon's Lives of the ancient Philosophers.*]

ANACHARSIS, a native of Scythia, held a considerable rank among the sages of his time. He was brother to Caduidas, king of Scythia, and Son of Gnurus; but his mother was a Greek. By these means he had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the two languages. He was eloquent, and possessed of much vivacity. He was intrepid; and in every undertaking, inflexibly firm. He was always dressed in a coarse double cloak, and lived on milk and cheese. The style of his harangues was concise and energetick; and, in whatever cause he embarked, as he never yielded, so he always succeeded. His masculine and eloquent manner of speaking became proverbial: so that, when any one imitated him, he was said to adopt the Scythian phrase.

Anacharsis left Scythia in order to settle at Athens. Having arrived in that city, he went and knocked at Solon's door. He desired the person who opened, to tell Solon that he was at the door; and that he came purposely to visit him, and stay with him for some time. Solon sent as a reply, That a man ought to form habits of hospitality in his own country; or at least, where he is some way connected. Upon this Anacharsis entered: "Well," said he to Solon, "since

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you are at present in your own country and in your own house, it is your province to enter into habits of hospitality: commence friendship with me." Then Solon, struck with the vivacity of his answer, consented with pleasure to become the host of Anacharsis: and formed habits of friendship with him, which continued as long as they lived.

Anacharsis was a great admirer of poetry. He wrote in verse the Scythian Laws, together with a Treatise on War. He used to say, that the vine bore three kinds of grapes, pleasure, intoxication, and repentance.

He was very much surprised, that in all the publick assemblies held at Athens, wise men were contented with opening and explaining the business, and that fools were left to decide it. But he could not comprehend how those who *defamed* others should be *punished;* whilst wrestlers and boxers, who *rudely beat* one another, should receive *great rewards.*

Considering attentively one day the thickness of the planks of a ship, "Alas!" cried he, "Those who sail are only four inches from death." What vessel, he was asked, is the safest? That, replied he, which is in port.---He used frequently to say, That a man ought to concentrate the whole bent of his inclination, in acquiring the mastery over his *tongue* and his *belly.*

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When asleep, he always kept his right hand over his mouth, signifying, that there is nothing, to which we ought to pay so much attention as to the government of the tongue. An Athenian one day reproached him, for his being a Scythian: My country, replied he, dishonours me; but you are a dishonour to your country.

Crœsus, who had heard much of the reputation of Anacharsis, sent him an offer of money, and entreated him to visit him at Sardis. Anacharsis sent him the following answer:

"I came to Greece, O king of the Lydians, in order to become acquainted with the literature, the manners, and the laws of the country. I need neither gold nor silver; and, if I return to Scythia a better and more learned man, than when I left it, I shall be satisfied. I shall however visit you, for I put a high value upon your acquaintance and friendship."

Anacharsis, after a long stay in Greece, prepared for his return. Touching at Cyzicus in his way home, he found the inhabitants celebrating with great solemnity, the festival of Cybele, the mother of the mother of the gods. Anacharsis made a vow, that if he returned in safety to his native country, he would there sacrifice to her, and institute the same festival in honour of her. When he arrived in Scythia, he endeavoured to change the ancient institutions of the

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country; and in their room to substitute the laws of Greece. This gave much offence to the Scythians.

Anacharsis one day entered secretly into a thick forest of the country of Hylæa, in order to fulfil, without being perceived, the vow which he had made to Cybele. Holding in his hand a cymbal before a figure of the goddess, in the Grecian fashion, he performed the whole ceremony. He was discovered by a Scythian, who informed the king of it: The king came immediately into the forest, and surprised his brother Anacharsis in the very act. He wounded him mortally with an arrow. Anacharsis immediately expired, exclaiming, "In Greece, where I travelled to learn literature and the manners of the country, I was allowed to remain in quiet; but, in my native soil, envy has been the cause of my death."—Several statues were erected in honour of him by the Greeks.

ANECDOTES OF THE LIFE OF SAMUEL FOOTE.

SAMUEL FOOTE was born about the year 1720. His father was a useful magistrate and revenue officer, and his mother a descendant of the Rutland family. In face and person she was the model of her son the po-

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et, short, square, and with an eye that eternally gave the signal for mirth and good humour. The mind of her son was congenial, and appears to have been greatly influenced by imitating her in that which he admired. His tricks of humour were early displayed: he was educated at one of the principal grammar schools in the city of Worcester. Many stories are told of Foote while a pupil at this school; such as leading scholastick rebellion, blacking his master's face while asleep, forming artificial earthquakes, and others, which did not however prevent him from becoming famous for his classical acquirements.

When at home during a Christmas recess, a man was brought before his father, and charged with a bastard child. After dinner this charge was the topick of conversation. Foote, then between eleven and twelve, said—"I foresee how this business will end, and what the justices will have to say."—"Indeed!" replied his father with surprise. "Well, Sam, let us hear."

The young mimick, then dressing up his face in imitation of Justice D. made a speech in his name, and adopted his phraseology. He next assumed the person of Mr. Justice A. and personated them both with so much humour and discrimination of character, as to set the table in a roar. His father wished to know why he, being of the quorum, was omitted? Foote would

have declined to mimick his father, but being earnestly requested and encouraged, he gave a portrait that was equally faithful.

From Worcester school he was removed to Worcester college, under the care of Dr. Gower, who was the provost. This good doctor was much of a pedant, and pedantry was an irresistible subject of humour to Foote. He is said to have played him many tricks, one of which was that of causing a cow to ring the parish bell at midnight, by means of tying a bunch of hay, at a proper height, to the end of the bell rope, which hung in the outside porch of the church. This alarmed the sexton, the whole parish, and the doctor at their head: spectres were seen walking the church yard, and the alarming demon was at length detected, by catching the cow by the tail in the dark.

Leaving college, he entered himself of the Temple, lived in handsome chambers, enjoyed a well furnished library, and passed through the necessary forms to become a barrister. He is reported, by those who still remember him there, to have been at this time a great beau, and one of the most distinguished wits who frequented the Grecian and the Bedford; two coffee houses that were the resort of young templars, and men of dramatick genius. The Bedford principally laid claim to dramatick criticism, when science bore a much prouder and more just rank, in the circle of literature, than it does at present.

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Dr. Barrowby, a famed dramatick critick of that day, spoke of him, as we are told, in the following terms—"He came into the room in a frock suit of green and silver, bag-wig, sword, bouquet and point ruffles, and immediately joined the critical circle at the upper end. Nobody knew him: but he soon entered boldly into conversation, and by the brilliancy of his wit, the justness of his remarks, and his unembarrassed freedom of manner, attracted the general notice. The buz of the room went round,—'Who is he? Whence comes he?'— which nobody could answer until, a handsome carriage stopping at the door to take him to the assembly of a lady of fashion, they learned from the servants that his name was Foote, that he was a young gentleman of family and fortune, and a student of the Inner Temple."

Here he continued but a few years, yet long enough to exhaust a fortune that was said to be considerable, and sufficient to have made him independent of any profession, had it not been for the dissipation and extravagance of dress, high living, and the gaming table, which impelled him to think of the stage.

He had already made the art of acting a critical inquiry, and when the quarrel of Fleetwood with his actors induced Macklin to collect a company of performers for the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, Foote

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joined him, and on the 6th of Feb. 1744, appeared in the character of Othello. His second attempt was the character of Lord Foppington, in the Relapse. But in both these characters, as well as in that of Pierre in Venice Preserved, he failed. The next winter he engaged himself at Drury-lane Theatre, and abandoning tragedy, in which he found himself unsuccessful, he performed Fondlewife, Sir Paul Pliant, Bays, and others, and met with general applause.

With this however he was not thoroughly satisfied: he was conscious of powers that were fitted for higher pursuits; and, after well considering how to employ them, he determined at once to come forth as author and performer. In the spring of 1747 he opened the theatre in the Haymarket, with a piece written by himself, called The Diversions of the Morning. Several well-known characters were introduced in this comick sketch, and at the latter part of it, assuming the character of a theatrical dictator, he gave a ludicrous exhibition of several of the principal performers. His success was great, but it was interrupted by the alarmed managers of the other theatres, who, under the sanction of an act of parliament, shut up his house. To evade this act he published the following advertisement:

"Mr. Foote's compliments to his friends and the publick, and hopes for the honour of their drinking tea with him at the Little

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Theatre in the Haymarket, every morning, at play-house prices."

The whim and novelty attracted crowds to the theatre, ignorant of what they were to expect, till Foote came forward, bowed, and informed them, "that as he was training some young performers for the stage, he would, with their permission, (while *tea* was *getting ready*) proceed with his instructions before them." This evasion was successful, his wit and humour were irresistible, and he gave tea forty mornings to crowded and splendid audiences.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

MENTORIAN ESSAYS.....No. 3.

"O while ye glory in your youthful prime,
And yield attention to the syren voice
Of praise, in that soft season when the breast
A strange enchantment feels; when pleasure pants
In every vein, and sparkles in the eye
Superfluous health; then *guard your hearts*."

THE importance of female education is the popular cry, from the wife of the poor mechanick, who scrubs up her little girl's face and hands till they shine, and sends her to the parish school to learn A, B, C—to the lady of the monied merchant, who keeps pretty miss in the nursery, to learn manners

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and morals of the maid and her companions of the kitchen, till mamma finds her too well grown, and too uncouth in her behaviour to add grace to her drawing room without some exteriour polish. A French dancing master is then sent for; but it is at last discovered, that in this age of refinement, a young lady must have her *mind* cultivated. A boarding school is sought; these rise thick; the choice perplexes; fixed at last, the young lady progresses, according to her ability, in what may be called the *mechanical part* of education. Here, we will leave her; only observing, that where a great number are taught together, a woman of angelick wisdom or abilities could not attend to the far more important and dignified science of guiding the heart and affections into the paths of virtue.

I now address myself to those who are about quitting the retired shades of academick life; who are preparing for the long anticipated *introduction to company.* Ah, my fair young friends! What scenes of pleasure dance in your imaginations on taking a final leave of all schools! balls, beaux, vows and adoration! the delight of gazing, and being gazed at! The novelty, and consequently the pleasure, of this gay vision will soon subside: newer faces will be introduced, and the swarm of flatterers which surround you, will dance up to them with the same vocabulary of compliments, and if

you have no higher source of amusement, how blank! how piteously mortified will you feel! Before you enter these great assemblies, then, my youthful readers, listen to a few indisputable truths: and first, be assured that in order to enjoy even the pleasures of a ball room, the *mind must be disciplined*. Do not be frightened at the word: by it, I mean no more than to appreciate fairly the chances of probable pleasure and disappointment to be met with, and to resolve to please and be pleased, without considering any of the occurrences of sufficient consequence to create chagrin or disgust.

I was lately witness to the striking contrast exhibited in the behaviour of Julia and Miranda. These young ladies had received from nature and education nearly equal advantages; their parents were wealthy, and indulged their daughters in most of the fashionable amusements of the age: they were neighbours, and had frequented the same schools; in consequence of which, there subsisted a *something* which is usually called *friendship* between them, and being nearly of an age, they had been introduced to company (as the term is) at the same time: but how different was the effect! A lady of their acquaintance, who had a daughter arrived at the eventful age of fifteen, gave a splendid supper and ball. Accustomed to elegance, though new to the occasional brilliance of such an evening, our

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noviciates entered the apartments with perfect ease, and were only amused, not surprised at the dazzling gaiety which surrounded them. Miranda rolled her large dark orbs upon the *astonished beaux*, sweeping her two yards of silvered drapery with an air that seemed to claim adoration from the whole assembly. Julia's blue eyes bent with complacency upon the company, and she returned their civilities with a sweetness that expressed the pleasure she received from their polite attention. While the ladies were resting and receiving refreshments, previous to beginning the voluntaries, our fair heroines retired a little from the rest of the company, to communicate their mutual feelings upon the events of the evening. "Heavens!" exclaimed Miranda, "what a horrid wretch you had for your first partner! In the name of wonder how did you get to the end of the dance with him, for he was horridly ugly, and knew neither step nor time."

"O," said Julia, "that did not vex me at all, for I was perfectly acquainted with the figure and had no difficulty in keeping my partner right; and I'll assure you he was so agreeable when we got to the bottom, that I forgot his bad dancing, and never once thought of his ugly face, as you call it." "You seem mightily pleased," returned Miranda, "but for my part, if they call this pleasure, they may enjoy it all without me, for I declare I am tired to death, and have

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not had one good dance, or agreeable partner, this evening." Julia laughingly said, she was sorry she was so hard to please, and joined the company. In the very first voluntary, Miranda was accosted by professedly the handsomest and most genteel man in the room, and was led to the head of the hall, her fine eyes sparkling triumph and pleasure. It had happened that Julia had carried down one dance, in the beginning of the evening, with this youth, and had found his conversation equally fascinating with his person: she had secretly hoped he might ask her to dance again, when a choice permitted: she had observed indeed that he noticed with some attention, the fine person of her friend; that he even asked her name, and observed that she looked charmingly; to which Julia replied, that he would find her as agreeable as she was pretty. When, therefore, she saw him lead out Miranda, a slight sigh escaped her, but rejoicing, that now at least, the captious girl would be pleased, she cheerfully gave her hand to the first that offered, a smart widower of fifty who was dancing over the new laid grave of an amiable wife, and saying *sweet things* to every Miss of seventeen, whom he could persuade to listen to him. Julia felt a momentary vexation at her ill luck, but recollecting that the trifling, the transient enjoyments of an hour, were not worthy of either serious triumph or regret, and that true plilosophy was

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to catch the fleeting pleasure, and give regret to the winds, she regained her good humour, and made herself very merry at the misplaced gallantry of her partner. Miranda's pride was greatly mortified to hear her elegant companion enquire with seeming interest, the name, family &c. of Julia, and after a laconick answer, she drew up and scarcely deigned to be tolerably civil the rest of the evening. The next day Miranda spoke of the dull, stupid time they had; Julia had been pleased and was happy.

Briar-Hill, Oct. 1806.

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

[*The following scene from "Dr. Faustus," a German tragedy, which was once very popular, and has still many admirers, the reader may be pleased to see. It is a fine specimen of the genuine powers of poetry; which powers ought to be unrestrained. They should be rapid as the passage from good to ill, and remain as unlimited as infinitude itself: for such is the very nature of thought, and especially of poetick thought.*

[*It is known that Faustus,* (or Faust) *long famed as the inventor of the typographick art, was accused by the monks of the practice of magick. He is supposed to be in want of a swift demon, and to begin his conjurations:*

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obedient to his powerful voice, instead of one, seven demons appear.]

SCENE—FAUSTUS *and Seven* DEVILS.

Faus. ARE you seven the most prompt and swift of the spirits of hell?

Om. Yes.

Faus. Not equally so?

Om. No.

Faus. Which is the most?

Om. I.

Faus. Seven devils, and but six liars! A miracle! Let me hear more and know ye better.

1*st Dev.* All in good time! At present we can stay no longer. What is thy demand?

Faus. Thy name; thy degree of promptitude?

1*st Dev.* I could give the proof sooner than the answer.

Faus. Behold! What is my act?

1*st Dev.* Thou hurriest thy finger through the flame.

Faus. It doth not burn. Away! Pass seven times through the flames of hell, without burning! Art thou astound? Devils, I find, can be braggarts: 'twere pity couldst thou not be guilty of the least of vices. (*to the second*) How art thou called?

2*d Dev.* *Chil*, or in thy verbose tongue *The arrows of pestilence.*

Faus. What promptitude is thine?

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2d Dev. My name declares.

Faus. Away! Be the lacquey of physicians; thou art too slow for me. *(to the 3d)* How art thou called?

3d Dev. *Dilla*, or *Borne on the wings of the wind.*

Faus. (to the 4th) And thine?

4th Dev. *Jalla*, or *Swift as the rays of light.*

Faus. Weak wretches, whose prompitude may be expressed by finites.

5th Dev. Cease thy wrath! they're but the messengers of Satan to the material world; we for the world of spirits. Speak!

Faus. How swift art thou?

5th Dev. As thought of man.

Faus. That's something!—The thoughts of man are not all swift: when truth and virtue call, how slow they come—When thou wilt thou canst be prompt; but who shall answer for thy will? No. I'll not confide in thee, more than in myself. Ah! *(to the 6th)* Speak thou! Tell me thy promptitude. How great is it?

6th Dev. As the vengeance of the revenger.

Faus. The revenger! What revenger?

6th Dev. The Omnipotent! the terrible! He that preserves vengeance to himself, for the greatness of the pleasure.

Faus. Devil, thou blasphemest! Dost tremble? Quick, say'st thou, as the vengeance of——his name was on my lips!—here let it not be profaned!—Quick as his vengeance?—Still I live—Still I sin—

6th Dev. That thou liv'st and sinn'st is food for his vengeance.

Faus. Heard I this from a devil? But 'tis the first time——No, no, his vengeance is not swift. Since thou art not more prompt, be gone. *(to the 7th)* Thy rapidity? Speak!

7th Dev. Mortal, hard to satisfy, if mine cannot—

Faus. Speak, I say; How swift?

7th Dev. As the passage from good to ill.

Faus. Ah! Thou art he! As the passage from good to ill! Rapid! Rapid!—Be gone the rest—As the passage from good to ill! I know how prompt it is! Alas, I've proved it. [*Theat. Recorder.*]

FUNERAL RITES.

FUNERAL rites have always been, and are still used by all nations, which shows that the duty of performing them proceeds from an instinct of nature: but sentiment thus impressed by nature on the mind hath been corrupted by the iniquity of mankind, and Paganism overspreading the world, reason, which was darkened, changed this pious duty into superstitious follies: every nation prescribed particular ceremonies, all founded on such wrong notions as each had entertained concerning a future life. The most unnatural custom at funerals was that of killing or

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burning live persons in the funeral piles, and so sacrificing the living in honour of the dead.

The variety of customs at funerals is very extraordinary; we shall first treat of those of the Greeks and Romans, and then of those of the barbarian nations. This was the behaviour used to dying persons. In Greece, when any one was sick, they placed branches of laurel and the thorn tree at his door; the thorn was to chase away evil spirits, and the laurel to appease Apollo, the god of physick, the laurel being sacred to him. Fathers and mothers kissed their dying children, applying their own mouths open to theirs, as if to receive their spirits. They also beat kettles and brass vessels to chase away Demons and evil Genii. Cicero thus describes the former custom. "The miserable mothers passed whole nights at the gates of the prison, not being permitted to give their children the last embrace; they desired only the favour to receive their son's last breath." And Quintillian expresses this custom in the same manner; "I did not sit by my son; I did not help him to rest his head easier; when he was tired, I did not turn him on the other side: I did not receive his last breath."

When the sick person died, they closed his eyes and shut his mouth. Fathers and mothers performed this rite to their children, and their children to them. This was a general custom among the Greeks and Romans.

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as Homer and Virgil frequently acquaint us. Statius says, brothers used to close their brothers' eyes. Flavianus, the bishop, says, in a Sermon of St. Chrysostom, "Our sister desired us to close her eyes and shut her mouth, and perform the other rites of sepulture." And Pliny says it was a very sacred rite among the Romans, to close the eyes of the dead, and to open them again when they were laid on the pile. Some writers pretend that children were forbid to close their parents' eyes, by the law *Mænia*. That law is thus in *Varro*: *Ne filii luci claro sigillent oculos*. But this law ought to be understood in a quite different sense from that they take it in, according to the best lawyers, and signifies that they should not close their father's eyes while he could see; that is (speaking metaphorically) unnatural children should not hasten their father's death, in order to get possession of his estate.

ANECDOTE.

A FAVOURITE NEVER OUGHT TO ABUSE THE FAVOUR OF HIS MASTER.

DUKE D'ALENSON, brother to Henry 3rd of France, and the famous Bussy, his favourite, being in company one day, the former, in merriment, expressed a wish, that they might tell each other their faults with all freedom: Bussy excused himself very modestly

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and "consented that the Prince, as it was in his own power, should reproach him with whatever he could think on worthy of blame during his whole life: that, for his own part, he was not so much deprived of his senses, neither was he so rash and bold to rehearse, though in jest, the faults and imperfections of his master." The duke insisted on what he had proposed, and began with the great reputation Bussy had of being thought a man of courage among the nobility, and adored by the ladies, though the former looked upon him as a coward, and the latter took him to be a cross, ill natured fellow. He was so nettled at it, that without any more ado, he made this sharp repartee. *That if Alenson was Bussy, and Bussy was Alenson, Bussy would not employ Alenson for his dog keeper, he looked so damned ugly and homely.* The duke, incensed to the highest degree, and so much the more because it was a true jest, cried, several times, *Ha! Bussy it is too much, it is too much Bussy;* and though Bussy cast himself at his feet, and represented to him, that it was by his own reiterated order, and that to obey him he had done an extreme violence to himself, he never was afterwards so much in favour as he had been before; but on the contrary, when he was murdered by the count of Montsovreau, who was jealous of him, on account of his wife, it was generally thought that he had first the consent of Henry the 3rd to stab him, and the

approbation of duke Alenson, the king's brother.

It is neither prudent nor safe to provoke great men, for let their persons and administration be what they will, there is still a veneration due to their character and dignity; and injuries, reproaches, or affronts, make so deep an impression on princes' minds, especially if there be suspicion of design in it, that, like letters engraved on marble, they never can be obliterated until the marble is decayed.

GOOD THINGS

FOR THOSE THAT LIKE THEM.

EPIGRAM

ON A BEAUTIFUL SATIRICAL YOUNG LADY, WHO SUDDENLY LOST THE ENAMEL OF HER TEETH.

Not long ago, without defect,
Thy mouth, with rows of pearl bedeck'd,
Did with perfection vie:
But now, ah! sad reverse of fate,
They've lost their bright enamell'd state,
And I can tell you why.

Perhaps you think I cannot tell,
You look so handsome and so well,
And are so full of fun:
But lady fair, I've *seen* the thief,
Who stole th' enamel off your teeth—
The venom of your tongue!

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THE TERMAGANT.

Tom, disputing one day with his termagant wife,
Said, "Doll, you're the torment and plague of
my life;
Not a day can elapse, but, with arguments new,
Some brawl or contention 's occasion'd by you;
Indeed, in your face is most fully display'd
The wicked, ill temper'd, extravagant jade."
"With faults so apparent," in fury, Doll cried,
I'm *surpris'd* you should ever have made me
your *bride*."
"Indeed," replied Tom, "what you say 's very
true.
It is what has *surpris'd* many more besides *you*!"

ANECDOTE OF FOOTE.

An eccentrick barber some years ago opened a shop under the walls of the King's Bench Prison. The windows being broken when he entered it, he mended them with paper, on which appeared, "Shave for a penny," with the usual invitation to customers; and over his door was scrawled the following poetry:

Here lives Johnny Wright,
Shaves as well as any man in England
Almost—not quite.

Foote, who loved any thing eccentrick, saw these inscriptions; and hoping to extract some wit from the author, whom he justly concluded to be an odd character, he pulled off his hat, and thrusting his head

through a paper pane into the shop, called out, "Is Johnny Wright at home?" The barber immediately thrust his head through another pane into the street and replied, 'No, Sir, he has just *popt* out.' Foote laughed heartily, and gave the man a guinea.

THE PARTNERS.

A TALE.

THOSE who the sweets of partnership would know,
May chance to find it out some lines below.

Tom Stiles and Hodge, a little time ago,
Purchas'd a barn, and parted it in two.
Tom fill'd his side with grain still more and more,
But Hodge's half was empty to the floor.
As Stiles was plodding through his ground one morn
Towards this barn, to view the store of corn,
He chanc'd to meet his partner by the way.
Hodge held a lighted faggot in each hand;
Cries Tom surpris'd, and then he made a stand,
"What dost thou want with fire light by day?
God bless thy noddle, I believe it's wood,
And setting fire to that might do it good.
What cursed nonsense art thou hatching now?
Thou always wert a stupid blundering calf,
Witness the barn of which I've fill'd my half;
You ha'nt a grain in all the place I vow."
Says Hodge, "I scorns the thing that is n't right,
I means to bring my measures to the light:
About that barn I wont be call'd a calf;
Is this here land a body does, d'ye see,

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Just as he pleases with his property—
I'll tell a what, I means to burn my half."

A TUTOR at the university was once lecturing a student, and in the course of his lecture, said, "Now I would ask you this one question." After he had repeated it, the student was preparing to answer him; when he interrupted him, and said with the utmost gravity, "Though I ask you a question, I do not mean you should answer it; I mean to answer myself."

LIEUTENANT S—— being extremely ill, and almost dead for want of rest, it was thought expedient to give him an opiate. Whilst it was preparing, his disorder being at a crisis, he fell into a profound sleep. His friend and countryman, Lieutenant A—— P——, who had attended him with the most unremitting care, seeing the state he was in, shook him violently by the shoulder, exclaiming, "Arrah, my good friend, don't be after sleeping now, but wait till you have taken your sleeping stuff!"

EPITAPH,

PUBLISHED IN A NEW-ENGLAND PAPER, 1789.

On the 22d day of December,
A confounded big piece of timber
Fell down—slam bang—
And kill'd poor JOHN LAMB.

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REPARTEE.

ONE day a justice much enlarg'd
On industry—while he discharg'd
A thief from jail.—"Go work," he said;
"Go, pr'ythee, learn some *better* trade,
Or, mark my words, you'll rue it."
"My *trade's* as good," replies the knave,
"As any man need wish to have;
And if it don't succeed, d'ye see,
The fault, Sir, lies with *you*—not me—
You *won't let me pursue it.*"

EPIGRAM.

HIS noggin fill'd three parts with gin,
Tom puts but little water in;
And blam'd for this, the drunken lout
Answers you thus, with looks devout:—
"St Paul (and you'll allow him merit)
Expressly says—'*Quench not the Spirit*'!"

THE GENEROUS CREDITOR.

A BON MOT.

"I OWE you a *drubbing*," cries Frank in a pet:
"Never mind it," says Tim, "*I forgive you the debt.*"

ON THE FIRST TRANSLATOR OF HOMER.

EUROPE is indebted to Leontius Pylatus, who lived in the fourteenth century, for the first translation of the works of Homer; and

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nobody seems to know much about him. If it had not been for Boccaccio, who assisted him in this translation into Latin, we should have not been able to trace even the name of a man to whom the literary world is under so much obligation. He was a Greek—a native of Thessalonica, who taught his own language at Florence, and of whom the author of the Decameron has given the following portrait:

'His look was frightful: his countenance hideous; he had an immensely long beard, and black hair, which was seldom disturbed by a comb. Absorbed in constant meditation, he neglected the decent forms of society, he was rude, churlish, without urbanity, and without morals; but to make amends for this, he was profoundly skilled in the Greek language and Greek literature. Of the Latin his knowledge was but superficial. Aware that 'a prophet hath no honour in his own country,' he called himself a Greek in Italy, and an Italian in Greece. He had passed several years among the ruins of the *Labyrinth of Crete*. Notwithstanding all the endeavours of Boccaccio and of Petrarca to retain this wandering character in Italy, he persisted in his resolution to return to Greece; but scarcely had he set his foot in that country, when he wrote a letter to Petrarca, longer and more filthy than his beard and hair, as the author expresses himself, in which he extolled Italy to the skies, and spoke

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in the bitterest terms of Constantinople. Not receiving any answer, he embarked in a vessel bound for Venice. The ship safely arrived in the Adriatick, when suddenly a storm arose. While all on board were in motion, to do what was necessary to the vessel in this predicament, the terrified Greek clung to a mast which was struck by a thunderbolt. He died on the spot. The mariners and others were in the greatest consternation, but no other person sustained any injury. The body of the unfortunate Leontius, shapeless and half burnt, was thrown into the sea; and Petrarca, in relating this catastrophe to Boccaccio, says, among other things, 'This unhappy man has left the world in a more miserable manner than he came into it. I do not believe he experienced in it a single happy day. His physiognomy seemed to indicate his fate. I know not how any sparks of poetick genius found their way into so gloomy a soul.' [*Theat. Cen.*]

SELECT SENTENCES.

THE country esquire limits his ambition to a pre-eminence in the knowledge of horses; that is, an animal that may convey him with credit, ease, and safety, the little journey he has to go. The philosopher directs his ambition to some well grounded science,

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which may, with the same ease, credit, and safety, transport him through every stage of being; so that he may not be overthrown by passion, nor trailed insipidly along by apathy.

THE principal, if not the only difference betwixt men of honesty and honour seems to lie in their different motives; the object of the latter being reputation; and of the former, duty.

SUPERIORITY in wit is more frequently the cause of vanity, than superiority of judgment; as the person that wears an ornamental sword, is ever more vain than he that wears an useful one.

THE best time to frame an answer to the letters of a friend is the moment you receive them. Then the warmth of friendship and the intelligence received most forcibly co-operate.

THE philosophers and ancient sages, who declaimed against the vanity of all external advantages, seem in an equal degree to have countenanced and authorized the mental ones or they would condemn their own example.

THE making presents to a lady one addresses, is like throwing armour into an enemy's camp, with a resolution to recover it.

PRUDENT men should lock up their motives, giving only their intimates a key.

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THERE is a degree of understanding in women, with which one not only ought to be contented, but absolutely pleased.—One would not, in them, require the unfathomable abyss.

SHINING characters are not always the most agreeable ones. The mild radiance of an emerald is by no means less pleasing than the glare of a ruby.

THE trouble occasioned by want of a servant, is so much less than the plague of a bad one, as it is less painful to clean a pair of shoes than undergo an excess of anger.

RICHES deserve the attention of young persons rather than old ones; though the practice is otherwise.

To consume one's time and fortune at once without pleasure, recompense, or figure, is like pouring forth one's spirits rather in phlebotomy than enjoyment.

THE queen of Sweden declared, 'She did not love men as men; but merely because they are not women.' What a spirited piece of satire!

A MAN that knows how to speak, knows also when to be silent.

To reprehend properly is the most difficult as well as the most needful office of true friendship; for who is it that will not sometimes merit reproof?

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THE MINSTREL.

For the Polyanthos.

SONG.

On the deck, in the silence of night,
I observed the pale moon in the west,
Where the billows reflected her light,
In Fancy's gay visions exprest;
All the woes my fond bosom e'er bore
From remembrance were severed and free,
And I saw not the cloud passing o'er,
Till it figured the emblem of me.

While the cloud was dissolving in air,
Her mild splendour again I discerned;
Not so! (I exclaimed in despair)
Have the smiles of my Anna returned?
As the heavens my love was o'ercast,
But the scene is still gloomy and drear,
For the dark cloud of sorrow, when past,
Left the prospect enshrined in a tear.

MARINERO.

For the Polyanthos.

A PUN.

'O when will you consent to wed?'
A father to his daughter said.
She archly cried, 'Not till I find
A man just suited to my mind:
For now I'm sure I would not give
A Rush for all the men that live.'

COLLINA.

POEMS BY GRAY.

The following little poems, attributed to Gray, but not printed in any of the common editions of his works, have an amatory delicacy and light elegance of fabrick, which, with the Ode on the Spring, of the same author, present him to us in features infinitely varied from those of the majestick poet of the Bard, and the Progress of Poesy, the stern and vehement translator of the Norse and Welsh odes, the solemn moraliser of the Church Yard, the melancholy contemplatist of Eton College, the philosophick votary of Adversity, or even the lively singer of the Long Story. The first was written at the request of Mrs. Speed, to an air of Geminiani, *and the thought taken from the French; the second, which is printed in* Warton's Pope, *was found among the manuscripts of the author.* Theat. Cen.

I.

THYRSIS, when he left me, swore
In the Spring he would return;---
Ah! what means the op'ning flow'r,
And the bud that decks the thorn!
'Twas the nightingale that sung;
'Twas the lark that upward sprung!

Idle notes! untimely green!
Why such unavailing haste?
Gentle gales and sky serene,
Prove not always Winter past!
Cease, my doubts, my fears to move,
Spare the honour of my love.

II.

With beauty, with pleasure surrounded, to languish;
To weep, without knowing the cause of my anguish;
To start from short slumbers and wish for the morning;
To close my dull eyes when I see it returning;
Sighs sudden and frequent, looks ever dejected;
Words, that steal from my tongue, by no meaning connected!
O say, fellow swains, how these symptoms befel me?
They smile, but reply not!—sure Delia can tell me!

FROM THE PORT-FOLIO.

THE MAN WITH HEART AT EASE.

Of me 'tis said—for so they please,
'There see the man with heart at ease;
His manly breast no passions tear,
Bright reason spreads her sunshine there
Not scorched by love's consuming flame,
Nor wasting with some hopeless pain;
On fame intent—with steady rein
He curbs desire—breaks folly's chain;
In honour rich—no mind's disease,
See there the man—with heart at ease.'

Ah!—how deceived is *wisdom's* gaze
How wild she shoots across the maze—
Which love has wove within this heart,
Where griefs unnumbered spring and smart;
This heart—once held the richest prize,
That earth could yield—or fav'ring skies;

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If now her eyes should pierce its gloom,
See ruins there—and peace undone;
How quick the specious tale would cease,
That told the world 'his heart's at ease.'

Some cruel star my youth betrayed,
To wear a yoke, by folly made;
And more disastrous—led me where
An *angel* broke the dream in air:
Oh! yet we loved—her breath was mine,
Her lips, and form and mind divine;
Mysterious change! these joys are gone,
And sudden springs the bosom's thorn;
The erring world nor feels, nor sees,
But idly thinks my heart at ease!

Fame's gilded car for me could shine,
And fortune shower her golden mine,
Domestick bliss around me play,
And all the path of life seem gay;—
Oh! racking thought, the *spoiler* came,
That spectre of the sickly brain;
Proud of his victim, winged a dart,
And, poisoned—sent it to her heart:
Disastrous day!—what since could please!
Or only lull this heart to ease!

Why *memory*, ever busy power,
Dost thou still dwell upon that hour—
When barb'rous *man* to pity dead,
Plucked from its warm, and genial bed,
The fairest plant in nature's store,
And threw it cold on misery's shore:
O cease at length thy cruel skill,
And let his aching breast be still;
To feeling lost—then if it please,
The world may say, 'his heart's at ease.'

Great God! whose love the sparrows sing,
Revive the tender bud of spring;

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From *man* the dying blossom wrest,
And give it back to *nature's* breast:—
And then, fond parent, press once more,
And breathe to life, thy favourite flower;
Retrieve her mind—her health repair,
And be my ****** all thy care:
Too late to heal my fixt disease—
But then I'll die with heart at ease.

[*The following stanzas, extracted from a late English publication, have much merit. The ideas, although in some measure hackuied, are placed in such a point of view, that they meet us with all the charms of novelty.* Weekly Inspector.]

THE COMMON LOT.

Once in the flight of ages past,
There liv'd a man;—and who was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot is cast;
That man resembles thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown;
His name hath perish'd from the earth,
This truth survives alone:

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;
His bliss and wo,—a smile, a tear;
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these were felt by all.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled;

Had friends,—his friends are now no more;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He lov'd,—but whom he lov'd the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb;
O! she was fair, but nought would save
Her beauty from the tomb.

The willing seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Ere while his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

He saw whatever thou hast seen,
Encounter'd all that troubles thee:
He was—whatever thou hast been:
He is—what thou shalt be.

The clouds and sunbeams o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky,
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of HIM afford no other trace
Than this,—THERE LIV'D A MAN!

BALLAD.

CHILL blew the north wind, the ocean loud roaring,
Faint and fatigu'd as the evening drew on,
From a wreck sav'd, a stranger, his fate was deploring,
And the tears flow'd apace as he wander'd alone:
Alas! on the storm-beaten shore broken-hearted,
He sighs, from his dearest friends cruelly parted;

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And now on an isle but by wild beasts, deserted,
With anguish he thinks on the days that are gone.

Friends of my childhood, ye hear not my wailing,
Tremendous the white surges burst on the shore;
O parents so dear!—but 'tis all unavailing,
I die on a land you may live to deplore.
Blest be the hand distrest virtue relieving,
Happy your home, heaven's blessing receiving,
And when this worn bosom the last sigh is heaving,
I'll bless those dear friends I can never see more.

See o'er the billows yon vessel swift sailing,
Bear it, ye winds, where distracted I mourn;
Ah, no! it recedes, and the blue mist prevailing,
Buries that hope, which would murmur return.
With sorrow o'ercome, and the night dull and dreary,
Not one friendly star in the heav'ns to cheer me,
Here I recline on the bank, wet and weary,
From my home, and the sweets of society torn.

Sad was my soul when I left ANNA weeping,
Beauty and worth droop'd, when destin'd to sail:
High on the beach with my fond heart in keeping,
Trembling in tears, she sigh'd "WILLIAM, farewell!"
Memory still lives, and our sweet pastime traces,
But gone is all pleasure, no more my caresses
Shall charm—and no more shall our kindred embrace us,
O friends of my childhood for ever farewell!

Hark! from the wild wood I hear a dire screaming,
Loud it resounds o'er the black-heaving main;

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Wolves and fell tigers, with eyes fiercely gleaming,
Furious descend on the blood-scented plain ;
Save me, ye rocks—to your covert retreating ;
Save a pale wretch these dread spoilers from meeting ;
Hide me awhile—but my heart wildly beating,
Tells me, I'll ne'er see my country again.

Where can I fly, that no savage can chase me !
No safeguard is here like our own cottage door ;
Peril awaits at each step to distress me ;
The mountains and vales are streak'd over with gore.
Then where can I fly ? on all sides the wide ocean—
O ANNA may mourn with the tenderest emotion ;
May sigh, and oft joining in fervent devotion,
May bless him, alas ! she can never see more !"

He ceas'd, agoniz'd with reflection, for never
Again could he visit his dear native vale :
Parted from home, and his ANNA for ever !
Alone, amidst horrour, his lot to bewail,
Heard you that half-stifled groan ? Still how dearly
The image of her, whom he loves so sincerely,
He hugs to his heart—feels the last pang severely
And cries—" O my ANNA, forever farewell !"

ORIGINAL EPITAPH,

On a Man remarkable for a large mouth.

READER, step lightly o'er this sod,
For if he gapes you're gone, by ——!

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ELEGIACK STANZAS ON MYSELF.

BY THOMAS DERMODY.

[*Though we frequently feel astonished at the prematurity of the talents of Dermody, it is frequently mingled, as we turn over the pages of his interesting biography, with something like detestation of his principles and conduct. How much is it to be lamented that a youth who could write such stanzas as the following, should ever have delighted to pass his time in low and vicious company, and practise the arts of meanness and duplicity!*...Mirror.]

To Pleasure's wiles an easy prey,
Beneath this sod a bosom lies;
Let spare the meek offender's clay,
Nor part with dry averted eyes.

O stranger! if thy wayward lot
Through Folly's heedless maze has led,
Here nurse the true, the tender thought,
And fling the wild flower on his head.

For he, by this cold hillock clad,
Where tall grass twines the pointed stone,
Each gentlest balm of feeling had,
To sooth all sorrows but his own.

For he by tuneful Fancy rear'd,
(Though ever dumb he sleeps below,)
The stillest sigh of anguish heard,
And gave a tear to every wo.

Oh! place his dear harp by his side,
(His harp, alas! his only hoard;)
The fairy breeze at even tide
Will trembling kiss each weeping chord.

Oft on yon crested cliff he stood,
When misty twilight stream'd around;

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To mark the slowly heaving flood,
And catch the deep wave's sullen sound.

Oft when the rosy dawn was seen
'Mid blue to gild the blushing steep,
He trac'd o'er yonder margent green
The curling cloud of fragrance sweep.

Oft did he pause, the lark to hear,
With speckled wing the skies explore;
Oft paus'd to see the slow flock near:
But he shall hear and see no more.

Then, stranger, be his foibles lost;
At such small foibles Virtue smil'd:
Few was their number, large their cost,
For he was Nature's orphan child.

The graceful drop of pity spare,
(To him that bright drop once belong'd)
Well, well his doom deserves thy care;
Much, much he suffer'd, much was wrong'd.

When taught by life its pangs to know,
Ah, as thou roam'st the chequer'd gloom,
Bid the sweet night bird's numbers flow,
And the last sunbeam light his tomb.

THE DRAMA.

Unbiassed or by favour or by spite,
Not dully prepossest, nor blindly right... *Pope.*

BOSTON THEATRE.

THE Drama commenced its winter campaign at our theatre on the 13th. The company, though possessed of much useful and respectable talent, has still some deficiencies.

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These will probably be made up when Mr. Bernard arrives with his expected reinforcement. In numbers the present corps can vie with almost any former one. Their names, in order to preserve the impartiality of our critico-theatrical censorship, we shall set down alphabetically :

Messrs.	Mrs.
Barnes,	Barnes,
Dickenson,	Darby,
Downie,	Dickenson,
Dykes,	Downie,
Fox,	Dykes,
Kenny,	Poe,
Milbourne,	Powell,
Morgan,	Shaw,
Poe,	Usher.
Powell,	
Turnbull,	
Usher,	
Warrell.	

Morton's favourite comedy of *Speed the Plough* was selected for the first night's performance. The parts of *Henry* and *Miss Blandford* were filled by Mr. and Mrs. Poe from the Virginia theatres, their first appearance in Boston. Estimating the talents of this couple by comparison, we might say the same characters have been more ably sustained on our boards. A first performance however does not always afford a criterion by which merit may be estimated. Mr. Poe possesses a full manly voice, of considerable

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extent; his utterance clear and distinct. The managers will undoubtedly find him a useful, and the town a pleasing, performer in the Henrys, Charles Stanleys, &c.—Of the talents of Mrs. Poe we are disposed to judge favourably.

Mrs. Dykes, who we recollect made her debut some years since in the *Deserted Daughter*, has returned from Charleston considerably improved, and appeared this evening in *Susan Ashfield*.

Mr. Turnbull from New-York personated *Evergreen*. As a stranger we give him welcome.

Mr. Dickenson makes the most of every thing he undertakes. Gravity and ill-nature vanish at his approach, mirth and good-humour are his constant attendants. We have frequently seen him in *Sir Abel Handy*, and have no cause to wish for a better.

Mr. Usher's *Sir Philip* was much above the customary medium of his performances.

Mrs. Shaw's *Lady Handy* was well. He who gives voluntary advice performs an ungracious task: but we would nevertheless advise Mrs. Shaw to abandon *Lady Randolph*, *Agatha*, &c. and stick to the *Lady Handys*, *Lady Brumbacks*, and *Mrs. Heidlebergs*. She might then regain the favour of the publick at least, which at the close of the last season she seemed to have lost.

Mr. Powell so seldom ventures from behind the prompt-pillar, that he is now hardly

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known as an actor. We were probably indebted to the absence of Mr. Bernard for Mr. P's appearance in *Farmer Ashfield.* It cannot be for lack of talent that he thus immures himself in the green-room: for he certainly "argufied the topick" with ingenuity and feeling, and gave general satisfaction. He may find parts in almost any play filled by men (to say the least) no better than himself. *A bird that can sing*—But "the proverb is somewhat musty."

Oct. 24. *Richard the Third.*

This play was brought up for the purpose of introducing to the publick Master Loring, a youth of Boston aged sixteen years, in the character of Richard. The young gentleman is said to have devoted much of his time to the study of dramatick characters; yet, though he deserves commendation for his present acquirements, he has much more to learn before he can tread the first walks of tragedy. The motions of his hands are by no means easy or graceful; nor is his action always 'suited to the word.' A habit of reeling sideways like the pendulum of a clock, is not only tiresome and displeasing to the eye, but frequently improper. He is too hasty in speaking, and seldom makes pauses of sufficient length; and in making his exits he frequently had a line to speak after he had disappeared behind the wings.

Master Loring undoubtedly endeavoured to imitate the acting of Mr. Cooper, and in

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this he was sometimes successful; and we were sorry to see him copy so closely the greatest blemish in Mr. Cooper's elocution, (if that 'mighty master of the power of speech' can be accused of incorrect orthoepy) which was, an intolerable hissing at the end of certain words terminating in *s*. All these errours however, as well as a heavy indistinct articulation of which he was frequently guilty, may be corrected by industry and proper attention.

Having mentioned only Master Loring's defects, he must not accuse us of insensibility to his merits. Though we much question the propriety of his being permitted to appear in so important a character, yet having made the attempt, we are willing to acknowledge that considering his age and advantages, it was creditable to his judgment and talents. He did occasionally, after almost laying us to sleep with dull recitation, burst forth with fire and energy that excited admiration. When he exclaimed

Was ever woman in such humour woo'd!
Was ever woman in such humour won!

he more than repaid us for his coldness with Lady Anne. His soliloquies were perhaps not the least meritorious parts of his performance, and that beginning with

How many frightful stops would conscience make
In some soft heads, &c.

was impressively spoken. Exultation at the

success of his hypocrisy wes happily expressed in

A crown!
Thou bright reward of ever daring minds,
O how thy awful glory wraps my soul!

His orders to the soldiers,

Come, bustle, bustle—caparison my horse, &c.

were given with an easy familiarity we did not expect from one so young in the robes of royalty. His

Cold drops of sweat hang on my trembling flesh;
My blood grows chilly, and I freeze with horrour,—

justly commanded applause.

In consequence of Master Loring's success the play was given out for a second representation.

Much might be said in favour of Mr. Usher's *King Henry* and Mr. Fox's *Richmond*, for which we have no room.

LONG LOOKED FOR, COME AT LAST.

☞ *Since the preceding account and enumeration of the Boston company was written, Mr. Bernard has arrived from England with*

Mr. Caulfield, *from the theatre Drury-Lane;*
Mrs. Stanley, *from theatres Covent-Garden, Dublin and Edinburgh;*
Signor Cipriari, *ballet-master from Saddler's-Wells, London;*
Mr. Vining, *first singer from the theatre Richmond.*

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THEATRE, NEW-YORK.

Letter from a Correspondent, October 13.

'OUR Theatre opened on Monday last, after a delay of a week or two, owing to the *accouchement* of Mrs. Darley, and the illness of Mrs. Jones.

Mr. Cooper, seeking for merit to adorn his new station, engaged Mr. Fennell for a few weeks, and by way of giving him a brilliant *entré*, ushered him to the publick in the character of crook-backed Richard. This is a part Mr. Fennell is quite unequal to. Mr. F. did not seem in mental power equal to the conception of Richard, and in physical he failed most palpably.

Mr. Cooper played Richmond, and imparted to it a brilliancy which we believe it never before received.

The rest of the characters were ably supported, and the attendants, soldiers, &c. evinced a training and managerial attention, highly creditable to the establishment.

The Prize was the afterpiece, in which Twaits, and Mrs. Oldmixon (beyond all comparison the best *female* singer on the continent) gave full and overflowing content to their audience.

On Wednesday following we had Othello. The Moor by Mr. Fennell; Iago, Cooper; Roderigo, Twaits; Desdemona, Mrs. Villiers. Othello is Fennell's best part. His *size* is here favourable. A man six feet two,

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is a great man. But in addition to bodily requisites, Mr. Fennell brought into the field judgment, discrimination and taste. He even caught fire from his contact with Cooper's wonderful Iago, and in the scenes with him was impassioned.

Cooper's Iago was a masterpiece. His frank and soldierly manner in some scenes, his hypocritical insinuation in others, and his fiend-like malignity in the soliloquies, riveted the attention of the audience upon the character, and in spite of Othello's prepossessing situation, made Iago the hero of the piece.

Twaits was chastely comique, and while he excited the risibility of the audience, avoided every approach to buffoonery.

Mrs. Villiers made an approach to that favour which she deserves.

The afterpiece was The Purse, in which Mrs. Oldmixon as Sally asserted with success her claim to the first rank among the favourites of Thalia.

On Friday a third of Shakespeare's plays drew a third bumper to the theatre—the first part of Henry IV. The King, Fennell; Hotspur, Cooper; Falstaff, Harwood. Hotspur is not a character to afford scope for powers such as Mr. Cooper possesses. Mr. Harwood's Falstaff was the foremost figure in the picture, yet it was far from faultless. The Prize was repeated.

The theatre was again opened on Saturday evening with The Mountaineers and Village

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Lawyer. Bulcazin, Mr. Fennell; Octavian, Cooper; Sadi, Twaits; Kilmallock, Harwood; Roque, Hogg; Floranthe, Mrs. Villiers; Zorayda, Mrs. Placide; Agnes, Mrs. Oldmixon. Such a play, so cast, is a delightful treat.

A periodical work has appeared in Philadelphia, called the Theatrical Censor, edited by Mr. Watts, who promises impartiality, and boasts his freedom from any *dangerous connexions* with actors or actresses, which might warp his judgment from critical justice. We believe that Mr. Watts is thus happily qualified for his censorship. But can he answer for his *New-York* and *Boston* correspondents? *We know them both.* We shall strictly examine their criticisms, and keep in view the motive which we know is the basis of their theatrical opinions. *Fair play's a jewel.*'

LITERARY NOTICES.

Messrs. J. and T. Ronalds of New-York, have now in the press, an elegant and correct edition, in one voloume octavo, of *Walker's Critical Pronouncing Dictionary.* The following is the prospectus offered by the publishers to the publick :—

" The state of polite literature in a nation, may generally be ascertained by the care

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which the well educated bestow upon the cultivation of their native tongue.—To write and speak it with propriety and purity, are attainments both elegant and valuable; while contempt of them is a mark of barbarism in the character of either an age or individual. And in proportion as men of learning become men of taste, they attend not only to the substance and form of their language, but also to the graces of utterance. In the polished countries of Europe, no speaker, who disregards the laws of orthoepy, can hope for the approbation of any but the vulgar. In the United States, English composition is yet in its infancy, and correct enunciation is only beginning to be studied. It is a curious fact, that with less dissimilarity of accent between the extremes of the continent than prevails in Britain between adjoining counties, there are very few instances of right pronunciation to be found, among our best scholars. Nothing can be more grating to an ear, even slightly habituated to the true principles of orthoepy, than the offences which are perpetually committed against them by almost every speaker in publick or private. The solicitude recently discovered and every day increasing, to rectify our errours on this point, indicates advancing refinement; and, in order to accelerate its progress, the publick will shortly be presented with a new, accurate, and beautiful edition of Walker's Critical Pronouncing Dictionary.

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and Expositor of the English Language. Eulogium on this work is unnecessary to those who are acquainted with it. For the information of others, the publishers remark that the basis of it is the magnificent Dictionary of the celebrated Dr. Johnson. But the peculiar excellence of Walker's lies in reducing English pronunciation to such a degree of precision, as to render his work a Standard. The words are all spelled in such a manner as to exhibit the true force of the letters, and enable the eye to co-operate with the ear, in directing the organs of speech. A key to the vowel sounds, simple in its form, and easy to be applied, is at the top of every page. Besides an acute investigation of the whole doctrine of English accent, syllabication, &c. prefixed to his volume, Mr. Walker has annexed to anomalous and dubious articles, disquisitions which display much delicacy and candour of criticism. No man appears to have understood better the fastidiousness of language, or to have treated it with more caution and address. In reprinting this elaborate production, the result of long and patient research into the analogies of the language; and of many years observation of the most accomplished speakers in the desk, in the senate, at the bar, and on the stage; the publishers flatter themselves that they will perform an acceptable service to the American scholar."

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Messrs. I Riley & Co. have now in press and will soon publish, in a handsome octavo volume, price three dollars the life of that celebrated poet and literary character Doctor James Beattie.

Messrs. Wright, Goodenow, and Stockwell have lately published an elegant edition of *Hudibras*, the first edition of that work which has come from the American press.

The same gentlemen have given notice that they intend to commit to the press in a few weeks, the first American edition of the elegant *Letters of Lord Lyttleton, the Younger.*

The first volume of *The Works of the Right Honourable Edmund Burke*, publishing by Messrs. J. West and O. C. Greenleaf, will be ready for delivery in a few weeks.

A new and elegant edition of *Johnson's Dictionary in Miniature* is publishing by W. Andrews, No. 1 Cornhill.

A new edition of *The Iliad*, in two vols. 18mo. is just published by E. Cotton, No. 47 Marlborough-Street.

☞ *A Portrait and Biography of Gen. Joseph Warren will be given in our next.*

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GENERAL WARREN.

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THE

POLYANTHOS.

NOVEMBER, 1806.

MEMOIRS
OF
MAJOR-GEN. JOSEPH WARREN.

IF it be generally thought useful and entertaining to exhibit characters of eminence and worth, those pieces of biography must be peculiarly interesting which bring to our view persons who were alive in the cause of American freedom; and who by their talents and exertions made us an independent nation.

GEN. WARREN claims our attention as the first of that band of heroes who fell in the high places of the field. He was certainly the first of any peculiar distinction; and he was a man whose sagacity and patriotism where equal to his valour. This gentleman was born in Roxbury, of respectable parents, in the year 1740; and in that place receiv-

ed the first rudiments of his education. He entered Harvard College when he was but fifteen years old, and received the honours of that seminary in 1759 and 1762. Having turned his attention to Medical Studies, he was soon qualified for practice, and in the year 1764, when the small-pox spread through Boston, and vast numbers were inoculated, he was among the physicians, who were most eminent in the profession. Had he confined his views to professional business he might have enjoyed the affluence of wealth, with a high reputation. He certainly was happy in the affection of a numerous part of this town, who had the most lively opinion of his humanity and skill. His fine address, as well as his taste for philosophy and the belles lettres, gained him the esteem and regard of the polite and learned, while his frank, open disposition, and obliging attention to persons under various circumstances of human distress, caused him to be greatly beloved by those who tread the humble walks of life. But his mind was too ardent and active to be confined to the duties of a profession, and he was a stranger to the passion of avarice. He soon had an opportunity to show his talents as a fine writer, and also his eloquence and patriotick zeal. These were manifested upon many occasions from the year the *Stamp Act* was passed, to the time of the war which separated the colonies from the parent country. He was

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in the class of *bold politicians*; as they were then distinguished from the *moderate Whigs*. While some made a distinction between internal and external taxes; while many were for sending petition after petition to the foot of the throne; while the generality of the people dreaded a war on account of our want of resources, and the omnipotence of the British nation; he felt superiour to these fears and despised the suppliant tone of of children to mother Britain; he was uniform in his opinion that every kind of taxation was complete tyranny; and it was a common expression with him, that we could fight our own battles, if Great-Britain sent her armies over the Atlantick. He was persuaded that they never would send large armies, in which he would have found himself mistaken had he lived a few years longer; but allowing they made ever so great exertions to conquer America, they could only, in his opinion, destroy the seaports; they would not be able to penetrate into the country; and he said that we ought to make any sacrifices rather than to submit to arbitrary and oppressive measures; and be so mean and pusillanimous as to tremble at the *rods* which would continually be shaken over our heads.

From the year 1768, a number of politicians met at each other's houses to discuss publick affairs, and to settle upon the best methods of serving the town and country.

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Many of these filled publick offices. But the meetings were private, and had a silent influence upon the publick body. In 1772 they agreed to increase their number, to meet in a large room, and invite a number of substantial mechanicks to join them, and hold a kind of *Caucus, pro bono publico.* They met in a house near the North battery, and more than 60 were present at the first meeting. Their regulations were drawn up by Dr. Warren and another gentleman, and they never did any thing important without consulting him and his particular friends. It answered a good purpose to get such a number of mechanicks together; and though a number of whigs of the first character in the town were present, they always had a mechanick for moderator, generally one who could carry many votes by his influence. It was a matter of policy likewise to assemble at that part of the town. It had the effect to awake the *North wind*, and stir the *waters* of the *troubled sea.* By this body of men the the most important matters were decided—they agreed who should be in town offices, in the General Court, in the Provincial Congress, from Boston. Here the committees of publick service were formed, the plan for military companies, and all necessary means of defence. They met about two years steadily at one place. After the destruction of the tea, the place of assembling was known, and they met at the Green Dragon in the

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OF RICHARDSON's NOVELS.

[*Mrs.* BARBAULD *in her elegant account of the life and writings of Samuel Richardson, the celebrated author of Pamela, Clarissa, &c. makes the following ingenious observations on those two beautiful and interesting novels.*]

"THE character of Pamela, so long as her sole object was to resist her master's attempts, is beautifully drawn, with many affecting incidents, and little strokes of nature. It would not be easy to find a prettier picture of low life, in its most respectable garb; and of true English low life. It is such, a people with the delicacy of a virtuous mind, might fall into without any other advantage than a bible education. But the moral of the piece is rather dubious. So long as Pamela is solely occupied, in schemes to escape from her persecutor, her virtuous resistance obtains our unqualified approbation; but the moment she begins to entertain hopes of marrying him, we admire her guarded prudence rather than her purity of mind. Her end in view is an interesting end, and we can only consider her as the conscious possessor of a treasure, which she is wisely resolved not to part with but for its just price. Her staying in his house a moment after she found herself at liberty to leave it, was totally unjustifiable; her repentant lover ought to have fol-

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lowed her to her father's cottage, and to have married her from thence."

Of Clarissa she observes—"The character of Lovelace should have had darker shades; and his death bed scene would have been of greater moral effect, if it had been fuller of horrour. The real moral of Clarissa is, that virtue is triumphant in every situation; that in circumstances the most painful and degrading, in a prison, in a brothel, in grief, in despair, it is still lovely; and if it is seated on the ground, it can still say with Constance—

Here is my throne; kings, come and bow to it.

"The novelist has produced this effect, has performed his office well, and it is immaterial, what particular maxim is selected under the name of a moral, while such are the reader's feelings. If our feelings are in favour of virtue, the novel is virtuous, if of vice, the moral is vicious.—The character of Lovelace, though laboured with great art, is perhaps after all, rather a fancy piece, than a real portrait of an English libertine.

"But Richardson's highest praise is that Rosseau asserts, that nothing was ever written equal to, or approaching it in any language. Diderot commended, and Dr. Johnson gives it the highest applause.

"The writer of these observations," says Mrs. Barbauld, "well remembers a Frenchman, who paid a visit to Hamstead, for the sole purpose of finding out the house in the

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flask walk where Clarissa lodged, and was surprised at the ignorance or indifference of the inhabitants on that subject. The flask-walk was to him as much classick ground as the rocks of Meilleair to the admirers of Rosseau.

"The interval between the publishing the four first and four last vols. of this celebrated novel, was several months, and it is a curious fact, that during that time the author was intreated on all sides to make the conclusion of it happy. Some intreated, others threatened. The veteran Cibber was quite outrageous at the idea of an unhappy termination, and the ladies pleaded, but in vain. To have made a different end the author knew would have spoiled the work."

DRAMATICK BIOGRAPHY.

ANECDOTES OF THE LIFE OF SAMUEL FOOTE.

[*Continued from p.* 175.]

THE actors who had been mimicked in this little piece felt the satire very severely, and made heavy complaints. Of the justice of these complaints, Foote appears to have had but little feeling: and certainly, if none but their defects were imitated, he could not morally be blamed, for he did but lead the publick to a just decision and taste in criticism.

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It may be objected that these performers had merits, and that their merits remained unnoticed, while their failings and absurdities were given with increased effect: But the answer to this is, that they had been accustomed to receive indiscriminate praise; and their very errours obtained the highest degree of applause. Neither were they liable to suffer in pocket; for, whatever might be their mistakes, they were the best actors of their time, therefore not liable to be superceded: or, supposing them to be supplanted by superiour merit, though the individuals would have been to be pitied, the progress of taste must have increased.

Foote replied to them by producing a monologue kind of drama, stating that, instead of suffering them to murder blank verse, and assume characters for which they were unfit, he would endeavour to teach them how they might be more usefully employed.

Quin, from his sonorous voice and mode of speaking, he appointed a watchman.

Delane was supposed to have lost an eye, and was placed as a beggar in St. Paul's Church-yard, exclaiming—"Bestow your charity on a poor blind man!"

To Ryan, remarkable for an uncouth shrill voice, he assigned the office of a razor-grinder.

Mrs. Woffington, though she was elegant of person and had an interesting countenance, sometimes had an unpleasant squeaking tone

of voice ; and to her he gave the office of an orange-woman to the theatre.

Woodward puzzled, him, he said ; therefore, assuming his voice and manner, in Sir Foplin Flutter, he spoke one of his speeches. " Wherever I go, there goes a gentleman ; upon my life, a gentleman ; and, when you have said a gentleman (dropping Woodward's voice and assuming his own) you have said more than is true."

On Garrick, Foote was very severe, especially for his catching mode of pronouncing dying speeches.

He next produced a piece of a similar kind, which he called *An Auction of Pictures*, and with no less success. It contained several well known characters : Sir Thomas de Veil, the famous justice of peace ; Cock, the auctioneer ; and the no less notorious orator Henly.

The Knights, a more regular piece, was his next production. The characters of a trifling story-teller and a prating imbecile politician, were happily drawn ; and, in its first run, it was most whimsically concluded with a concert of cats, to burlesque some of the absurdities which the Italian opera had introduced. In this, the principal performer was a person then well known by the name of Cat Harris, and of whom and Shuter a curious anecdote is related.

At the last rehearsal, Harris was missing ; nobody knew where he lived, and Shuter

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was prevailed upon to enquire. Having heard that Harris lived in a certain court in the Minories, but not knowing the house, Shuter whimsically began a cat-solo, and with such effect that his brother musician presently replied, in responsive notes. "Oh! you are there at last, my friend," said Shuter! "come, come; the stage waits; we cannot begin the opera without you."

This, though attractive for a time, could only be temporary; and a different conclusion was afterwards added to the piece.

In 1748, Foote had a considerable fortune left him, by a maternal relation; and, after living for some time at London in splendour and expence, he went abroad. Here he remained without corresponding with any friends, and there were various rumours concerning him: one that he had been killed in a duel; another that he died of a fever from intemperance; and a third, very malignantly and positively asserted, he had been hanged. These tales he disproved by his arrival in London, in 1752. This last fortune being the third that had been left him, he chose the following motto for his carriage: *Iterum, iterum, iterumque.*

His first production in the following year was the comedy of *Taste*, in two acts; in which he severely satirized the ignorant pretenders to virtú: but, as the subject was not sufficiently popular, its success was not very great. It appeared at Drury-lane theatre,

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and the prologue was written and spoken, in the character of an auctioneer, by Mr. Garrick.

His next piece was *The Englishman in Paris*, performed at Covent-Garden theatre, March 24, 1753, for the benefit of Macklin, and in the bills of the day was called "An Answer to a French Farce called the Frenchman in London." Macklin personated Buck, and Lucinda was expressly written for Miss Macklin, where she exhibited her accomplishments in musick, singing, and dancing, in all of which she excelled.

The first publick appearance of Foote, after his return from the continent, was in November, 1753, in the character of Buck; and the following prologue, written for him by Garrick, will at once prove diverting and historical;

PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. FOOTE.

Amongst the matters that occasion prate,
Ev'n I sometimes am matter for debate:
Whene'er my faults or follies are the question,
Each draws his wit out, and begins dissection.
Sir Peter Primrose, smirking o'er his tea,
Sinks from himself and politicks, to me.
"Paper! boy."—"Here, Sir, I am."—"What news to day?"
"Foote, Sir, is advertised."—"What! run away?"
"No, Sir; he acts this week at Drury-lane."
"How's that? (cries feeble *Grub*): Foote come again?

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I thought that fool had done his devil's dance:
Was he not hang'd some months ago in France?"
Up starts *Mac-bone*, and thus the room harangued:
"'Tis true, his friends gave out that he was hang'd;
But to be sure, 'twas all a hum; *becase*
I've seen him since; and after that disgrace
No *Jontleman* would dare to show his face."
To him replied a sneering bonny Scot,
"You reason right, my friend; hang'd he was not;
But neither you nor I can tell *how soon* he'll gang to pot."

Thus each, as fancy drives, his wit displays:
Such is the tax each son of folly pays.
On this my scheme they many names bestow:
"'Tis fame:"—"'Tis pride:"—nay worse,
"the pocket's low."
I own I've pride, ambition, vanity;
And, what's more strange than these, perhaps you'll see
(Though not so great a portion of it) *Modesty*.
For you I'll curb each self-sufficient thought,
And kiss the rod whene'er you point the fault.
Many my passions are, though one my view;
They all concentre in the pleasing you.—

Soon after this period, various bickerings happened between Macklin and Foote; in which the wit and humour of Foote turned the laugh against his opponent, who replied, by abuse that was false, coarse, and illiberal: but this altercation, like most others, was dishonourable to both parties. Foote wrote a piece, on the occasion, called

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The Inquisition; and Macklin replied as an orator, in his own coffee-house, in which he was a bankrupt in January, 1755.

The next piece that Foote gave the publick was *The Englishman returned from Paris*; the plot of which he was accused of having purloined, from Mr. Murphy. The latter gentleman was then rising into notice, and, being very intimate with Foote, informed him of his intention to write a sequel to the Englishman in Paris, and gave a developement of his plan and characters. Foote, it is asserted, secretly determined to make them his own, and on Murphy's materials finished a piece of two acts so rapidly, that it was brought out at Covent-garden theatre early in February, 1756.

That Murphy thought himself injured is certain, since in his own piece of the same title, which came out afterward, some doubts being raised as to the indentity of Sir Charles Buck, he makes Sir Charles reply, "Oh yes, I grant there has been an impostor about town, who with much ease, familiarity and assurance has stolen my writings, and not only thus treacherously robbed me, but impudently dared to assume my very name even to my face. But I am the true Sir Charles Buck, I can assure you."

Of the truth of this accusation, and of the degree of turpitude, if any, which belonged to Foote, it would be difficult now to deter-

mine : nay, perhaps, it would have been difficult for the parties themselves. The charge of plagiarism is generally a very nice one, and of the plagiarism committed from conversation it would be temerity to decide.

In 1757, *The Author*, a piece of two acts, by Foote, appeared at the theatre, Drury-lane. In this piece Mr. Aprice, under the title of Cadwallader, was personated with great humour and effect. At first Mr. Aprice laughed, perhaps unconscious that it was himself, at his own portrait : but the piece had so great a run, and the application of the satire to himself became so general, that he heard the name of Cadwallader whispered in his ear in all publick places. He therefore applied to the duke of Devonshire, then lord chamberlain, and obtained the suppression of the piece.

AFFECTION AND AVERSION.

Affection and aversion, as distinguished from passion on the one hand, and on the other from original disposition, are, in reality, habits respecting particular objects. The pleasure of social intercourse with any person must originally be faint, and frequently reiterated, in order to establish the habit of affection. Affection thus generated, whether it be friendship or love, seldom

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swells into any tumultuous or vigorous passion; but is, however the strongest cement that can bind together two individuals of the human species. In like manner, a slight degree of disgust often reiterated with regularity, grows into the habit of aversion, which commonly subsists for life.

Objects of taste that are delicious, far from tending to become habitual, are apt by indulgence, to produce satiety and disgust: no man contracts a habit of sugar, honey, or sweetmeats, as he doth of tobacco.

Dulcia non ferimus; succo renonamur amaro.
Ovid art Amand. b. 3.

Insipido é quel dolce, che condito
Non é di qualch omaro, e tosto satia.
Aminta di Tasso.

These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die. The sweetest honey
Is loathsome in its own deliciousness,
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore love moderately, long love doth so;
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.
Romeo and Juliet, act 2, sc. 6.

The same observation holds with respect to all objects, that being extremely agreeable, raise violent passions: such passions are incompatible with a habit of any sort, and, in particular, they never produce affection or aversion: a man who, at first sight, falls violently in love, has a strong desire of enjoy-

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ment but no affection for the woman. A man who is surprized with an unexpected favour, burns for an opportunity to exert his gratitude, without having any affection for his benefactor; neither does desire of vengeance, for an atrocious injury, involve aversion.

Violent love, without affection, is finely exemplified in the following story. When Constantinople was taken by the Turks, Irene, a young Greek of illustrious family, fell into the hands of Mahomet 2d. who was at that time in the prime of youth and glory. His savage heart being subdued by her charms, he shut himself up with her, denying access even to his ministers. Love obtained such an ascendant, as to make him frequently abandon the army and fly to his Irene. War relaxed, for victory was no longer the monarch's favourite passion. The soldiers, accustomed to booty, began to murmur, and the infection spread even among the commanders. The Basha Mustapha, consulting the fidelity he owed his master, was the first who dared acquaint him of the discourses, held publickly, to the prejudice of his glory.

The sultan after a gloomy silence formed his resolution. He ordered Mustapha to assemble his troops next morning, and then with precipitation, retired to Irene's apartment. Never before did that princess appear so charming; never before did the prince bestow so many warm caresses. To

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give a new lustre to her beauty, he exhorted her women, next morning, to bestow their utmost care on her dress. He took her by the hand, led her into the middle of the army, and pulling of her veil, demanded of the Bashas, with a fierce look, whether they had ever beheld such a beauty? After an awful pause, Mahomet with one hand laying hold of the young Greek by her beautiful locks, and with the other pulling out his scimitar, severed the head from the body at one stroke. Then turning to his grandees, with eyes wild and furious, "This sword," said he, "when it is my will, knows how to cut the bands of love." [*Mirror.*]

BEAUTIES OF THE DRAMA.

[*In reading the following extract from the* "Nice Valour; or the Passionate Madman," *of Beaumont and Fletcher, our readers we think will often smile at the philosophy of* Lapet, *who could take all kinds of blows without resentment, and at the* nice valour *of* Shamont, *who thought his honour greivously wounded by the touch of a switch.*]

ENTER LAPET.

Lapet. I HAVE been ruminating with myself,
What honour a man loses by a kick.
Why, what's a kick? the fury of a foot,
Whose indignation commonly is stamp'd

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Upon the hinder quarter of a man,
Which is a place very unfit for honour;
The world will confess so much.
Then what disgrace, I pray, does that part suffer,
Where honour never comes? I'd fain know that.
This being well forc'd, and urg'd, may have the pow'r
To move most gallants to take kicks in time,
And spurn out the duellos out o' th' kingdom.
For they that stand upon their honour most,
When they conceive there is no honour lost,
(As, by a table that I have invented
For that purpose alone, shall appear plainly,
Which shews the vanity of all blows at large,
And with what ease they may be took of all sides,
Numbering but twice o'er the letters *Patience*,
From P. A. to C. E.) I doubt not but in small time
To see a dissolution of all blood shed,
If the reformed kick do but once get up:
For what a lamentable folly 'tis,
If we observ't, for every little justle,
Which is but the ninth part of a sound thump,
In our meek computation, we must fight forsooth;
Yes!—If I kill, I'm hang'd; but if I be kill'd myself,
I die for't also. Is not this trim wisdom?
Now for the con, a man may be well beaten,
Yet pass away his fourscore years smooth after.
I had a father did it; and to my power,
I will not be behind him.

Enter SHAMONT.

Sham. Oh, well met.

Lapet. (aside) Now for a pinch or two! I look for't duly.

Sham. I've been to seek you.

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Lapet. Let me know your lodging, Sir.
I'll come to you once a day, and use your pleasure, Sir.
Sham. I'm made the fittest man for thy society!
I'll live and die with thee. Come, shew me a chamber!
There is no house but thine, but only thine,
That's fit to cover me. I've took a blow, sirrah.
Lapet. I would you had, indeed! Why, you may see, sir,
You'll all come to't in time, when my book's out.
Sham. Since I did see thee last, I've took a blow.
Lapet. Poh, Sir, that's nothing! I ha 'took forty since.
Sham. What, and I charged thee thou shouldest not?
Lapet. Ay, Sir,
You might have charged your pleasure; but they would giv't me,
Whether I would of no.
Sham. Oh, I walk
Without my peace: I've no companion now!
Prithee resolve me, (for I cannot ask
A man more beaten to experience,
Than thou art in this kind) what manner of blow
Is held the most disgraceful, or distasteful?
For thou dost only censure 'em by the hurt,
Not by the shame, they do thee; yet, having felt
Abuses of all kinds, thou mays't deliver,
Though't be by chance, the most injurious one.
Lapet. You put me to't, Sir; but to tell you truth,
They're all as one with me, but little exception.

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Sham. That little may do much; let's have it from you.

Lapet. With all the speed I may. First, then, and foremost,
I hold so reverently of the *bastinado*, Sir,
That if it were the dearest friend i' th' world,
I'd put it into his hand.

Sham. Go to! I'll pass that then.

Lapet. You're the most happy, Sir; would I were past it too.
But being accustom'd to't, it is the better carried.

Sham. Will you forward?

Lapet. Then there's your *souse*, your *wherit*, and your dowst,
Tugs on the hair, your bob o'the lips, a whelp on't,
I ne'er could find much difference. Now your *thump*,
A thing deriv'd first from your hemp beaters,
Takes a man's wind away most spitefully;
There's nothing that destroys a cholick like it,
For't leaves no wind i' th' body.

Sham. On, Sir, on!

Lapet. Pray give me leave; I'm out of breath with thinking on't.

Sham. This is far off yet,

Lapet. For the *twinge* by the nose,
'Tis certainly unsightly, so my table says,
But helps against the head ach, wondrous strangely.

Sham. Is't possible!

Lapet. Ah, your *crush'd nostrils* flakes your opilation,
And makes your pent powers flush to wholesome sneezes.

Sham. I never thought there had been half that virtue
In a wrung nose before.

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Lapet. Oh, plenitude, Sir.
Now come we lower, to our modern kick,
Which has been mightily in use of late,
Since our young men drank coltsfoot; and I grant you
'Tis a most scornful wrong, 'cause the foot plays it.
But mark again, how we that take't requite it
With the like scorn, for we receive it backward;
And can there be a worse disgrace retorted?
Sham. And is this all?
Lapet. All but the lug by the ear,
Or such a trifle.
Sham. Happy sufferer!
All this is nothing to the wrong I bear.
I see the worst disgrace, thou never felts't yet.
It is so far from thee thou canst not think on't;
Nor dare I let thee know it, 'tis so abject.
Lapet. I would you would tho', that I might prepare for't!
For I shall ha't at one time or another.
If't be a *thwack*, I'll make account of that:
There's no new fashioned swap that e'er came up yet,
But I've the first on 'em, I thank 'em for't.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

Lucubrations of Nehemiah Notional.

N°. 1.

Quid prohibet jocose veritatem loqui.

To the Editor of the Polyanthos.

As introduction usually precedes acquaintanee, you may reasonably expect some account of me and my scribbling qualifications.

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Modesty prevents my telling you how kind dame nature has been to me; how sedulously, I had almost said succesfully, I have courted improvement. I think however that I shall secure a sufficient degree of respect, when I mention, that I have some of the pure Notional blood in my veins. For you must know that the Notional family is very ancient, very numerous, and pretty respectable. We boast of ancestors, who have supported the first characters on this theatre of action; men whose names will be celebrated till the sound of fame yields to that voice, which will announce the end of time to the inhabitants of the grave.

You may wonder that you have never seen our family name in the history and biography of the good, the learned and the great. The fact is, there are many Notionals, who have never openly assumed the name. Some few have indeed hinted that they were distantly related to the family; and others claimed slight acquaintance with us. But in general we have been neglected by our nearest connections. Heaven be praised, the name does not change the nature. An impartial view of the actions and writings of men renowned for their wisdom, piety and patriotism, must convince you that they were truly Notionals.

There are certain traits, which distinguish our family from every other, and which cannot escape observation. You will understand

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what these traits are, when I mention that most of the splendid theories, which have graced, or as some pretend to say, disgraced, the pages of "natural philosophy" originated in the fertile brains of the Notional family. Our poets too have usually expressed their exquisitely refined ideas in such excessively delicate language, that common sense pronounces them to be rhapsodists and their effusions nonsensical.

To the visionary schemes of its statesmen is our family principally indebted for immortality. 'Tis true that when the opinion of Experience was asked concerning them, she plainly declared, that there were many obstacles and prejudices, which must be removed before they would be practicable. She observed rather sneeringly that 'though men may be capable of perfection, they certainly are not perfect according to our notions, since being long accustomed to the blessings of civilization, they are not anxious to return to a state of nature. And if ease should ever make them insolent, unruly, and immoderately fond of that liberty which consists in power to trample talents and virtue under foot, I shall endeavour to prove the importance and necessity of government and subordination.'—Their projects are certainly worthy of *admiration*, the opinion of Experience notwithstanding ! !

There has been some difference in our family concerning religion. Many of us maintain

that religion consists in a firm belief of incomprehensible mysteries; of doctrines most uncomfortable; doctrines, which make us mere machines in the hands of a capricious, arbitrary tyrant; doctrines, which teach us that the end of our existence is to merit damnation, and that we must necessarily and involuntarily pursue this end. Yet, strange to tell, though the creed of this part of the family is very long, the list of their good deeds is very short. In fact they employ all their time in making, amending, and defending articles of belief. Such is their attachment to faith, that they entirely neglect hope and *charity*. Hope to them is superfluous, for they are *sure* of salvation, and charity would be a mere sacrifice of this world's good without increasing *their* happiness in another.

There are others however whose faith is rather too charitable, who think that the classing of society into good and bad, virtuous and vicious is most absurd; who believe all are equally entitled to salvation, all certain of obtaining it. This class includes the dissipated and profligate part of our family, those who really dislike the restraint of religion, yet dare not openly renounce it.

Others again pretend to despise all religion, to worship no deity but chance. These are arrant cowards, who *dare* not look reason in the face; execrable wretches, who have so long insulted religion by their conduct, that they are obliged to load her with abuse in self justification.

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Thus you see the Notional family forms a most heterogeneous mass. Though most of its members are evidently united in a decided contempt of reason, in a rooted aversion to common sense.

After what I have said, you may not consider my connection with the Notionals as a recommendation. But suspend your judgment awhile, you yourself may be more nearly related to them than you imagine or will allow.

Were humanity exempt from the many weaknesses, to which it is now subject, our family would gradually dwindle and perhaps become extinct. But since our natures bear the stamp of imperfection, there always will be Notionals, wherever there are men. We view men and actions with a jaundiced eye. We imbibe prejudices without reason, support opinions, which contradict facts. Some are so foolish that they cannot think, others so wise that they will not. These weaknesses have operated ever since the days of Adam to increase and multiply the Notional family.

As I presume your respect for the Notionals is not excessive, I will entrust you with my strange design. The object of these "lucubrations" is to diminish the number and lessen the influence of my own family. Tho' I am but a mouse I will attempt to do the lion service. L. . .

Boston, Nov. 16, 1806.

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COWPER's HOMER.

For the Polyanthos.

Mr. Editor,

I send you two short extracts from Cowper's Translation of Homer, which may perhaps afford amusement to some of your readers as they have done to me. The first is the celebrated night scene at the conclusion of the *eighth Iliad*. The second is a passage which, if I recollect right, Mr. Pope never attempted, or at least never published in his Translation. X. Y.

Big with great purposes and proud they sat,
In even ranks and watched their numerous fires.
As when around the clear bright moon, the stars
Shine in full splendour, and the winds are hushed,
The groves, the mountain tops, the headland heights
Stand all apparent, not a vapour streaks
The boundless blue, but æther open'd wide,
All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheer'd.

Prayer.

Prayers are Jove's daughters, wrinkled, lame, slant eyed,*
Which though far distant yet with constant pace

*Wrinkled, *because the countenance of a man, driven to prayer by a consciousness of guilt, is sorrowful and dejected.* Lame, *because it is a remedy to which men recur late and with reluctance.* And slant eyed, *either because in that state of humiliation they fear to lift their eyes to heaven, or are employed in taking a retrospect of their past conduct.*

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Follow Offence. Offence, robust of limb,
And treading firm the ground, outstrips them all,
And over all the earth before them runs
Hurtful to man. They following heal the hurt.
Received respectfully when they approach,
They help us and our prayers hear in return.
But if we slight and with obdurate heart
Resist them, to Saturnian Jove they cry
Against us, supplicating that Offence
May cleave to us for vengeance of the wrong.

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

ANALECTA.....No. I.

VARIETY.

VARIETY is a spice, which gives the principal flavour and zest to almost every scene and situation of life. The drawling monotony of a dull preacher, or the ceaseless bawl and rant of a bad player, is scarcely more insipid, and disgusting, than the continual repetition of the same objects, the same scenes, and the same unvarying occupation. Were not the pursuits of life enlivened by variety, the mind would sink into languor, listlessness and indolence; and like the stagnant pool, would send forth nothing, save the fogs of spleen and discontent. Hence it is that we rather prefer the scenery of nature, wild, native and romantick, than when she is decked in all the beauty and elegance of art. Hence

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it is that many readers are more often pleased with short and entertaining extracts, and detached sentiments and observations, than with more lengthy and elaborate productions. They are like well executed paintings, the eye glances with pleasure and satisfaction from picture to picture, which though separate and different, yet serve their purpose, to gratify and delight by variety. And happy shall we be if in the new walk we have chosen, we should be able in any degree to give pleasure and entertainment to our generous patrons.

PARIS.

THE following curious, humorous, and it has been said, just description of Paris, forms a part of a letter written by an "English traveller" at Paris, and addressed to the Countess of Bristol, 1780.

Madam,

What is Paris? There never was a man who could answer that question. Had I the hundred mouths, the hundred tongues, and the iron voice, mentioned by your favourite poets, Homer and Virgil, I could not reckon the half of its virtues, of its vices, or of its absurdities. What is Paris? It is an assemblage of contradictions, a tissue of horrours and delights, both rendered more striking by their proximity. It is a country full of giddiness, and profoundness, of great simplicity and extravagant pretensions. The con-

trasts would be endless. Here a veteran grown grey in the service, and bearing in his bosom the proof of his bravery, walking in a publick garden in woollen stockings, by the side of an opera girl sparkling with diamonds. There a dancing master in a brilliant chariot, laughing at an author, whom he has just splashed. Here an old Massalina, purchasing the caresses of some male prostitute. And there a foreign prince exulting in the chains of a theatrical princess. What is Paris? It is a vast, ugly, and shapeless city, full of wonders; it is the Athens of Europe; it is the epitome of the universe. It is, Madam, in a word, a country where there is little genius, much wit, much taste, and an infinite number of pretty women, but where there is not a shape so perfect as your Ladyship's.

BURKE.

THE splendid eloquence of Mr. Burke, has often been the theme of praise, and his great merit as a writer and orator not only eulogized by his friends but his enemies. Mr. Hall, in his "Apology for the freedom of the the press," although his political adversary, yet disdaining to detract from merit through the malevolence of party motive, with the pencil of truth sketches his character in the following animated manner.

"He is a writer of the most splendid and unequal powers; the fascination and magick of his eloquence cannot be withstood. His

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imperial fancy has laid all nature under tribute, and has collected riches from every scene of creation, and every walk of art. His images are so select, so rich with colours dipt in heaven, that whoever can read his works without rapture, may have merit as a reasoner, but must resign all pretensions to taste and sensibility."

GOLDSMITH.

To decry ancient literature, as some have done, is a vain and ridiculous attempt. Those mighty and lasting works of genius are the founts from which have flowed many, if not most, of those beauties and excellencies, which now adorn English literature. And indeed though many moderns by the energies of native genius have produced works which claim our admiration and applause; yet that genius was enlightened by the rays of ancient literature, and spurred forward to the pursuit of fame by the great examples of Greece and Rome. The obligations we owe them may be seen in many pages of our most original writers. As a strong proof of the foregoing observations, we cite Dr. Goldsmith. No one is a greater admirer of his writings than I am. Yet I must confess the following example seems to me to come nearer to a free translation, than an allowable imitation.

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As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale and *midway leaves the storm*;
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

——————— *ut altus* Olympi
Vertex, qui spatio *ventos hiemesque relinquit*,
Perpetuum nulla temeratus nube serenum,
Celsior exsurgit *pluviis*, auditque ruentes
Sub pedibus nimbos, et rauca tonitrua calcat.
Sic patiens animus per tanta negotia liber
Emergit, similisque sui; justique tenorem
Flectere non odium cogit, non gratia suadet.
Claudian.

"A passage exquisitely moral and sublime."

Stat *sublimis apex, ventosque imbresque serenus*
Despicit. Statius' Theb.

THE following lines from the Æschylus of Mr. Potter is an admirable description of the transitory nature of our joys and pleasures, against which the most wise and prudent are not always prepared, and which they are frequently unable to withstand—

For goodness, whose enclosure is but flesh,
Holds out oft times but sorrily.

This is the state of man; in prosperous fortune,
A shadow passing light, throws to the ground
Joy's baseless fabrick; in adversity
Comes malice with a spunge moistened in gall,
And wipes each beauteous character away.

MODERN philanthropy has been excellently described under the figure of an allegori-

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cal personage, who is so busily employed in searching for distant objects of distress, that she stumbles over a pilgrim that comes to solicit immediate assistance.

For the Polyanthos.

MOORE's POEMS.

Quicquid asperius dictum est, indictum esto.

"Moore *murmurs* half his verses through,
And when I read I *murmur* too."

The fascination of this man's poetry may have enchanted many, his glowing descriptions more, and both united may have made his faults undiscernable amid the beauty, richness, melody and brilliancy of a most musical versification. But his muse is the spirit of some Grecian Lais or Aspasia. He is a good artist in his way, but he is more pleased to imitate the naked graces of a Venus de Medicis, than the athletick and manly fibre of a Hercules.

I am neither a whining moralist nor a snubbing sectary, as his admirers say his accusers are; neither would I wish to have any work condemned, which possesses the spirit of genuine poetry. Yet, when a man like Moore, who possesses a glowing and fertile imagination, happy command of language, classical knowledge, and considerable literary

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attainments, protrudes upon the world works from which the eye of modesty turns with disgust, we cannot conceal our displeasure. It is in vain to attempt to screen him, by citing the examples of Catullus, Horace, Shakespeare, Prior, or even Pope himself. They wrote to please a luxurious age or a bad taste, an age when the refinement of morality had not introduced that purity of thought and expression, which so eminently distinguish many of the most elegant of modern compositions. Who will pretend to doubt, that many of the poems of Horace and Catullus are worthier of a brothel than the library of a student. The indecency of Shakespeare is notorious. Prior indeed wrote with ease, and prettiness, and harmony; but it was to please the taste of the age. As to Pope he seldom committed himself, except when he either translated Ovid or imitated Chaucer. What difference is there whether vice be decked in all the gorgeous apparel imagination can bestow, or dressed in her own native deformity? There is no difference except in the mere outward decoration; the substance remains the same, and the man of purity will be as much disgusted with the one as the other.—And thus it is with Moore. Strip his pieces of their gaudy covering, and what have you left?—absolute indecency.

That Moore has poetical talents no one will pretend to deny, but by their application he has debased them. The flashings of his

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genius have misled him, and he is rather pleased with the charms of a luxurious fancy, than with the chaste elegance of a pure taste. His poems certainly possess harmony, a smooth flow of generally apt and well chosen words, and are enriched with many beautiful figures. He has also in one or two instances risen even to sublimity. But he is too much enamoured of points, conceits, and epigrammatical expressions. Many of his pieces are a mere chaos of words; you grope in vain for sense and meaning, and though his melodious jingling pleases the ear, the mind is left unsatisfied and unfilled. His compositions are likewise marked by excessive refinement, and an affectation of simplicity, which too often descends to insipidity. As to his descriptive pieces they bear no mark of being the real pictures of nature. Nature is simple though sometimes exceedingly beautiful, but possesses none of those glowing colours, those fairy like scenes attributed to her by Mr. Moore. As to his satire, it may for aught I know be in some measure just. But for a man to pass with such hasty strides through this country as he did, and yet to pour out so much ridicule and abuse, is not the mark of a gentleman or man of candour, but of a mind contracted, pragmatical, and censorious. In the productions dedicated to friendship he is glowing, ardent, and apparently sincere; but as to his descriptions of love, he appears to have little nature, and

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still less purity ;—for it is mere libertinism, dressed in all the luscious luxury of a warm imagination.

In fine, we declare that the man, who can coolly and deliberately say, that such productions deserve the applause and commendation of the publick, ought rather to have lived in the vicious and debauched age of a Nero, than in an age, and under a religion which commands not only purity of action but purity of thought. * * *

FOR THE POLYANTHOS.

CONTEMPLATOR....No. 5.

The fame acquired by Mr. James Graham gives interest and success to every thing which bears his name. Among modern contenders for poetical renown he hath riseu superiour ; and his "Sabbath" will doubtless long preserve his name from oblivion, if not give it the stamp of immortality. His last publication, "The Birds of Scotland," has detracted in no degree from his merit, and although not so regular and original as the Sabbath, yet possesses real excellence and poetical beauty, and will give him a respectable rank among modern descriptive poets. The subject is indeed a curious one, and sometimes leads him into repetition and sameness ; for the economy of birds, building nests, tend-

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ing and rearing their young, and the plundering of the ruthless schoolboy, cannot, although in his hands, admit much variety. Yet he hath interwoven many charming descriptions and episodes, at once elegant, interesting and pathetick.

As our design in these numbers is not to enter into a critical analysis of the whole or any part of the work, but to select its beauties, the reader must not be offended with us if he too often hear the cry of *pulchre, bene, recte*; for we shall endeavour to make ample recompense by the beauty and diversity of our extracts.

The poem opens in the following manner.

The woodland song, the various vocal quires,
That harmonize fair Scotia's streamy vales;
Their habitations, and their little joys;
The winged dwellers on the leas and moors,
And mountain cliffs; the woods, the streams themselves,
The sweetly rural, and the savage scene,
Haunts of the plumy tribe,—be these my *theme!*

The following description of the robbing of the bird's nest; the comparison of their woes with that of man; and the story which follows, founded upon that dreadful custom of pressing men into the service; we think beautifully interesting, and pathetick.

After describing the nest of the Lark, and "the labour of the parent pair" in sustaining their young, it is thus described:—

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Ah, little think
The harmless family of love, how near
The robber treads! he stoops, and parts the grass,
And looks with eager eye upon his prey,
Quick round and round the parents fluttering wheel,
Now high, now low, and utter shrill the plaint
Of deep distress.—But soon forgot *their* woe!
Not so with *man*; year after year *he* mourns,
Year after year the mother weeps her son,
Torn from her struggling arms by ruffian grasp,
By robbery legalized.

Low in a glen—
almost beyond the roar
Of storm bulged breakers, foaming o'er the rocks
With furious dash, a lowly dwelling lurked,
Surrounded by a circlet of the stream—
Here dwelt a pair,
Poor, humble, and content; one son alone,
Their William, happy lived at home to bless
Their downward years; he, simple youth,
With boyish fondness, fancied he would love
A seaman's life, and with the fishers sailed,
To try their ways, far 'mong the western isles.
These dreary shores
Gladly he left; he had a homeward heart;
No more his wishes wander to the waves.
But still he loves to cast a backward look,
And tell of all he saw, of all he learned.—
And he would sing the rower's timing chaunt,
And chorus wild. Once on a summer eve,
When low the sun behind the highland hills
Was almost set, he sung the song, to cheer
The aged folks. Upon the inverted quern
The father sat; the mother's spindle hung
Forgot, and backward twirled the half spun thread;

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Listening with partial well pleased look, she gaz'd
Upon her son, and inly blessed the Lord,
That he was safe returned. Sudden a noise
Bursts rushing through the trees; a glance of steel
Dazzles the eye, and fierce the savage band
Glare all around, then single out their prey.
In vain the mother clasps the darling boy,
In vain the sire offers their little all.
William is bound; they follow to the shore,
Implore, and weep, and pray; knee deep they stand,
And view in mute despair the boat recede.

Some of his descriptions are remarkable for nature and simplicity.

Before the new moon waxes to the full,
The assiduous *dam, eight spotted spheroids sees,
And feels beneath her heart;
Nor long she sits, till with redoubled joy,
Around her she beholds an active brood
Run to and fro, or through her covering wings
Their downy heads look out; and much she loves
To pluck the heather crops, not for herself,
But for their little bills.

The beauty and excellence of the following plainly speak the author of the Sabbath.—Speaking of the Plover who, her—

airy scream
Circling repeats, then to a distance flies,
And, querulous, still returns, importunate;

he thus addresses her,

* *The Gorcock.*

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Oft hast thou hung,
Like a death flag above the assembled throng,
Whose lips hymned praise, their right hands at their hilts.
Bird of woe!
Even to the tomb thy victims by thy wing,
Were haunted; o'er the bier thy direful cry
Was heard, while murderous men rushed on,
Profhaned the sacred presence of the dead,
And filled the grave with blood. At last, nor friend,
Nor father, brother, comrade, dares to join
The train, that frequent winds adown the heights,
By feeble female hands the bier is borne,
While on some neighbouring cairn the aged sire
Stands bent, his gray locks waving in the blast.
But who is she that lingers by the sod,
When all are gone? 'Tis one who was beloved
By him who lies below. Ill omened bird!
She never will forget, never forget
Thy dismal soughing wing, and doleful cry.

The Vanity and Ambition of the Human Mind exemplified, in the Life of some Insects; the extent of whose Age is only a single Day.

CICERO, in his first book of his Tusculan questions, shews ingeniously the falsity of the judgments we form, concerning the duration of *human life*, compared with *eternity*. To give the more force to his reasoning, he quotes a passage from the Natural History of Aristotle, concerning a kind of insects that are common upon the banks of the Hypani-

as, a river of Scythia; who never live beyond the day on which they are born. "He that dies at eight in the morning, dies in his youth—he that dies at five in the evening, dies in decrepid old age. Who amongst us does not laugh to see the happiness or misery of this moment of existence brought into consideration? The shortest and longest life among us, if we compare it with eternity, or only with the duration of mountains, stars, trees, or even of some animals, is not less ridiculous."—*Montagne's Essays.*

To pursue the idea of this elegant writer, let us suppose that one of the most robust of these Hypanias, was, according to his own notions, as ancient as time itself, that he had begun to exist at *break of day*, and by the extraordinary force of his constitution, had been able to support the fatigues of an active life, through the infinite number of seconds in ten or twelve hours; during such a long course of instants, by experience and reflection on all he had seen, he must have acquired very sublime wisdom. He looks upon his fellow creatures who died about noon, as happily delivered from the great number of inconveniences to which old age is subject. He has astonishing traditions to relate to his grand children, concerning facts which were prior to all the memorials of their nation. The young swarm, composed of beings who may have already lived a full hour, approach, with respect, this venerable sire, and hear his

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instructive discourse with admiration; every thing that he relates to them will appear a prodigy to that generation, whose life is so short. The space of a day will seem the entire duration of time, and day break, in their chronology, will be called the great æra of the creation.

Let us now suppose this venerable insect, this *Nestor* of the Hypanias, a little before his death, and about the hour of sunset, to assemble all his descendants, friends and acquaintances, to impart to them at dying, his last thoughts, and give them his last advice; they repair from all parts under the vast shelter of a mushroom, and the departing sage addresses himself to them in the following manner:

Friends and Countrymen,

I perceive the longest life must have an end; the extent of mine is arrived, and I do not regret my fate, since my age was become a burthen to me, and to me there was no longer any thing new under the sun: the revolutions and calamities that have desolated my country, the great number of particular accidents to which we are all subject, the infirmities that afflict our race, the misfortunes that have happened to me in my own family, all that I have seen in the course of a long life, has but too well taught me this important truth; that no happiness which depends on us, can be secure or durable; the uncertainty of life is great; one whole generation perished

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in a sharp wind, a multitude of our heedless youth were swept off into the waters by an unexpected fresh gale; what a terrible deluge have I seen happen by a sudden shower.

Our most solid coverings are not proof against a storm of hail; a dark cloud makes the most courageous heart to tremble. I lived in the first ages, and conversed with insects of a taller stature, a stronger constitution, and I may add of more profound wisdom, than any of those in the present generation; I beseech you to give credit to my last words, when I assure you that the same sun, which now appears beyond the waters, and seems to be not far distant from the earth, I have formerly seen in the middle of heaven, darting down his rays directly upon us. The earth was much more enlightened in those past ages; the air, much warmer, and your ancestors were more sober and more virtuous—though my senses are impaired, my memory is not; and I can assure you that glorious being has motion. I saw his first rising on the summit of that mountain, and I begun my life about the same time that he begun his immense career—for a great many ages he advanced along the heavens with a prodigious heat, and a brightness of which you can have no idea—a brightness that would certainly have been to you insupportable; but now by his decline, and a sensible diminution of his vigour, I foresee that all nature will soon be at an end, and that the

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world will be buried in darkness in less than one hundred minutes.

Alas! my friends, how did I formerly flatter myself with the deceitful hope of living forever upon this earth; how magnificent were the cells which I had dug for my habitation; what confidence, did I not put in the firmness of my members, the spring of my joints, and the strength of my wings: but I have lived long enough for nature and for glory—none of those whom I leave behind me, will have the same satisfaction in this age of darkness and decay, which I see has already begun.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

George Mountain, died and was buried at Caywood, where he was born; having an inscription on his tomb, mentioning all his preferments, yet giving no light to what has been reported of him; for it is said, that his mother was a beggar woman, who travelled with her son George to Lincoln, seemed to follow her occupation in that city, and the adjacent towns and villages; but the lad carrying the bag, and at one time, eating more than his mother was willing to allow, he ran away from her, fearing a severe correction, when coming to a gentleman's house, he took compassion on him, and ordered him to attend in the kitchen; but perceiving his bright parts, he gave him an equal education with

his son, which put him in the road for ecclesiastical preferment. In process of time, he became bishop of Lincoln, and made enquiry for his mother, who happened to open a gate through which his lordship was to pass to that city, and having found her, he tenderly embraced her, and ordered that care should be taken of her, during life, after which he was made bishop of London, and then of Durham.

The archbishoprick of York being vacant, many were the candidates for it. The King being in suspense who to give it to, sent to *Mountain*, to clear the difficulty, who *modestly* observed, that "if his Majesty had faith, he might work miracles."

The King replied, "Miracles had ceased, and what had *faith* to do in this point?"

"To convince your Majesty to the contrary," said the bishop, "be only pleased to say to *this Mountain*," (pointing to himself,) "*be you removed into yonder sea;* I am sure your Majesty will be forthwith obeyed." The King smiling, and taking the hint—"Why then, *Mountain*," said he, "I will remove thee;" and accordingly sent him down Lord Archbishop.

INSTANCE OF PRESENCE OF MIND.

A PRUSSIAN clergyman, applied to the late king of Prussia, for permission to preach in his chapel, and to honour him with his

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presence. His majesty thought it rather presumptuous for a country clergyman to ask such a favour; but nevertheless, granted his request, and told him he would give him a text to preach on; that he should preach the Sunday following, when he would be there to hear him. The clergyman waited with anxiety from day to day, as he wished to have it in time, that he might make a fine discourse on it; but, Sunday morning came, and no text.

He, however, went into the pulpit, with an intent to preach one of his old sermons, thinking the king had forgot to send him a text. His majesty came to the chapel soon after, and immediately sent him a letter which he opened and read; the contents were, "The enclosed is your text, you will preach immediately." He opened the small piece of paper that was enclosed, when to his great astonishment, he found it quite blank; he looked at the other side of it, it was blank there too; he held it out for the congregation to look at, and said, "Here is nothing;" and then turning it, said "There is nothing, and *of Nothing, God created Heaven and Earth.*" Then quoting a verse from the first chapter of Genesis, he preached a sermon on it extempore.

The king was so delighted at the great presence of mind the clergyman had shewn, that he made him his almoner.

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SELECT SENTENCES.

A PROFESSION of Christianity merely because our countrymen profess it, without a candid inquiry and sincere conviction, would be no better reason for our faith than the Mahometans have for theirs.

A MAN should begin to write soon; for, if he waits till his judgment is matured, his inability, through want of practice, to express his conceptions, will make the disproportion so great between what he sees and what he can attain, that he will probably be discouraged from writing at all.

PLEASURE which cannot be obtained, but by unseasonable or unsuitable expence, must always end in pain; and pleasure which must be enjoyed at the expence of another's pain, can never be such as a worthy mind can fully delight in.

WE must consider how very little history there is; I mean real authentick history. That certain kings reigned, and certain battles were fought, we can depend upon as true; but all the colouring, all the philosophy of history is conjecture.

THE great direction which Burton has left to melancholy men is, *Be not solitary; be not idle*, which I would thus modify. *If you are solitary be not solitary; if you are solitary be not idle.*

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THE MINSTREL.

[*The two elegant little poems which follow are from a selection of amatory pieces lately published, entitled* The Pleasures of Love.]

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

WEARIED with toying, Love had sunk to sleep
Upon a bank of moss, while o'er him sprung,
Spontaneous, a canopy of flowers;
Poppies of scarlet die, whose nodding heads
Upon his eyelids shed their drowsy balm.
And intertwined with these the paler rose,
Whose scented blossoms bathed in lucid dew
Wooed the soft breeze to loiter as it passed,
And borrow fragrant coolness. Near him lay
His bow and quiver, fraught with fatal shafts,
Winged with hope, but dipt in tears of woe.
While thus he slept, his lovely Psyche came,
So lightly treading that her snowy foot
Brushed not the dew-drop from the cowslip's bell.
Awhile she stood to gaze, her heavenly face
Beaming etherial love; then kneeling down
So gently that her amber-scented breath
Stirred not the gossamer, she culled a dart,
And on its point imprest a balmy kiss
Of love and sweetness redolent; then turned
The thrilling weapon on her sleeping spouse,
And innocently playful, lightly prest
The point upon his bosom. At the touch
The god awoke, and felt through all his veins
The pleasing poison coursing; but his love
When he beheld, he sank upon her breast,
His filmy pinions shivering with delight.

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Translation from the Irish.

MILUACHRA, THE ENCHANTRESS.

BY OISIN.

On her soft cheek of tender bloom
The rose its tint bestowed;
And in her richer lip's perfume,
The ripening berry glowed.

Her neck was as the blossom fair,
Or like the cygnet's breast,
With that majestick, graceful air,
In snow and softness drest.

Gold gave its rich and radiant die,
And in her tresses gleamed;
And like a freezing star her eye
With heaven's own splendour beamed.

ODE.

At fond sixteen, my roving heart
Was pierced by Love's delightful dart;
Keen transport throbbid in every vein—
I never felt so sweet a pain!

Where circling woods embower'd the glade,
I met the dear, romantick maid:
I stole her hand—it shrunk—but, no!
I would not let my captive go.

With all the fervency of youth,
While passion told the tale of truth,
I mark'd my Hannah's downcast eye—
'Twas kind, but beautifully shy.

Not with a warmer, purer ray,
The sun enamour'd wooes young May;
Nor May, with softer maiden grace,
Turns from the sun her blushing face.

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But, swifter than the frighted dove,
Fled the gay morning of my love;
Ah! that so bright a morn, so soon
Should vanish in so dark a noon!

The angel of affliction rose,
And in his train a thousand woes;
He pour'd his vial on my head,
And all the heaven of rapture fled.

Yet, in the glory of my pride,
I stood—and all his wrath defied;
I stood—though whirldwinds shook my brain,
And lightnings cleft my soul in twain.

I shunn'd my nymph; yet knew not why
I durst not meet her gentle eye:
I shunn'd her—for I could not bear
To marry her to my despair.

Yet sick at heart, with hope delay'd,
Oft the dear image of that maid
Glanc'd like the rainbow, o'er my mind,
And promised happiness behind.

The storm blew o'er, and in my breast
The halcyon peace rebuilt her nest;
The storm blew o'er, and clear and mild
The sea of youth and pleasure smiled.

'Twas on the morning of that day,
When Pœbus marries rosy May,
I sought once more the charming spot,
Where bloom'd the thorn by Hannah's cot.

O! as I cross'd the neighbouring plain,
I liv'd my wooing days again;
And fancy sketch'd my future life,
My home, my children, and my wife.

I saw the village steeple rise—
My soul sprang, sparkling, in my eyes;

The rural bells rang sweet and clear—
My fond heart listened in mine ear.

I reach'd the hamlet;—all was gay;
I love a rustick holiday!
I met a wedding—stept aside;
O, God!—my Hannah was the bride!

—There is a grief that cannot feel;
It leaves a wound that will not heal!
—My heart grew cold—it felt not *then*!
When shall it *cease to feel* again?

ODE TO THE SKY LARK.

SWEETEST warbler of the skies,
Soon as morning's purple dies
O'er the eastern mountains float,
Waken'd by the merry note;
Through the fields of yellow corn,
That Mersey's winding banks adorn,
O'er green meads I gaily pass,
And lightly brush the dewy grass.

I love to hear thy matin lay,
And warbling wild notes die away:
I love to mark thy upward flight,
And see thee lessen from my sight:
Then, ended thy sweet madrigal,
Sudden swift I see thee fall,
With wearied wing and beating breast,
Near thy chirping younglings' nest.

Ah! who that hears thee carol free
Those jocund notes of liberty,
And sees thee independent soar,
With gladsome wing the blue sky o'er,
In wiry cage would thee restrain,
To pant for liberty in vain;

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And see thee 'gainst thy prison gate
Thy little wings indignant beat,
And peck and flutter round and round
Thy narrow, lonely, hated bound;
And yet not ope thy prison door,
To give thee liberty once more.

None! none! but he whose vicious eye
The charms of nature can't enjoy;
Who dozes those sweet hours away,
When thou begin'st thy merry lay;
And 'cause his lazy limbs refuse
To tread the meadow's morning dews,
And there thy early wild notes hear,
He keeps thee lonely prisoner.
Not such am I, sweet warbler; no,
For should thy strains as sweetly flow,

As sweetly flow, as gaily sound,
Within thy prison's wiry bound,
As when thou soar'st with lover's pride,
And pour'st thy wild notes far and wide,
Yet still depriv'd of every scene,
The yellow lawn, the meadow green,
The hawthorn bush besprent with dew,
The skyey lake, the mountain blue,
Not half the charms thou'dst have for me,
As ranging wide at liberty.

IMITATION

Of the First Ode of Anacreon.

THE story of king Arthur old,
And More, that dragon-slayer bold,
I strove to sing—in vain I strove—
My cat-gut squeak'd "How sweet is Love."
A thousand ways I turn'd the screw
And resin'd every string anew.

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Again I try'd : "God prosper long—"
Broke in the middle was my song—
I found each faint idea flown
In "Joys of love are joys alone."
Adieu each big, each lofty air !
Come, "Leinster, fam'd for maidens fair !"
Adieu each tale so blythe and merry
Of John and the Priest of Canterbury !
My fiddle now alone can tell
"The charms of beauteous Florimel."

LINES ON DETRACTION.

Sweet to the scent's, the smiling briar,
Yet touch'd, it gives us pain ;
The streamlet we so much admire,
Is oft distain'd with rain.

The painting, that delights the eye,
To shade its beauty owes ;
On the same shrub, conjoin'd we 'spy,
The thorn and blushing rose.

No mortal ever yet was made,
From imperfection free ;
Angels, themselves, have some small shade,
Heaven wills it thus to be.

Mercy, to others' failings show,
As you would be forgiv'n ;
The best man's lot, alas ! were woe,
Were Mercy not in Heav'n.

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THE DRAMA.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine eodem.
VIRG.

We regret that untoward occurrences prevent our giving this month any information from the Theatres New-York, Philadelphia, &c.

BOSTON THEATRE.

Dec. 29. *The Belle's Stratagem*, and *The Padlock*. MRS. STANLEY, from the Theatres Covent-Garden, Dublin, and Edinburgh, made her first appearance before an American audience this evening in *Letitia Hardy*. When she was announced as one who had sustained the first characters on the first stages in Europe, we confess our curiosity was raised to a high pitch. But conscious that anticipation is not always the harbinger of reality, we went to the theatre determined to form if possible a correct judgment, unbiassed by prepossession; to mark faults where faults existed; but to give real merit and excellence its due applause. We have not inclination, nor does justice demand, that we enter critically into her conduct during the whole play. It was the general opinion of the audience, and we believe it a just one, that her acting savoured too much of the *tragick*; that she indulged herself in rant, too

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much for the purposes of the comedy or the necessity of her part. Her form is handsome, her gestures easy and graceful. Never has the Boston stage been trodden by an actress superiour to her in elegance of dress and dignity of manners. Her attention to pauses and accent, and her distinctness of utterance, made up for a disagreeable monotony in her voice, which was often perceivable. The scene where she attempted to impose herself upon her lover as an awkward hoyden, we think excellently well done, as was also the masquerade scene; which by the way would have been no worse, had some others paid more attention to the procedure of the play, and less to buffoonery.—Mr. Bernard possesses such a variety of talent he could not be otherwise than respectable in *Doricourt*; but his *Mungo* was much better, and gained more applause. Mrs. Powell, in Mrs. *Racket*, played with her usual discrimination and talent. Of the other parts much cannot be said. They were however tolerable, and gave satisfaction.

Oct. 31. *Pizarro* and *The Romp.*—*Rolla*, Mr. Caulfield; *Bizarro*, Mr. Usher; *Elvira*, Mrs. Stanley.

Nov. 3. *As you like it* and *The Poor Soldier*. *Jaques*, Mr. Caulfield; *Orlando*, Mr. Fox; *Touchstone*, Mr. Bernard; *Rosalind*, Mrs. Stanley.

Nov. 5. *Pizarro* and *The Wrangling Lovers*. *Elvira*, Mrs. Shaw.

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Nov. 7. *Secrets worth knowing* and *Don Juan. Scaramouch*, Signor Cipriani.

Nov. 10. *Jane Shore* and *Sprigs of Laurel*. We had not an opportunity of seeing Mr. Caulfield in any of the characters above mentioned; and we know not whether our expectations had soared too high, or whether he laboured under bodily or mental indisposition; but this we know, his *Lord Hastings* was not what we looked for. The character might be novel to him; but surely he might have stored his memory with a little more of the language. The prompter's voice has not been more sonorous this season. Mr. Usher played *Dumont* with more than usual energy. In the scene with Hastings, though prejudice and prepossession leaned to the side of the latter, critical justice must acknowledge that Mr. U. fairly won the honours of the contest. Mrs. Powell performed in an excellent style; and in different scenes portrayed the passions of the haughty *Alicia* with discrimination and judgment. Her scenes with *Shore* were the best parts of her performance; or, perhaps, we might more truly say, that in those scenes comparison gave her superiority. Her parting with *Hastings* and the *mad scene* were specimens of excellence we have not often witnessed on our stage.—We do not hesitate to say, that in *manners* and *costume* we have never seen *Jane Shore* appear more fascinating than as represented by Mrs. Stanley. But, in this case, "we still have *conscience* here;" and of

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course are not prepared to give our *unqualified* approbation to all parts of this lady's performance. She gave the lines—

"*But woman, sense and nature's easy fool,*" &c.

with remarkable pathos; and her attitude and expression of countenance when she heard *Gloucester* pronounce her sentence, were admirable. Except these we saw nothing wonderful in her personation of *Shore*. There is a general fault in her declamation—a habit of whining out her sentences in a monotonous drawl, which, to say the least, is very *tiresome* to the ear, and renders the most lofty language flat and insipid. We are well aware that Mrs. Stanley can cite the authority of Kemble and Mrs. Siddons for this *singsong* mode of reciting blank verse.—For

"When Kemble and Siddons are raving together,
"They both meet the sight like snow flakes in cold weather,
"And lay claim to praise in the very same tones,
"The same ahs, the same ohs, the same starts, the same groans!"

But it is no less an errour because adopted by them. It is a flagrant outrage against common sense. Who, in ordinary conversation, ever thinks of imitating the tones of a child in repeating after his nurse

"Now I lay me down to sleep," &c.

The last scene of the play might literally be said to "make our eyes water"—

---------- "But, such merry tears,
The passion of loud laughter never shed."

Sprigs of Laurel has for several years been a favourite afterpiece with the publick; and it is but just to add, that its success is principally owing to the incomparable performance of Mr. Bernard in *Nipperkin*. He always sets gravity a grinning. It is not in this character alone however that Mr. B. is a favourite. Whenever he appears he is sure to diffuse good humour on all around. It is his

"To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled Care,
"And dry the tearful sluices of Despair."

Nov. 12. *The Clandestine Marriage* and *Paul and Virginia*. *Lord Ogleby*, Mr. Bernard; *Lovewell*, Mr. Fox; *Mrs. Heidleberg*, Mrs. Shaw; *Fanny*, Mrs. Poe.

Nov. 14. *The Wife of Two Husbands* and *Blue Beard*. Publick expectation was greatly excited by the announciation of this drama, as *Fritz* was Mr. Caulfield's original London character. Having a favourable opinion of this gentleman's talents, and presuming that he would this evening exert himself to display them, we with reason anticipated a correct and finished performance. With pleasure we observe that our expectations were not too highly raised. Mr. C.

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had a thorough conception of his character, and was not deficient in its personation. The impression he made during the last scene of the second act, and the first of the third act, will not easily be effaced. He was *Fritz* indeed, both in look and action. Mr. Usher in *Count Belfior* deserves commendation. Of Mr. Poe's *Maurice* justice compels us to speak the language of approbation. Considering the difficulties he had to cope with, the character was well supported. Mrs. Usher as *Theodore* charmed every eye, and *sometimes* touched the heart. But we were frequently unable to find one feature of *Theodore* in her personation. *Countess Belfior* had an able and interesting representative in Mrs. Powell.

Nov. 17. *Venice Preserved* and *The Maid of the Oaks*. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, a numerous and respectable audience witnessed with satisfaction the performances of this evening. Mr. Caulfield increased his reputation as a chaste and energetick performer, by his happy personation of *Pierre*. His eagerness to exhibit every passion, to express every movement in the mind of *Pierre*, made his transitions from one passion to another rather hasty. The defects of the performance however were trivial, while its beauties were conspicuous and striking. *Jaffier* is a part in which Mr. Fox justly receives much applause. Of

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Mr. Downie's *Renault* we say *nothing*. Why this character was not supported this evening as formerly by Mr. Usher, we know not. 'Tis certain, that the attractions of the play were diminished in some degree by his absence. We would observe that neither private pique nor the pretended ceremonies of the green-room should ever mar the publick gratification in the *least* degree.

— What art thou, thou idol ceremony?
What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers?
What infinite heart's ease dost thou neglect?
Creating neither fear nor awe in others,
Yet still less happy, thinking thou art feared.

Mrs. Stanley in *Belvidera* convinced us, that she possesses powers which can never be palsied by indifference or neglect; talents which may always rivet attention and command applause. Her looks were admirable, her action suited to the word, her voice in general well modulated, and her conception adequate and complete. There was less than usual of that disagreeable whine, which frequently spoils the effect of her best performances. Her interview with *Jaffier* in the third act and the closing scene of the play were excellent.

Nov. 19. *John Bull* and *Harlequin in Boston*.

Nov. 21. *The Iron Chest* and *Lying Valet*.—An Author is generally partial to his own

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productions; and if any one of them meets with indifference, or neglect, it frequently tends to increase and strengthen the affection of the parent. This we believe to be the case with the *Iron Ghost* of Mr. Colman; for we are told that none of all his numerous plays has encountered so many rebuffs in securing publick approbation. In a copious preface to the printed edition, (which we read some years ago but have not at present by us) Mr. Colman attributed the *damnation* of his play to the unaccountable caprice of Mr. Kemble, both as actor and manager; and, if our recollection is correct, he there speaks of it as being among the *best* of his performances. That he bestowed much time and attention upon the composition we have not a doubt. It unquestionably contains some deeply interesting scenes, many noble sentiments, and much harmonious and polished poetry, embellished with appropriate and sublime figures. The principal characters are well and strongly delineated. But notwithstanding all this, the *whole* play gives little pleasure to the spectator. We are not so fastidious as to cavil at the author for disregarding the unities of *time* and *place*. They are now generally disregarded, as fetters to genius. But "the unity of *action* is indispensable to the dramatick poet." Mr. Colman has however violated this rule most egregiously; and to that in some measure we think might be ascribed the coolness with which this play was

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received in London. What, in the name of wonder, has all the long scene in *Rawbold's* cottage, with the story of his wife's broken head, his daughter's reading sonnets with a young fellow in the forest, the shooting of a buck, smuggling brandy, &c. with which the play opens, to do with Sir Edward Mortimer's *Iron Chest?* Nothing. Neither has *Rawbold*, (who by the way does not afterwards appear in the piece) *Samson* or *Barbara*, the least agency in deepening or unravelling the plot. The loves of *Wilford* and *Barbara* are equally useless; and by the closest attention to the conduct of the play, we could perceive no possible reason for repeatedly introducing a gang of robbers. If it be to show what has become of *Wilford*, it is of no service, for the place of his retreat is afterwards discovered to *Sir Edward* by one of the robbers; and the audience are made to *hear*, first from *Orson*, and then from *Wilford* himself, the story of what they have before seen. Were all the superfluous characters abstracted from the piece, the representation would afford more pleasure; and there is much dialogue which could be better spared than any part of the last scene, which we apprehend the managers pruned with a liberal hand,

To the performers generally applause might justly be awarded. Mr. Caulfield's *Sir Edward*, in the two first acts, gratified our utmost wishes, and more than equalled our expectations. Messrs. Dykes and Fox filled

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their respective parts to the satisfaction of the audience. Mr. Dickenson retained not the least particle of his former self; he was entirely lost in "merry old *Adam Winterton*."

In the *Lying Valet* Mr. Bernard and Mrs. Shaw, as *Sharp* and *Kitty* kept the house in a roar of laughter. Though we are by no means partial to *all* the performances of Mrs. Shaw, we cannot refrain from observing in this place, that if an *apparent disposition* to please is meritorious, we know of no one who has larger claims to the approbation of the audience.

Nov. 24. *The Iron Chest* and *Fortune's Frolick.*

Nov. 26. *The Iron Chest, Lover's Jest* and *Village Lawyer.*

THE *Finger Post, or Five Miles off*, is in rehearsal, and will be brought out in a short time. This play is thus noticed by a London Reviewer.

Since our last, Mr. Dibdin, who literally writes *currente calamo*, has produced a merry little comedy called the *Finger Post, or Five Miles off*, which has filled the theatre for more than twenty nights, and has not yet finished half its course. It is one of his happiest efforts, and the laughing philosopher himself, could he have been present, would have been obliged to hold *both his sides* from the first scene to the last.

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spring of 1775—with as many more from the south End—and the *Records* of their proceedings. The writer of these memoirs has been assured by some of the most prominent characters of this *Caucus*, that they were indebted to the prudence and skilful management of Dr. Warren, who with all his zeal and irritability was a man calculated to carry on any secret business; and that no man ever did manifest more vigilance, circumspection and care. In every country there are politicians, who are the mere cymbals of the mob, and answer some good purpose, when they are *not left to themselves*. In this country through all stages of the revolution, we had many such, who to their own imagination appeared to direct the affairs of the publick—Such men were never admitted to be members of the *Caucus* here mentioned—many of them never knew the secret springs that moved the great wheels, but thought themselves very important characters because they were sons of liberty; and excelled others in garrulity, or made a louder cry upon the wharves, or at corners of streets.

Dr. Warren was twice chosen the publick orator of the town, and his orations were among the best compositions, as any one will see who reads the volume containing all the orations spoken on the 5th of March.

At the battle of Lexington, he was perhaps the most active man in the field. His

soul beat to arms as soon as he learnt the intention of the British troops. It is said in the Memoirs of Gen Heath that a ball grazed his hair and took off part of his *ear lock*.

He was ready upon every alarm from this time, till he was slain. Nothing could be in a more confused state than the army which first hastily assembled at Cambridge. This undisciplined body of men were kept together by a few who deserved well of their country, Among them Gens. Ward and Putnam were distinguished—the one for his firm, prudent conduct, and the other for his romantick courage. Dr. W. was perhaps the man who had the most influence, and in whom the people in the environs of Boston and Cambridge placed their greatest confidence. He did wonders in preserving order among the troops. And four days before the battle of Bunker's Hill was appointed Major-General of the American Army. When the entrenchments were made at Breed's Hill, he, to encourage the men within the lines, went down from Cambridge, and acted only as a volunteer. Col. Prescot commanded the party within the lines, and Col. Starks the men who were without, behind a rail fence, and did such amazing execution by a well directed fire.

Gen. Warren fell in the trenches. A female historian of the war tells us that he chose to die rather than be taken prisoner. We are at a loss, to know how this can be

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ascertained. We always understood he was killed outright, and had not at his own option any of the circumstances of his death.

It is true however, that at all times he discovered the greatest fortitude and bravery, and, as he lived an ornament to his country, his death reflected a lustre upon himself and the cause he so warmly espoused. No person's fall was ever more regretted, and yet no one could help feeling the *sentiment* who repeated the line

Dulce & decorum est pro patria mori.

Had success attended the Americans, his death would have been sufficient to damp the joys of victory, and the cypress would be blended with the laurel. The loss of such a man, in addition to our defeat, and at a time when the distracted state of our affairs greatly needed his advice, threw a gloom upon the circumstances of the people, and excited the most sincere lamentation and mourning. The elegant, the generous and humane "all mingled the sympathetick tear," and paid their respects to his memory.

In the spring of 1776, when the British troops left Boston, his body was brought from *Breed's Hill*, where it had lain undistinguished from his fellow soldiers, to be entombed in a Boston burial place. The several Lodges of Free Masons preceded, and multitudes of his fellow citizens followed the corpse. An eloquent orator, a brother Ma-

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son, pronounced the funeral Eulogy, in the Stone Chapel. The exordium addressed to the "Illustrious Relicks" had a very strong effect upon the auditory.

Gen. Warren had been Grand Master of Free Masons through North America for a number of years, and all the friends *of the Craft* now highly respect his memory.

Having said that in private life Gen. Warren was amiable, we repeat it, that in person, mind, and manners he was equally well accomplished—He gained the love of those who lived with him in habits of intimacy as much as he was admired by the publick voice. With sensibilities uncommonly strong, and a zeal which blazed in the cause of liberty, he was candid, generous, and ready to do kind offices to those who had different sentiments concerning the controversy. There are those now living, whose political views differed widely, who received polite attentions from him, when they were slighted and wounded by many whose friendship was turned into enmity, their minds being less liberal, or more corroded with party spirit.

——Cui pudor, & justitiæ soror,
Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas.
Quando ullum invenient parem?
Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit.

Boston, Nov. 1806.

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The characters are most of them old acquaintances, but they are placed in new situations, and sketched with so much spirit, that they have nearly all the merit, and more than the effect of perfect novelty. *Calendar*, a genuine disciple of Partridge and Moore, who speaks the language of the almanack, and studies the use of the globes, is the leading comick personage. Fawcett who performs it inimitably, makes every point tell, and in one scene the effect he produces is quite *electrical*. Among the other characters are a *quaker*; a *countryman*; and an *Irish carpenter*, who makes a finger post that turns round like a weather-cock. This blunder of Pat's occasions the principal business of the play, which is a *chapter of accidents* from beginning to end. Any attempt to detail the incidents would be idle, and as useless as vain. The parts will not bear to be detached, though the *tout ensemble* is excellent; like a *salmagundi*, of which the ingredients are insipid, till they are well mixed together.

Mrs. HAMILTON closed her Readings and Recitations at Concert Hall on the 25th. They have been but thinly attended.

From the Theatrical Censor.

THE New Theatre opens on or about the first of December next. Mr. Mills, from the Theatre-Royal, Manchester, is the only new performer. We earnestly wish that it were

in our power to add the name of the accomplished Mrs. Whitlock, the sister of Mrs. Siddons, to the list of the Philadelphia company.

Mr. FENNELL, yesterday evening, commenced a course of Readings and Recitations; the course consisting of twelve.—Subscription to the courses five dollars.

Mrs. HAMILTON is shortly expected to commence her Readings and Recitations.

FOREIGN THEATRICALS.

COOKE, during his engagement last season at Glasgow (being closely looked after by the manager) was remarkable for his sobriety. One evening, being in company with a few friends at a tavern, Cooke asked the waiter for some brandy, and, accordingly, a small quantity was brought in a wine glass: when he observed it, he was at first about to abuse the waiter, but suddenly turning to the company he said: "Here, gentlemen, you see I have given *up drinking* in a *great measure*."

IT has been said that Miss Mellon, in consequence of the prize she drew in the lottery, means to withdraw from the stage, but we have reason to believe that she has no such intention at present. It would be but an ungrateful return, for her good fortune, thus to give the publick a *blank*.

A new comedy is expected from Morton, and another from George Colman the younger. [*Theat. Censor.*]

EDITOR's NOTES.

THE present number of the Polyanthos completes one year from its first publication. It would be ungrateful in the editor not to acknowledge the obligations he is under to a numerous list of subscribers. As increasing patronage demands increasing exertions, he assures them he shall make every effort in his power to render it still more worthy of their patronage.

If among our Patrons there should chance to be any Notionals, *(and many such we think there are) they may reasonably anticipate much gratification from the "Lucubrations" of their kinsman* Nehemiah. *"Analecta," too, we hope will be acceptable to all. We have assurances these writers will not, as some others have done, "juggle" with us, and*

—Keep the word of promise to our ear,
But break it to our Hope.

A LETTER *has been received from Portland signed "Many Subscribers," complaining that the Polyanthos is not regularly* received. *We assure all the subscribers that it is regularly* sent *to a Bookseller in that town. If the conveyance* by mail *is more agreeable, those who send their names to the Editor, may depend on receiving it the day after it is published.*

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INDEX

TO THE THIRD VOLUME.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANECDOTES of Weston, - - 17, 87
of Foote, - - 170, 227
of D'Alembert - - 155
Miscellaneous, 44, 124, 185, 187, 263
Affection and Aversion - - - - 234
Analecta - - - - - - - 247
Beauties of the Drama, - - 97, 180, 237
Biography of Samuel Adams, - - - 73
of Mrs. Bendish - - - 150
of Mrs. Darley, - - - - 145
of Gen. Joseph Warren, - 217
of Gen. Gates, - - - - 12
of Dr. Thatcher, - - - 3
of Richard Cumberland, - - 157
of Anacharsis, - - - 167

Character of Richardson's Novels, - 225
of the Emperour of Russia, - 114
of Sir T. More, - - - - 117
Cowper's Homer, - - - - - 246
Country Priest, - - - - - - 40
Contemplator, - - - - - - 255

Dog and Shadow, - - - - - 128
Duelling, - - - - - - - 45

Digitized by Google

Empire of Love, - - - - - - 118
Epitaphs, - - 59, 46, 125, 134, 203
Epigrams, - - - - - - 63, 124

False Indifference, - - - - - - 97
Fatal Curiosity, - - - - - - 105
Fisherman and Traveller, - - - - 33
First Translator of Homer, - - - - 191
Funeral Rites, - - - - - - 183

Good Things, - - - - - - 187

Humility, - - - - - - - 126

Literary Notices, - - - - 142, 213
Letter to a beautiful Woman, - - - 30
Literary Anecdotes, - - - - 25, 82
Love of Country - - - - - 119
Lucubrations of Nehemiah Notional, - 241

Magick, - - - - - - - 119
Master Betty, - - - - - - 109
Mentorian Essays, - - - 103, 175
Moore's Poems, - - - - - 252

Orthography and Syntax, - - - 125

Parisian Manners, - - - - - 116
Prostitute, - - - - - - 108
Presence of Mind, - - - - - 2[illegible]

Select Sentences, - - 53, 131, 193, 266

Vanity and ambition of the mind, - - 259

Walker's Criticism, - - - - - 46

Digitized by Google

POETRY.

Address to May, - - - - - - 133
Ballad, - - - - - - - - 201
Common Lot, - - - - - - - 200
Cupid and Psyche, - - - - - 265
Elegiack Stanzas, - - - - 60, 204
Fable, - - - - - - - - 58
Imitation of Anacreon, - - - - 271
Madrigal, - - - - - - - 63
Man with Heart at ease, - - - - 198
Ode, - - - - - - - - 268
to Content, - - - - - 135
to the Sky Lark, - - - - 270
to the Memory of Shakespeare, - - 55
to Sleep, - - - - - 134
Poems by Gray, - - - - - 197
Pun, - - - - - - - - 196
Song, - - - - - 56, 62, 137, 196
Sonnet, - - - - - 57, 115
The Thorn, - - - - - - 58

THE DRAMA.

Essay on Dramatick Composition, - 139
Boston Theatricals, - - - - 145
Charleston do. - - - - 142, 205
New-York do. - - - - 142, 211
Philadelphia do. - - - - 142
Providence do. - - - - 145
Foreign do. - - - - 64, 284
Theatrical Chit-Chat, - - - 71

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